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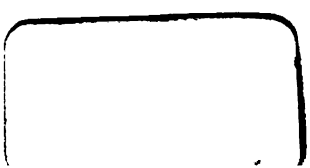
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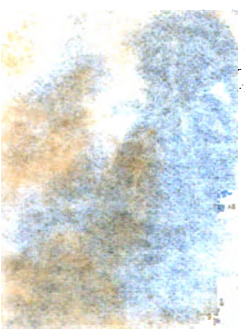
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THE AMERICAN GIRL'S BOOK.

By Miss Leslie.



New York:
E. S. Francis and Company.

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UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA

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THE

American Girl's Book,

ENLARGED.

INCLUDING

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S BOOK,

By Miss Leslie;

AND

HINTS FOR HAPPY HOURS.

COMBINING

AMUSEMENT FOR ALL AGES.



New York and Boston:
C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.
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FRONTISPIECE.



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INTRODUCTION.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

Henrietta, Isabella, and Juliet, are seated under a tree in the garden, when they suddenly perceive their mother coming to them from the house.

JULIET. O! here is dear mother just arrived from the city. Let us run to meet her. (*They hasten to Mrs. Morrington, and she kisses them all.*)

MRS. MORRINGTON. Well, my dears, I am glad to see you well, and I suppose that nothing of any consequence has happened since I left you on Wednesday?

HENRIETTA. Nothing, mother; only that the fire-flies began to appear last evening. They were sparkling all through the garden.

ISABELLA. And we heard the mocking-bird yesterday imitating the whip-poor-will, and he said those words as plainly as if he was speaking them; just like the the real whip-poor-will.

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JULIET And my own cantelope vine, that I planted myself, has come out with twenty-six blossoms; so I shall have a fine supply of melons.

MRS. MORRINGTON. I rejoice to hear so much good news. But I must show you a new book I have brought you, and then I will go in and take off my bonnet.

HENRIETTA. What is it, dear mother?

MRS. MORRINGTON. It is the American Girl's Book.

ALL. Oh! let us see it. (*Mrs. Morrington gives it to them.*)

HENRIETTA. It is a book of recreations. Have you read it, mother?

MRS. MORRINGTON. Yes, I read it this morning in the steamboat. I hope you will in future be at no loss for amusements in your play-hours.

ISABELLA. I wish we had possessed this book before we went to Georgiana Howard's birth-day party, where nothing was thought of but playing on the piano and dancing, just as if the company were all ladies and gentlemen.

HENRIETTA. Still I think that Georgiana Howard's party was not more dull than parties usually are—I am sure they are all equally so to me.

JULIET. And to me also; as I have not yet began to learn music, I do not think that ugly tunes are pretty.

MRS. MORRINGTON. (*smiling.*) Explain yourself.

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JULIET. I mean that I do not like to sit half the evening and hear little girls playing the tiresome pieces that their teachers call "good practice." They may be very good practice, but children like me can find no meaning in them, as they seem to go all ways and with no regularity, and it is difficult to distin guish one from another.

MRS. MORRINGTON. They appear so to you, because you do not understand them. I can easily imagine, that, to the generality of children, such music is very fatiguing, even when well performed and by excellent musicians.

JULIET. Little girls like amusements that they can all partake of. Now when there is dancing at parties, not one half the company can get places, particularly the younger ones, so they are obliged to sit by and look on.

HENRIETTA. Besides, we have enough of music and dancing at school. That evening at Georgiana's I proposed some little plays by way of variety, but I found that no one knew any thing about that sort of amusement. I would have tried to teach them the few that I was acquainted with, but Georgiana and the elder girls persisted in dancing, and nearly all the little ones fell asleep on their chairs.

JULIET. Are the plays and games in this book for children of all ages, dear mother?

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MRS. MORRINGTON. Yes, the first section comprises a series of sports and pastimes for little girls from four to ten years old. Many of these amusements are designed chiefly to exercise the body, and none of them require any extraordinary effort of the mind. These are followed by plays for girls between ten and fifteen, in most of which some degree of ingenuity is requisite.

JULIET. But are these plays for the elder girls too difficult for the little ones?

MRS. MORRINGTON. A few of them are. But, generally speaking, an intelligent little girl with a quick comprehension and a good memory will find any diversion in the book sufficiently easy.

HENRIETTA. Some of the amusements in the first part of the book seem quite too childish for me.

ISABELLA. Well, I intend to go through them all. I think it pleasant enough to play with small children occasionally, when they are not dull nor fretful, and I like to make them happy by entering into their amusements, however trifling they may appear.

MRS. MORRINGTON. You see that most of these plays are not only minutely described, but also illustrated by a dialogue.

ISABELLA. The dialogues will of course enable us to comprehend the plays with more ease.

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HENRIETTA. Ah! here are various ways of redeeming forfeits. In games of forfeits there is generally considerable difficulty in deciding upon what terms they are to be restored to their owners.

ISABELLA. And here are little games with cards as well as loto, domino, checkers, and other similar diversions.

HENRIETTA. And here is a large collection of riddles with the answers directly under them, which will save the trouble of turning over leaves and searching out figures of reference.

ISABELLA. See—see—Here are varieties of pincushions, needle-books, and reticules, with directions for making them.

JULIET. And dolls too! Here are several ways of making dolls.

MRS. MORRINGTON. I will give you some pieces of silk and other materials, and you may construct as many of these articles as you please. This sort of work is not only amusing, but very improving, as it teaches children expertness in cutting out and fixing, and neatness in sewing.

HENRIETTA. Juliet, I will make you a handsome linen doll exactly like this in the book.

JULIET. Thank you, Henrietta. I know I shall like it better than my wax doll, which I am always afraid to handle. I think I could myself make some of these bags and pincushions. At least I will try one or two of the easiest.

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ISABELLA. I shall not fear to attempt any of them.

HENRIETTA. And I will undertake all the drawing and colouring that is to be done.

JULIET. I think I shall make a patch-work quilt for my doll.

ISABELLA. And while two of us are sewing, the other can read the riddles aloud, and we will try to guess them.

HENRIETTA. I rather think we shall know all the riddles before this sewing begins.

JULIET. Dear mother, now that you have been so kind as to bring us this book, I shall find less trouble in amusing little Marian Graham when she comes to see me. She, at least, can play "Robin's alive," and "Honey Pots," and "Bread and Cheese." She may be able also to understand some of the easiest riddles, though I doubt her guessing any of the conundrums, poor thing. And as for cutting and sewing, I dare say she could soon learn to clip the edges of the pen-wipers, or perhaps to make a black doll.

HENRIETTA. Dear mother, my birth-day will soon come. If you will permit me to have a little party, we will show how well we can get through the evening without either music or dancing, or without pretending to talk and behave like grown ladies or gentlemen. Before that time we shall have learned all these

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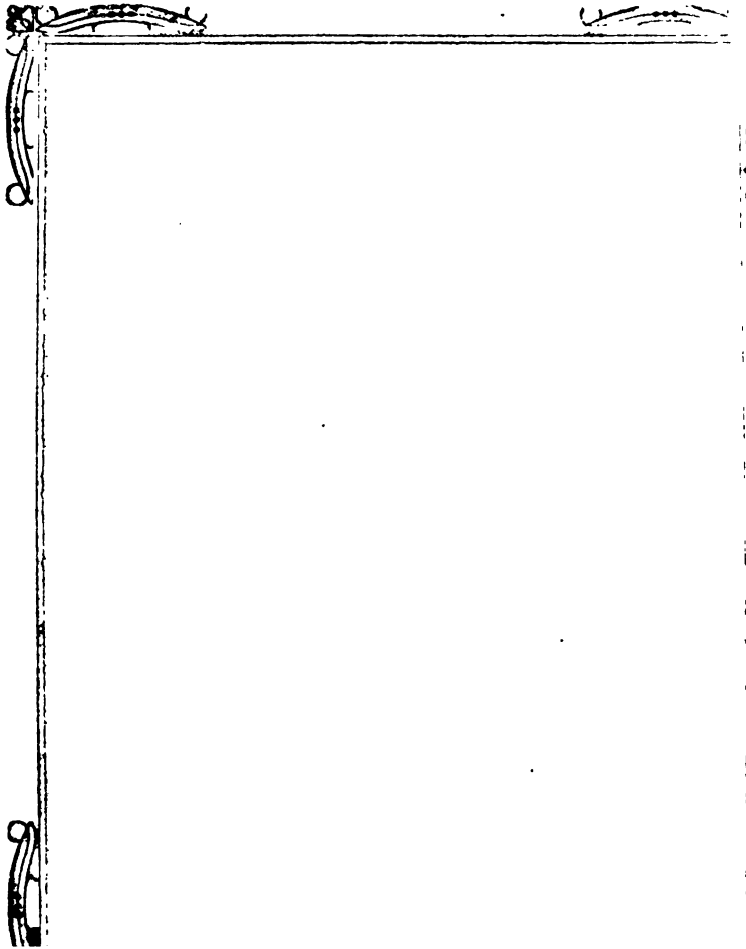
plays, and we will select for the occasion none but the most amusing, and such as the whole company can join in.

MRS. MORRINGTON. I consent, my dear, willingly, and I hope your young guests will follow the example and conduct their future parties on a similar plan. Do not, however, suppose that these little plays are intended particularly for *parties*. Many of them can be just as well pursued in small families or by only two or three children.

I have often regretted that so many of the diversions which formerly enlivened the leisure hours of very young people should long since have become obsolete, or only to be found in circles which are yet untouched with the folly and affectation of what is called fashion. And also that in families where the children are *over educated* (as is now too often the case) the parents, forgetting that they themselves were once young, allow no recreations but those of so grave a character, that play becomes more difficult and fatiguing than study.

The author of this little book has not aimed at compiling a juvenile encyclopedia.—It is simply an unpretending manual of light and exhilarating amusements; most of which will be found on trial to answer the purpose of unbending the mind or exercising the body, and at the same time interesting the attention.

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AMERICAN GIRL'S BOOK.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be pass'd.

WATTS.

SOME of these plays require a more minute explanation than others. We will suppose a company of very young girls engaged in them; and, designating each child by her name, we will give a short sketch, in the dramatic or dialogue form, of what may be said or done on the occasion, whenever we think such an illustration will answer the purpose better than a mere description.

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1.

LADY QUEEN ANNE.

We will imagine five little girls engaged in this play, and their names may be Fanny, Lucy, Mary, Ellen, and Jane.

A ball or pincushion, or something of the kind, having been procured, Fanny leaves the room or hides her face in a corner, that she may not see what is going on, while her companions range themselves in a row, each

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concealing both hands under her frock or apron. The ball has been given to Ellen, but all the others must likewise keep their hands under cover, as if they had it. When all is ready, Fanny is desired to come forward, and, advancing in front of the row, she addresses any one she pleases (for instance, Lucy,) in the following words :

"Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun,
She sends you three letters, and prays you'll read one."

LUCY. I cannot read one, unless I read all.

FANNY. Then pray, Miss Lucy, deliver the ball.

Lucy, not being the one that has the ball, displays her empty hands ; and Fanny, finding that she has guessed wrong, retires, and comes back again as soon as she is called. She then addresses Mary in the same words, "Lady Queen Anne," &c. ; but she is still mistaken, as Mary has not the ball. Next time Fanny accosts Ellen, and finds that she is now right ; Ellen producing the ball from under her apron. Ellen now goes out, and Fanny takes her place in the row. Sometimes the real holder of the ball happens to be the first person addressed.

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2.

ROBIN'S ALIVE.

This is played by the children sitting in a row, with a small lighted stick or a rod that burns slowly; which had better be held with great care, that there may be no danger of setting any thing on fire. Fanny, being at the head of the row, takes the lighted stick in her hand, and blows out the flame, so that there remains only a spark, or a dull redness on the top of the stick.

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Fanny then says, "Robin's alive, and alive he shall be. If he dies in my hand, my mouth shall be bridled, my back shall be saddled, and I'll be sent home to the king's whitehall." She then puts the lighted stick into the hand of Susan, who is next to her, and Susan repeats the same words, and passes it on to Lucy. After Lucy has gone through "Robin's alive," &c. she transfers the stick to the next, the fire all the time gradually fading. If it goes quite out in the hand of Mary, or any one else, Fanny must say to her, "Robin is dead, and dead he shall be. He has died in your hand, and your mouth shall be bridled, your back shall be saddled to send you home to the king's whitehall." Mary is then blindfolded, and lies down on the sofa or on the hearth-rug, with her face downward. Each of the little girls, in turn, brings something and lays it on Mary's back; for instance, a newspaper, a book, a handkerchief, a shoe, a little basket, or any other convenient article, saying every time "Heavy, heavy, what lies over you?" Mary tries to guess, and when she guesses rightly she is allowed to rise. The stick is lighted again, and the play resumed. It must be remembered, that, as soon as the stick is lighted, the flame is to be blown out, so as to leave only a

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redness. A green rod is the best for a Robin, as it burns more slowly and lasts longer than a dry stick.

If Mary guess a book, when it is in reality a shoe, the girl who has placed it there must say, "Shoe, lie there till book come," and so on throughout the play.

3.

THE BOOK-BINDER.

All the little girls range themselves in a row on chairs or on the sofa, each holding together the palms of her hands. Fanny, who personates the book-binder, takes a small book between her hands, and beginning at the head of the row where Lucy is seated, she taps the cover with her fingers for a moment, and then suddenly endeavours to give Lucy a smart blow with the book on her joined hands. Lucy endeavours to avoid the blow by hastily withdrawing her hands. If she is not quick enough and allows them to be struck, she must go down to the bottom or tail of the row. Fanny then proceeds to the next girl, and attempts in the same manner to strike her hands with the book; and so on till she has got to the end of the row; after which the little girl who is then head of the line becomes book-binder.

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4.

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON.

This is a very simple play, but is good exercise in cold weather. It is generally played by three, or five. When three only are engaged in it, one stands at each end of the room, and the third at one side; the latter is called the witch. Fanny calls out "How many miles to Babylon?" Lucy replies, "Threescore and ten." Fanny asks, "Can I get there by candle-light?" Lucy answers, "Yes, and back again; but take care the old witch don't catch you on the road." Susan, who performs the witch, then starts forward and tries to catch one of her playmates, as they all run about in every direction to save themselves from her grasp. The one that she succeeds in catching then becomes witch, and the play proceeds as before.

If five are playing, one stands in each of the four corners of the room, and the fifth, who is the witch, takes the middle.

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5.

HOW MANY FINGERS.

This is a very simple play, and can be understood by children of three years old. It is played by two only. One lays her head in the lap of the other, in such a manner that she can see nothing. Her companion claps her several times on the back, holding up one or more fingers saying

"Mingledy, mingledy, clap, clap,
How many fingers do I hold up?"

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She must endeavour to guess. If she guesses three when in reality only two have been held up, her playmate says

"Three you said, and two it was,
Mingledy, mingledy, clap, clap,
How many fingers do I hold up?" *(holding up four.)*

She guesses again, and whenever she guesses rightly, it becomes her turn to hold up her fingers, while her companion lays her head down and covers her eyes. She who holds up her fingers, changes the number every time, sometimes holding up but one, sometimes all the fingers of both hands. The thumbs must never be held up.

6.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

This is very simple, and is played by five. One goes into each corner of the room, and the fifth stands in the middle, personating the Puss. As soon as she calls out 'Poor Pussy wants a corner," they all run out of the corners to change them, and the Puss tries to get into one. She that in the scramble is left without a corner, goes into the middle as the next Puss.

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7.

MR. POPE AND HIS LADY.

This may be played by any number. A small waiter of a circular shape is provided ; or, if a round waiter is not at hand, a little plate will do as well. The waiter is laid on the floor in the middle of the room. One of the company goes to it, takes it up, and setting it on its edge, gives it a vigorous twirl with her thumb and finger, so as to make it spin round, saying, as she takes the waiter, " By the leave of Mr. Pope and his lady." If

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the waiter falls with the wrong side upward, she is to pay a forfeit; and a forfeit is also required if she forgets to say the proper words on taking it up. She then retires, and the next in turn advances and spins round the waiter, saying also, "By the leave of Mr. Pope and his lady."

8.

COPENHAGEN.

First procure a long piece of tape or twine, sufficient to go round the whole company, who must stand in a circle, every girl holding in each of her hands a part of the string. The last that takes her station, holds the two ends of the tape. One remains standing in the centre of the circle. She is called "the Dane," and she must endeavour to slap the hands of one of those that is holding the string, and who must try to elude the blow by hastily withdrawing her hands. If she is not sufficiently alert, and allows them to be slapped, she takes the place of the Dane, and forfeits a kiss to her. When in the middle of the ring, she in turn must try to slap the hands of some one.

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9.

HONEY POTS.

A little girl sits half down on the floor, clasping her hands together under her knees. Two others, who are older and stronger, take her up by the arms and carry her round the room between them, saying, "Who'll buy a honey pot?" The Honey Pot must keep her hands tightly clasped together all the time, so as to support her knees. If she loosens them, and allows her feet to

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drop before she has been carried quite round tne room, she is to pay a forfeit. If the company is large, several honey pots may be carried round at once.

10.

TRACK THE RABBIT.

The girls form a circle, holding each other's hands. One, called "the Rabbit," is left out. She runs several times round the ring on the outside, and then taps one of her companions on the shoulder. She that has received the tap quits the ring and pursues the rabbit, (always following exactly in her track) the circle again joining hands. The rabbit runs round the ring and through it in every direction, passing under the arms of those in the circle, who raise them to let her pass, and her pursuer follows closely after her. As soon as she catches the rabbit, she becomes rabbit herself, and takes her place on the outside of the ring. Those in the circle must always assist the rabbit in trying to save herself from being caught.

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11.

WHOOP, OR HIDE AND SEEK.

This is best played in a garden, in a farm-yard, in the woods, or in some other suitable place out of doors, where there are conveniences for hiding. The children assemble together in a group, covering their faces, that they may not see, while one of them (called the hider) conceals herself among the trees, behind the bushes, within an arbour, on the other side of a wall, under a heap of hay, or in any other place that she thinks will not be discovered. As soon as she has hidden herself, she calls out "Whoop," in a loud voice. Her companions then run about in search of her, and whoever finds her first, is the next to hide.

12.

HOT BUTTERED BEANS.

A card, a match, a scrap of ribbon, a bit of paper, or some other little thing is the article to be hidden, and Fanny may be chosen to begin the play. All the other girls leave the room and stay outside of the door; or if it is more convenient to remain in the room, they go in-

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to a corner and cover their eyes, taking care not to peep. Fanny then hides the card or whatever it may be, under the hearth-rug, beneath the table-cover, behind a window shutter or behind the sofa, on the shelf of the piano, or in any other place she thinks proper. She then summons her play-mates by calling out, "Hot butter'd beans; please to come to supper." The other girls all run and search every where for the card. If they approach the place where it is concealed, Fanny tells them that "they burn," or that "they are warm," according to the distance. If they keep far from it, she says "they are cold," or "cool." She that finds the card, hides it next time.

13.

STIR THE MUSH.

Have one chair too few, and prohibit sitting on the sofa. If seven girls are playing, allow but six chairs to remain in the room, and place them close to the wall. One of the children stands in the middle of the room, holding a stout stick, and the others walk round her, saying, "Stir the mush, stir the mush;" and she pretends to stir very hard with the stick, continuing to do

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so for some time. After a while, when no one is expecting it, she knocks three times on the floor with the stick, and then drops it and joins her play-mates, who at this signal all run about and scramble for a seat. Whoever is left without a chair, is the next to take the stick and stir the mush.

14.

TWIRL THE TRENCHER.

A plate is laid in the middle of the floor. The leader of the play then designates all the girls by numbers, as, One, Two, Three, Four, &c. and they must take care to remember their numbers. She then desires No. 1 to go and twirl the trencher; that is, she must take the plate between her thumb and finger and give it a hard twirl to set it spinning, at the same time calling out for No. 4, or any one she pleases. If No. 4 does not instantly run up and catch the plate before it has done spinning round, she pays a forfeit. If she is sufficiently alert to get to it and seize it before it falls, she must give it a twirl and make it spin, calling out for No. 2 or some one else, who must then endeavour to catch the plate in time, or pay a pawn if she fails.

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15.

BREAD AND CHEESE

This is generally played by two only. Each shuts her hands, and the closed hands are piled upon each other, Lucy's and Jane's alternately. That is, Lucy places her right hand on the table or on her knee. Then Jane puts her right hand on Lucy's. Next Lucy adds her left hand, and then Jane completes the pile by putting her left hand on the top of Lucy's. When the

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hands are arranged, Lucy (whose hand is undermost) asks Jane, "What have you there?" Jane replies, "Bread and cheese." Lucy tells her to "Eat it up;" which Jane pretends to do by withdrawing her left hand and putting it to her mouth; as if eating her bread and cheese. Jane then asks Lucy, "What she has there?" and Lucy replies in the same manner. Lucy then puts the question to Jane, who, after taking away her right hand, commences the following dialogue, while Lucy (till it is over) continues to keep her right hand closed and resting on the table.

JANE. What have you there?
LUCY. A chest.
JANE. What is in it?
LUCY. Bread and cheese.
JANE. Where is my share?
LUCY. The cat has got it.
JANE. Where is the cat?
LUCY. In the woods.
JANE. Where are the woods?
LUCY. Fire has burned them.
JANE. Where is the fire?
LUCY. Water has quenched it.
JANE. Where is the water
LUCY. The ox has drank it.
JANE. Where is the ox?
LUCY. The butcher has killed him.
JANE. Where is the butcher?

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Lucy. Behind the door cracking nuts; and whoever speaks the first word shall have three twitches by the ear and three squeezes by the hand.

They then try which can remain silent the longest. If either speaks, the other twitches her ear and squeezes her hand three times. If the play is repeated, it is Jane's turn to have her hand at the bottom and to answer the questions.

16.

FROG IN THE MIDDLE.

She that personates the Frog stands in the middle of the room, and her companions run round her, saying, "Frog in the middle, you can't catch me." Now and then the Frog suddenly jumps out and endeavours to seize on one of her play-mates, who if caught becomes Frog and takes her station in the centre. The Frog, when she jumps out of the middle, must not pursue nor run after any one, but must try to catch by a sudden spring and grasp.

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17.

THE CHRISTMAS BAG

Fill with sugar plums a large bag of thin white paper and tie a string round the top to keep it fast. Then

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suspend it to the centre of a large door-frame (the folding door for instance), or to the ceiling if convenient. Each of the children must be blindfolded in turn, and provided with a long stick. They are then led within reach of the bag and directed to try while blindfolded to strike the bag with the stick, and are allowed to make three attempts; after which, if unsuccessful, they must give place to the next. The play goes on in this manner till some one strikes the bag with the stick so as to tear a hole in the paper; upon which the sugar-plums fall out and are scattered over the floor, when all the children scramble for them. For older children there may be a second bag filled with little books, small pin-cushions, bodkins, emery-bags, ribbon-yards, and things of a similar description.

This amusement may be concluded, by one of the family bringing in a bag which has been secretly filled with flour, and hanging it to the door-frame as if, like the others, it was stored with sugar-plums or pretty things. The company must not be apprized of its real contents, and must as before try blindfolded to strike it with the stick. When a hole is torn in the bag, every one near it will be dusted with the flour

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18.

OF WHAT TRADE IS OUR FAVOURITE?

Lucy goes out while her playmates decide on a trade, Fanny having previously taken her aside and whispered to her that the trade, fixed on, will be the one mentioned immediately after a profession. The other girls are not to know that this is the manner in which Lucy will be enabled to guess. After Lucy has retired, they fix on a trade, which may be that of a grocer, for instance. When Lucy is called in, Fanny asks her "of what trade is our favourite?"

LUCY. You must question me farther
FANNY. Is he a silversmith?
LUCY. No.
FANNY Is he the jeweller across the street?
LUCY. No.
FANNY Is he the bookseller at the corner?
LUCY. No.
FANNY. Is he the cabinet-maker in the next street?
LUCY. No.
FANNY. Is he the doctor that attends your family?
LUCY. No.
FANNY. Is he the grocer that sells such good tea?
LUCY. Yes.
ALL. It is a grocer. How could Lucy guess so rightly?

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The girls are not aware that Lucy knew she might say "yes" to Fanny's next question after naming the doctor or professional man; law, physic, and divinity being called professions.

Mary goes out next, Fanny having first whispered to her that she would ask the right question immediately after mentioning a lawyer. The trade fixed on for the favourite is watch-maker, and Mary of course guesses rightly after hearing a professional man named.

There is a similar play called Four Legs, in which any word may be fixed on, such as hat, shovel, fish, bonnet, &c. The word, which is mentioned immediately before the right one, must be something that has four legs; as, dog, horse, table, sofa, chair, &c. When, for instance, the guesser, having been previously asked a variety of words, hears the question "Is it a cat?" she may safely reply "yes" to the next question: a cat having four legs.

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THE KING AND HIS TRAIN.

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19.

THE KING AND HIS TRAIN.

Two of the tallest girls (who perform the warders, as they are called) go into the middle of the room, and each takes a name, whispering the name to each other so as not to be heard by the rest. The names may be gold, silver, diamond, pearl, lily, tulip, or any thing they please. The other children then range themselves in procession, each holding with both hands the skirt of the one directly before her. The two warders that stand in the centre of the room take each other's hands, and raise their arms as high as possible, calling out as the procession passes under,

> "We'll open the gates as high as the sky,
> And let the king and his train pass by;"

and trying to catch one of the little girls by putting their joined arms suddenly down, so as to encircle her neck. The little girls must try to avoid this by stooping their heads as they pass under the arms. When one is caught, the two warders ask her in a whisper whether she chooses gold or silver, or a pearl or a

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diamond, according to the names they have taken. If she chooses gold, she goes behind the warder of that name, and stands there till the play is over, holding by her frock. Should she choose the other, she goes behind silver. The warders then raise their arms again, holding each other's hands, and the rhyme "We'll open the gates," &c. is repeated as before. The play goes on in this manner till the king and all his train are caught, and put behind one or other of the warders. After this, two girls of the next size become warders.

Of those that form the procession the tallest is always king, and the others take their places according to height, the smallest walking last.

The procession walks round the warders every time previous to passing under their arms.

20.

SEWING SCHOOL.

The girls sit down in a row, each taking a portion of her apron or frock and holding it up in both hands between her thumb and forefinger. One who represents

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the mistress of the sewing-school, goes along the row and says to each one something about the sewing, endeavouring to engage the attention of the sewer, while she (the mistress) takes an opportunity of striking i suddenly out of her hands. If the sewer is off her guard and allows her sewing to be struck down, she pays a forfeit. For instance. Suppose all the girls seated in a row, and holding their aprons so as to represent sewing. Fanny goes along, stopping at each and saying, " Lucy, have you come to the seam yet ? Mary, you are puckering your work. Anne, your stitches are too long. Ellen, you don't fasten off well. Jane, your thread is going to break. Rosa, your hem is crooked. Ah ! I have struck it out of your hand. You should have held it fast. So, now give me something for a forfeit."

21.

THE BLIND POINTER.

One that performs the Pointer is blindfolded, and stands in the middle of the room, holding a long stick in her hand. The others go round, each as she passes

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making some noise, such as, laughing, crying, coughing, sneezing, clapping her hands, or stamping her feet. The pointer must endeavour to guess who she is by the noise, pointing the stick towards her and calling out her name. Whoever is guessed rightly becomes Pointer.

22.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

One of the girls who personates a Fox takes her seat on the floor in the middle of the room. The others, having the eldest at the head, form a procession holding each other's skirts in both hands and walk round the Fox, the foremost girl who performs the Hen saying,

> "Chickany chickany craney crow,
> I went to the well to wash my toe,
> And when I came back a chicken was dead."

The next girl repeats the same rhyme; and so on till each has said it in her turn. Then they all stop near the fox, and the hen says, "What are you doing old Fox?"

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Fox. Making a fire.
Hen. What for?
Fox. To heat some water.
Hen. For what is the water?
Fox. To scald a chicken.
Hen. Where will you get it?
Fox. Out of your flock.

At these words the fox starts up, and the hen and chickens disperse and run away in every direction. The fox pursues them, and, when she succeeds in catching a chicken, that chicken becomes fox, and seats herself in the middle of the room; while the former fox takes the place of the hen at the head of the procession of chickens.

23.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

The girls seat themselves on the floor in a circle in the middle of the room, all except one who remains out as the hunter, and stands in the centre of the ring. A shoe or slipper is then taken off, and they shove it about secretly from one to another, passing it behind their feet and behind their backs, and in any way that will prevent the hunter from seeing it. The

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hunter's object is to detect and snatch away the slipper while the girls are privately conveying it round the circle, and *their* aim is to prevent her from seeing it or from knowing who has it; though the possessor frequently knocks on the floor with it, when the hunter is not looking towards her. As soon as the hunter gets hold of the slipper, she takes a seat in the circle, and the one with whom she has happened to find the slipper then becomes hunter.

44.

THE THIMBLE.

The company sit in a row holding together the palms of their hands. Fanny takes a thimble or any thing else that is small and round, (for instance, a hazle-nut or shell-bark) and holding it between her palms, she goes along the line, pretending to drop it secretly into their hands, saying to each "Hold fast what I give you." Every one opens her hands as if she was receiving the thimble, and closes them again immediately. Of course, the thimble is only in reality deposited with one. For instance, Fanny leaves it in the hands of Lucy.

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After Fanny has in this manner gone all along the ow, she returns to the head and asks Mary, who is seated there, to guess who has the thimble. Mary guesses Jane, who opens her hands and shows that she has it not. They all guess in turn. Susan happens to guess Lucy; and this being right, Lucy displays the thimble and gives it to Susan. It is then Susan's turn to take the thimble and go along the row with it.

Sometimes when this is played, a forfeit is required from every one that guesses wrong, and therefore a great number of pawns are speedily collected.

25.

THE TEN FINE BIRDS.

The company sit in a circle, and the play begins by one of the girls saying, "A good fat hen;" this is repeated by the whole circle in turn, but only one must speak at a time. When all have said "A good fat hen," the leader of the play begins again and gives out, "Two ducks and a good fat hen;" which is also repeated separately by the whole company.

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The next is, "Three squawking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen." After this has gone round as before, the leader says, "Four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." This having been repeated by all, the next that is given out is, "Five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Afterwards, "Six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Next, "Seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Next, "Eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Next, "Nine ugly turkey-buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen." Lastly, "Ten bald eagles, nine ugly turkey-buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons.

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four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen."

All this must go round the whole company every time, and be repeated separately by each. If any one hesitates or leaves out any thing, or makes a mistake, she must pay a forfeit.

The House that Jack built (which is well known to all children) may be converted into a similar play; each of the company first repeating separately "This is the House that Jack built;" and so on till they have got through the whole, adding more every time it goes round, and paying a pawn for every omission or error.

26.

KING AND QUEEN.

The company sit in two rows, facing each other. There must be an even number, as six, eight, ten, or twelve. One row personates a range of gentlemen with a king sitting at the end. The opposite row is to consist of ladies, she at the head being queen. The king

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numbers all the gentlemen, 1, 2, 3, &c. and they must remember their numbers. The queen numbers the ladies, but all their numbers must be different from those of the gentlemen. For instance, if the gentlemen are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, the ladies must be 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

When all is arranged, the king and queen each call out a number. If the king calls No. 2, he who bears that title must start up and run all round the company. The queen must at the same time call out one of her ladies; for instance, No. 8, and the lady must pursue the gentleman all round. If she catches him before he gets to the king, he pays a forfeit. They then resume their seats, and it is the queen's turn to call first. She may call No. 10, and the king No. 4. The gentleman now pursues the lady, and if he catches her before she gets to the queen, she pays a forfeit.

Sometimes, in this play, all the odd numbers, as 1, 3, 5, 7, are allotted to the gentlemen, and the even numbers, 2, 4, 6, 8, are given to the ladies.

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27.

THE DUTCH DOLL.

All the company go out of the room, except two who are well acquainted with the play; the others had better be ignorant of it. We will suppose that Fanny and Lucy are left together to prepare the doll, which doll is to be performed by Fanny. For this purpose she lies at full length under a table covered with a deep cloth, or that has large leaves descending nearly to the floor. Her face must be downwards. Lucy, having previously procured the necessary articles, dresses Fan-

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ny's feet with a frock or petticoat, adding a cloak or shawl and an old bonnet or hood, pinning and tying on the things so as to look something like a large and very dowdy doll. The company are then called in, and if they have not seen a Dutch doll before, are at a loss to conceive what it can be. Before they come in, Fanny must raise her feet so that the doll appears to stand upright; and as soon as they enter she must begin to kick her feet up and down and shuffle them about in such a way as to make the doll seem to dance and jump and bow, and play all sorts of antics, frequently seeming to knock her forehead against the floor. If the doll is well performed, it is very laughable, and if Fanny takes care to be well concealed under the table, no one unacquainted with the play can guess that it is set in motion by her feet. She must be sure to lie on her face.

If a boy is in company, he should be made to personate the doll.

28.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.

One leaves the room while the others fix on a trade which when she returns they must all endeavour to

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represent by their actions, so that she can guess for what they intend themselves. When she guesses, the next in size or age goes out, and her companions try something else. If, on coming in, she finds all her play-mates with chairs turned down which they push before them as if ploughing, or if they are tossing about their handkerchiefs with sticks as if making hay, she rightly guesses them to be farmers. If they are sitting on low seats and mending their shoes, she knows them to be cobblers, or if they are seated on the tables cross-legged and sewing, they are meant for tailors. They may pretend to be sawing and planing like carpenters, hammering iron on anvils or shoeing horses like blacksmiths, spreading mortar with trowels and climbing ladders like brick-layers building a house, &c. They may, if they choose, all work at different parts of the same trade, provided always that every one is a farmer a cobbler, a tailor, or whatever trade they have chosen for the whole.

Ingenious children can make this play very amusing.

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29.

SHE CAN DO LITTLE WHO CAN'T DO THIS.

One who understands the play takes the tongs and holds them in both hands, putting one hand on the head or knob of the tongs, and the other on one of the legs. She must knock the points of the tongs three times on the floor, saying, "She can do little who can't do this." She then transfers them to her next neighbour, who, if unacquainted with the play, will not hold the tongs in the right way, and in both hands; thinking that it is only necessary to knock on the floor with them and repeat the words. If she holds them wrong, she pays a forfeit, and in this way the tongs must be handed round to the whole company; each repeating the words, and knocking three times on the floor. If none do right, the proper way is not to be explained till the play is over, that the more pawns may be collected.

If any one knows the play and does it rightly, she must not tell the others, till all have tried it.

Simple as this play is, very few, who are not familiar with it, will chance to hold the tongs in the proper manner.

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30.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

One of the company must be blindfolded with a handkerchief, tied round her eyes in such a manner that she cannot possibly see. She is then led into the middle of the room, and a rhyme is repeated while her companions are retiring from her reach. She then goes about the room endeavouring to catch somebody, and her playmates try their utmost to keep out of her

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way. No one, however, must leave the room, and no one must mischievously annoy the blind-girl by pinching, pulling, or in any way teazing her. If she approaches any thing that may hurt her, (the fire, for instance,) her companions must immediately call out to apprize her of her danger. It is better before the play begins, to take up and lay aside the hearth-rug, lest some one should catch her foot in it and fall. The fender also should be turned up on its two ends, as a sort of guard against the fire. When the blind-girl catches any one, she must endeavour to guess who it is, for which purpose she is allowed to pass her hands over the head and dress of her captive. If she cannot guess, she must let the prisoner go, and try to catch some one else. The first girl, that is caught and guessed rightly, is the next to be blindfolded.

Example.

FANNY. Well, Lucy, are you ready to be blindfolded? *(Fanny ties a handkerchief round Lucy's eyes.)* There now. Are you sure you do not see?

LUCY. I never cheat when I play.

FANNY. I know you are very honourable. But when Sarah Granby plays Blindman's Buff, she always manages to slip up the bandage, in such a way, that she can see all the time, and catch whoever she pleases. There now, give me your hand. *(She leads Lucy into the middle of the room.)*

How many horses are in your father's stable?

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LUCY Three.

FANNY. Of what colours are they?

LUCY. Black, white, and grey.

FANNY. Turn round three times and catch who you may.

(Lucy extends her hands, and turns round three times, the girls all taking care to be out of her reach. She then gropes about for some time, and catches no one. Once she gets the skirts of Rose's frock between her thumb and finger, but her hold being very slight, Rose easily disengages herself and makes her escape. Lucy then catches Ellen by the end of her sash, and Ellen gets away by untying the sash, and leaving it in Lucy's hand.)

LUCY. I have somebody now. Why, no—I believe it is only a ribbon. Ah! there has been some trick.

JANE. *(In a low voice.)* Ellen, is this quite fair?

FANNY. No, indeed it is not. However, we will pass it over. I know, Lucy likes to be blindfolded.

JANE. That's more than I do. When I am blinded, I am afraid to move a step. But I see that Lucy rambles about quite briskly, notwithstanding the bandage over her eyes.

FANNY. Hush! she will distinguish you by your voice. *(Mary slips into a closet.)* Now, Mary, come out of the closet. That really is not fair.

LUCY. Ah! I hear a cluster of you laughing in yon corner. I will be among you in a moment.

(Lucy goes to a corner where several of the girls have retreated, and catches Isabel by the arm. The others, having crouched down, slip away, creeping along the floor.)

FANNY. Well, Lucy! who have you there?

LUCY. It is Mary. I know her by the stiffening in her sleeves.

(They all laugh and exclaim, "Oh, no. no!")

FANNY. You are mistaken; it is Isabel: she also has stiffened sleeves. You must let her go, and try to catch one some else.

(Lucy releases Isabel, and goes about in quest of another. Anne hides behind the window curtain.)

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Lucy. Ah! I am near the window. I feel the fringe of the curtain. And some one is hidden behind it. *(She presses the curtain closely around Anne, who laughs.)* That is Anne's laugh. I have caught her in a trap. Come out, Miss Anne, it is your turn now.

(She takes off the handkerchief, and blindfolds Anne.)

31.

THE BELLS OF LONDON.

This should be played in a field, or in some place where there is no danger of being hurt by falling.

The two tallest of the company join their hands, and raise them high above their heads, while the others, (each holding the skirt of the one before her,) walk under in procession, as in the King and his Train. The two, that are holding up their hands, sing the following rhymes :—

"Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clements;
Brickdust and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles;
You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's;
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey;

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When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch;
When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney;
I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow."

At the last line, they suddenly lower their arms, and endeavour to catch one of those that is passing under. Having each previously fixed on a name, (for instance, one Nutmeg, the other, Cinnamon,) they ask their captive which she chooses, Nutmeg or Cinnamon. Accordingly as she answers, she is put behind one or the other. When all have been caught and placed behind, those at each end join hands, so as to encircle the two in the middle; and they must wind round them till they get closer and closer. The rhyme "Oranges and lemons," &c. is then repeated; and at the words "Great bell of Bow," those in the centre must give a sudden push and extricate themselves by throwing down all the rest

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THE PRUSSIAN EXERCISE.

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32.

THE PRUSSIAN EXERCISE.

All the children kneel down in a row, except one who personates the captain, and who ought to be a smart girl and well acquainted with the play, which is more diverting when all the others are ignorant of it, except the one at the head of the line. If the corporal, as this one is called, does not know the play, the captain must take her aside and inform her of the manner of conducting it.

When all are ready, the captain stands in front of the line and gives the word of command, telling them always to do something that has a diverting or ludicrous effect, when done by the whole company at the same moment. For instance: the captain gives the word to cough, and they must all cough as loudly as possible. They may be ordered to pull their own hair; to pull their own noses; to slap their own cheeks; to clap their hands together; to laugh; to wink their eyes, or do any other ridiculous thing. All, however, must be done at once, and by the whole line, the corporal setting the example.

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Finally, the captain orders them to "Present." Each then projects forward one arm, holding it out straight before her. The next command is to "Fire." Upon which the corporal gives her next neighbour a sudden push, which causes her to fall against the next, and in this manner the whole line is thrown down sideways, one tumbling on another.

This is rather a boisterous play, but it can be made very laughable; and there need be no fear of the children getting hurt in falling, if they play on the grass, or in a hay-field, or if they take the precaution of laying cushions, pillows, or something soft, at the end of the line to receive the one that falls last; she being in the most danger.

There are few of these diversions that will not end in hurts and disasters if played rudely and mischievously. But, if conducted with proper discretion, no objection need be made to them.

33.

DRESSING THE LADY.

First decide that a certain colour shall not be mentioned, under penalty of a forfeit; for instance, you

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may interdict either green, blue, yellow, or pink. One asks, "How shall my lady be dressed for the ball?" Each in turn proposes an article of dress; if any one mentions the forbidden colour, she must pay a forfeit. When the dress of the lady is completed, the pawns must be sold. Sometimes two colours are prohibited.

Example.

FANNY. What colour shall we avoid mentioning?

LUCY. Black.

FANNY. Let us forbid white also. We shall collect the more forfeits if two colours are excluded. Therefore let no one mention either black or white How shall my lady be dressed for the ball?

LUCY. She shall have a yellow silk frock.

MARY. With green satin trimming.

LYDIA. Pearl necklace and bracelets.

SUSAN. White satin shoes

FANNY. Ah! a forfeit already. You should not have said, *white* satin.

SUSAN. Oh! Why did I not think of *black* satin shoes?

FANNY. That would have been as bad. You forget that black is prohibited, as well as white.

SUSAN. Well, take these scissors as a forfeit. Come, let the play go on.

JANE. My lady shall have a blue gauze scarf.

ANNE. Pink ribbon to loop up her sleeves.

ELLEN. White kid gloves. Long gloves.

FANNY. *White* kid. A forfeit again.

ELLEN. But nobody wears coloured gloves at a ball.

FANNY Then you need not have mentioned the gloves.

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ELLEN. This card will do for a forfeit

ISABEL. My lady shall have scarlet flowers in her hair.

FANNY. What a variety of colours! She will look like a great bunch of flowers.

CATHERINE. A purple velvet reticule.

ROSA. A black velvet belt.

FANNY. Black velvet—~~black~~—a forfeit, Rosa.

ROSA. But no other velvet would look so well for a belt as black.

FANNY. No matter; you should have said something else. Where is your forfeit?

ROSA. Take this chestnut.

FANNY. Well, I believe my lady is sufficiently drest; so, Lucy, the play may go round again, and you may dress yours.

LUCY. This time the forbidden colours shall be blue and green. So "how shall my lady be dressed for the ball?"

34.

THE THRONE OF COMPLIMENTS.

The girls take it in turn to be the Lady Fair, beginning with the tallest, who takes her seat on a chair at the upper end of the room. The others all remain at the lower end in a row, except one who stands in the middle of the apartment and is called the Judge. When all are ready, every one makes a low curtsy to the lady and the judge says:

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" The Lady Fair sits like a queen on her throne,
Give her your praises, and let her alone."

Each of the girls in turn goes up to the judge, and whispers something in praise of the Lady, taking care to remember what it is. When the compliments have all been paid, the judge repeats them aloud, one at a time, and the Lady Fair endeavours to guess the author of each compliment, and the judge tells her whether she is right or wrong. Whenever the Lady guesses wrong, she pays a forfeit, all of which she is to redeem before another takes the throne. The most accurate way of recollecting the compliments is for the judge to have a slate, and write them all down as she hears them.

Example.

Lucy. Fanny, you are the tallest, so you must be our first Lady Fair; and, as I am the next in height, I will be Judge. Come, girls, range yourselves in a row at the bottom of the room, while I stand in the middle with my slate, and Fanny takes her seat at the upper end. Are you all ready? Then let us make our curtsies. *(They curtsy to Fanny.)*

" The Lady Fair sits like a queen on her throne,
Give her your praises and let her alone."

(The girls go up one at a time to Lucy, and whisper to her something in compliment to Fanny which the Judge writes down on her slate.)

Well, have you all paid your compliments? Then I will read them to th Lady Fair. *(She reads.)*

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Somebody says, the Lady Fair is very good-tempered.

FANNY. That was Susan.

LUCY. No, it was Lydia: So, a forfeit from your ladyship.

FANNY. As the forfeits will be all mine, and as I expect to have many, I will give for each forfeit a flower from this nosegay. So here is a rose-bud. Now go on.

LUCY. Some one said, the Lady Fair had very bright eyes.

FANNY. That was Jane.

LUCY. No, it was Isabel. So, another forfeit. Some one says, the Lady Fair has beautiful ringlets.

FANNY. That was Catherine.

LUCY. Yes, it *was* Catherine. Some one says, the Lady Fair sings very well.

FANNY. Rosa said that.

LUCY. No; Susan said it. So a forfeit. Somebody says, the Lady Fair dances gracefully.

FANNY. That was Mary.

LUCY. No—it was Ellen. A forfeit again. Some one said, the Lady Fair always minds her stops when she reads aloud.

FANNY. That must be Jane.

LUCY. No; it was Rosa. So a forfeit again. Somebody said, the Lady Fair takes short stitches when she sews.

FANNY. Anne must have said that.

LUCY. You are right this time; it *was* Anne Some one said, the Lady Fair is clever at all sorts of plays.

FANNY. That was Mary.

LUCY. No, it was myself. That is the compliment that I have written at the close of the list. But, as you guessed wrong, one more forfeit. You have now six pawns to redeem. When that is done, I shall have the honour of being Lady Fair, and Susan will perform the Judge.

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35.

THE APPRENTICE.

She that begins the play says, that she apprenticed her son to a tailor, shoemaker, grocer, or any other mechanic or tradesman, and she mentions the initial letters only of the first article he made or sold. The other girls endeavour to guess her meaning. If all are unable to discover it, and therefore give it up, she again apprentices her son. Whoever guesses rightly, takes her turn. This can be played by two only, or by any number.

Example.

FANNY. I apprenticed my son to a grocer, and the first thing he sold was C.

MARY. Coffee—coffee.

FANNY. No; I did not mean coffee.

JANE. Chocolate.

FANNY. Right. Now it is your turn.

JANE. I apprenticed my son to a confectioner, and the first thing he sold was M. S.

LUCY. Oh! Mint-stick—mint-stick. Well, I also apprenticed my son to a confectioner, and the first things he sold were B. A.

ALL. B. A. We can never guess B. A.

LUCY. Try.

ELLEN. Oh! Burnt Almonds. I apprenticed my son to a cake-baker, and the first things he made were G. N.

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LUCY. G. N. What can G. N. be? *(They all ponder awhile, and at last agree to give it up.)*

ELLEN. Gingerbread-nuts.

MARY. Oh! why did not I think of them, when I like them so much? You again, Ellen.

ELLEN. I apprenticed my son to a gardener, and the first root he planted was a T

MARY. A tulip.

ELLEN. Yes; a tulip.

MARY. I apprenticed my son to an iron-monger, and the first thing he sold was an F. P.

JANE. A frying-pan.—I apprenticed my son to a cabinet-maker, and the first thing he made was a C. T.

FANNY. A Centre-Table. I apprenticed my son to a stationer, and the first thing he sold was S. W.

ELLEN. Sealing-Wax. I apprenticed my son to a stationer, and the first thing he sold was an A.

MARY. An A—an A. I give it up.

ALL. *(after a pause.)* We all give it up.

ELLEN. An Almanack.

MARY. I thought only booksellers sold almanacks.

ELLEN. And stationers also. When I go into a store, I always look round attentively, and try to remember every thing I see there.

36.

THE TRAVELLER.

One personates the Traveller, others take the names of Landlord, Landlady, Chambermaid, Waiter, Ostler, and Boot-cleaner, and the rest are denominated Horse, Saddle, Bridle, Oats, Boots, Slippers, Supper, Candle

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Bed, &c.; all the names having reference to an inn, or tavern, and to the probable wants of a traveller.

When all the others are seated round the room, the Traveller comes in, and says, "Landlady, can I have supper and a bed here to-night?" Upon this, Landlady, Supper, and Bed all start up together. The Traveller may then say, "Landlord, I want a bottle of cider and the newspaper." If any are named Cider and Newspaper, they must start up with the Landlord. The Traveller then calls the ostler, to take the saddle and bridle off his horse, and feed him with oats. Upon which Ostler, Horse, Saddle, Bridle, and Oats, all start up as soon as they hear their names. The Traveller then desires the waiter to bring him his supper, and then Waiter and Supper respond. Lastly, he calls the chambermaid to bring him a candle, and the boot-boy to bring him slippers and take his boots; upon which, Chambermaid, Candle, Boot-boy, Slippers, and Boots all rise. If any one omits getting up, when her name is mentioned by the Traveller, she pays a forfeit.

With a smart Traveller, this play may be made very amusing. A thing may be said that brings in the names of the company.

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MAGICAL MUSIC.

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37.

MAGICAL MUSIC.

One of the company leaves the room, and the others fix on something to be done by her when she returns, such as looking in the glass, snuffing the candle, sweeping the hearth, pouring out and drinking a glass of water, reading a book, &c. After they have come to a decision, she is called in, and tries to discover her allotted task by attempting whatever she thinks most probable. In the mean time, one of her companions is seated at the piano, and strikes a key slowly as long as the experiments are going wrong. When they seem likely to succeed, she touches the key more rapidly; and when exactly right, she strikes as fast as possible. If there is no piano in the room, a hand-bell rung slowly or rapidly will do as well, or the striking of a large door-key against the tongs or shovel may be substituted.

Example.

Maria, Julia, Sophia, Harriet, Louisa, Helen, and several others, all seated in a row, and arranged according to their size.

Maria. Harriet, as you are the tallest, you must go out first, and wait in the entry till we have decided on something for you to do. Shut the door very tightly, Harriet, and be sure not to listen

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HARRIET. Can you suppose I would be guilty of any thing so dishonourable

(She goes out.)

MARIA. Now what shall be her task?

LOUISA. Let her take up a book, and read in it.

HELEN. Let her raise the sash, and look out of the window.

SOPHIA. Let her go to the side-board, pour out a glass of water, and drink some of it.

MARIA. Yes, that will do very well. Julia, as you sit down to the piano.

(Julia takes her seat at the instrument, and Maria goes to the door and calls in Harriet, who immediately approaches the looking-glass to survey herself. This not being right, Julia touches the piano very slowly. Harriet then goes to the table and takes up a book; the piano is still slow. She then attempts to look out of the window; the piano continues slow. Next she goes towards the sideboard, and Julia strikes the piano a little faster. Harriet takes up the water-pitcher, and the piano goes faster still. She pours some water into a glass, and the piano is still faster; she drinks the water, and the piano goes as fast as possible, the girls exclaiming, "That's right, that's right."

MARIA Sophia, you are next. *(Sophia goes out.)*

HELEN. Let Sophia's task be to play a little on the piano.

MARIA. Excellent. It will be a long time before she thinks of that. *(Opening the door.)* Come in, Sophia.

(Sophia sweeps the hearth, snuffs the candles, removes the cushion from the sofa, piles one stool on another, opens a work-basket and begins to sew, dances a few steps, and attempts several other things, the piano all the time going slowly. At last, the right thought happens suddenly to enter her head. She approaches the piano, and Julia touches it faster. Sophia then goes behind Julia, who is seated on the music-stool, and stretching out her arms over Julia's shoulders, she plays with both hands a few lines of a popular song, singing the air: Julia all the time touching the piano as fast as she can, but very softly.

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MARIA. Well, Sophia, you have guessed it at last. I was afraid, for awhile you would be obliged to give it up in despair

38.

CHITTERBOB.

The company are to sit in a row, and the following is to be repeated by each in turn, without the slightest variation or mistake.

There was a man and his name was Cob,
He had a wife and her name was Mob,
He had a dog and his name was Bob,
She had a cat and her name was Chitterbob
"Bob," says Cob;
"Chitterbob," says Mob.
Bob was Cob's dog;
Chitterbob was Mob's cat—
Cob, Mob, Bob and Chitterbob.

If, in reciting the above lines, any mistake is made, nowever slight, the delinquent is to have a long piece of paper twisted into her front hair in such a manner as to stand out and resemble a horn. If the play goes round several times, it is probable that most of the players will have three or four horns on their heads.

Some paper should be previously prepared.

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These horns answer the same purpose as pawns or forfeits, and are to be taken off one by one when redeemed. The pawn-seller is as usual to be blindfolded, and the crier of the pawns is to touch one of the horns, and say, "How shall this lady get rid of her horn?" The pawn-seller then proposes one of the customary methods.

39.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

One leaves the room while the others fix on a word that has two or more meanings, as sash (of a window, or of silk,) corn a sort of grain, and corn on the toe, &c. The absentee is then called in, and goes round the company inquiring of each, "How do you like it?" All the replies must be in reference to the signification of the word in one or other of its meanings. She whose answer causes it to be rightly guessed, is the next to go out.

Example.

MARIA. Well, now we have sent Julia into the entry, what word shall we fix on?

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LOUISA. Box—*that* has several meanings: box, a chest; box, at the theatre; box, a garden plant.

MARIA. Right Box it shall be. Come in Julia. *(Julia comes in and addresses Maria.)*

JULIA. Well, Maria, how do you like it?

MARIA. I like it of red morocco.

JULIA. How do you like it, Helen?

HELEN. I like it green and flourishing.

JULIA. And you, Louisa?

LOUISA. I like it front and not crowded.

JULIA. Of red morocco—green and flourishing—front, and not crowded—what can it be! Well, Sophia?

SOPHIA. Of painted velvet.

JULIA. How do you like it, Emily?

EMILY. Filled with agreeable people, who are attentive to what they see.

JULIA. Of painted velvet—filled with agreeable people—I am more puzzled than ever. Well, Caroline, how do *you* like it?

CAROLINE. Full of sugar-plums.

JULIA. Ah! I know what it is—a box—a box—I wonder I was so long guessing.

MARIA. Come, Caroline, you must go out, as Julia took the idea from your answer.

CAROLINE. Do not give me any thing that is very difficult. *(She goes out.)*

MARIA. What word shall we have for her?

JULIA. As Caroline is the youngest among us, we will, as she says, give her something easy.

SOPHIA. Lock—lock, a fastening—a lock of hair.

MARIA. That will do. Come in, Caroline. *(Caroline returns.)*

CAROLINE. How do you like it, Maria?

MARIA. Of brass.

CAROLINE. Well, Helen?

HELEN. Soft and silky.

CAROLINE. Of brass—soft and silky—how can it be both! Now, Louisa?

LOUISA. Of jet-black.

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CAROLINE. Well, Sophia?
SOPHIA. I like it with a cut-glass handle.
CAROLINE. What can it be? How do you like it, Emily?
EMILY. Curled in ringlets.
CAROLINE. It must then be hair. And yet of brass, and with a glass-handle —Oh! a lock, a lock.
EMILY. You are right. As you guessed it from me, I will go out.

40.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

The company having taken their places, the one at the head of the row thinks of a word; for instance, the sun, the river, a bonnet, a frock, and asks the others "what her thought is like?" The first reply is made by the one next to the thinker, and so on till each has in turn given an answer. As none of them know the thought, the reply is of course always at random, and may be "like a pin," "like a glove," "like the wind," &c. The thinker must remember by whom each answer was given; and when all have made their replies, she proclaims her thought, and each must give a reason why her answer resembles the thought. Whoever is

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unable to find a reason must pay a forfeit. Afterwards it is the turn of the one next to the head to have a thought.

Example.

MARIA. Julia, what is my thought like?

JULIA. Like rain.

MARIA. Louisa, what do you say?

LOUISA. Like a flower.

MARIA. Well, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE. Like a bell.

MARIA. Sophia you are next.

SOPHIA. Like an owl.

MARIA. Come, Helen?

HELEN. Like a star.

MARIA. And now, Emily?

EMILY. Like a cheese.

MARIA. Rain—a flower—a bell—an owl—a star—a cheese.

JULIA. I cannot imagine what thought can be like all these things.

MARIA. My thought was the moon. Julia, why is the moon like rain?

JULIA. Because it raises the rivers. You know the moon, acting on the waters, causes the tide to rise, and that the waters will rise also when swelled by the rain. Do not you recollect reading the other day in the newspaper an account of a great freshet, that overflowed the banks of a creek, and carried trees and houses away with it?

MARIA. O yes; your explanation is very satisfactory. And now, Louisa why is the moon like a flower?

LOUISA. Because there is every day some change in it.

MARIA. Charlotte, why is the moon like a bell?

CHARLOTTE. A bell—a bell—I am sure I can never find any resemblance between the moon and a bell. I know not what to say. I give it up.

MARIA. Then you must pay a forfeit

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CHARLOTTE. Here, take my handkerchief.

MARIA. Sophia, why is the moon like an owl?

SOPHIA. O, that is easy enough. Because it does not appear in daylight.

MARIA. Helen, why is the moon like a star?

HELEN. Because it shines only at night. That comparison is very easy also.

MARIA. And now, Emily, why is the moon like a cheese?

CHARLOTTE. I suppose she will say, because it is in the shape of one.

EMILY. No, I will not; for a cheese is circular, but not globular. It is flat on both sides, and the moon is round like a ball.

CHARLOTTE. Well, I have seen little Dutch cheeses that are as round as balls.

EMILY. Pho—I will try to say something better than that. *(She pauses.)*

MARIA. Come, Emily, have you done considering?

EMILY. The moon is like a cheese, because it is largest in the east. That is, the moon looks largest when rising in the eastern part of the sky, and the largest cheeses are made in the eastern part of the Union.

MARIA. That's a very far-fetched explanation. However, we'll accept it. Julia, it is now your turn to have a thought.

JULIA. *(after a moment of meditation.)* Well then, Maria, what is my thought like?

MARIA. Like an amiable woman

JULIA. You are next, Louisa

LOUISA. Like a large plum-cake.

JULIA. What is my thought like, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE. Like sand.

JULIA. What is it like, Sophia?

SOPHIA. Like a rose.

JULIA. Well, Helen?

HELEN Like dancing.

JULIA. And now, Emily, what is my thought like?

EMILY. Like a lion.

JULIA. My thought is a rose.

SOPHIA. Ah, a rose. How strange!

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JULIA. I have now to learn why a rose is like an amiable woman, a large plum-cake, sand, dancing, and a lion. Maria, what do you say?

MARIA. The rose is like an amiable woman, because her sweetness remains long after her beauty is gone.

JULIA. Louisa, why is a rose like a large plum-cake?

LOUISA. Ah, I am very much puzzled. Because roses and plum-cakes are indispensable at evening parties. I can think of nothing better.

JULIA. Well, Charlotte, why is a rose like sand?

CHARLOTTE. Because it is easily scattered by the wind.

JULIA. Sophia, your comparison happened accidentally to be the same as my thought—a thing that very rarely occurs. However, when it does, the penalty is a forfeit.

SOPHIA. Do not call it the *penalty*; for my having chanced unwittingly to fix upon a rose, as you did, is a misfortune, and not a fault. However, take my fan as a forfeit.

JULIA. Helen, why is a rose like dancing?

HELEN. Because it is only becoming to young people

JULIA. And why, Emily, is a rose like a lion?

EMILY Because it is one of the emblems of England.

41.

THE LAWYER.

This must be played by an odd number, as seven, nine, eleven, thirteen, that there may be one to person-

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ate the lawyer, after all the others have arranged themselves in pairs.

The company must seat themselves in two rows, facing each other, each girl taking for a partner the one opposite. She, that performs the lawyer, walks slowly between the lines, addressing a question to whichever she pleases. This question must not be answered by the one to whom it is addressed, but the reply must be made by her partner. If she inadvertently answers for herself, she must pay a forfeit; so also must her partner if she forgets or neglects to answer for her companion.

Example.

MARIA. Now let us arrange the chairs in two rows, that you may all take your seats facing each other. Julia, you shall be Harriet's partner; Louisa shall be Charlotte's; Helen shall be Emily's; and Matilda be Eliza's:—I will be the lawyer and ask the questions. Each must remember that she is not to reply herself, but she is to let her partner answer for her.

(They seat themselves in two rows. Maria goes to the head of the line, and stands first between Julia and Harriet.)

MARIA. Julia, do you go into the country to-morrow?
HARRIET. No; she does not go till Thursday.
MARIA. Louisa, is your new work-box of velvet or morocco?
CHARLOTTE. Her new box is of beautiful painted velvet.
MARIA. Helen, have you begun to learn French?

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EMILY. Yes, she began last week.

MARIA. Matilda, has your cut finger got well?

ELIZA. Not quite.

MARIA. Eliza, what is your last new book?

ELIZA. Tales for Ellen.

MARIA. Ah! a forfeit. You should have waited till Matilda replied for you.

ELIZA. There, there, you may take my shoe.

MARIA. Eliza, which of the Tales for Ellen do you like best?

MATILDA. The Little Blue Bag.

ELIZA. This time I was on my guard not to answer.

MARIA Emily, is not your frock too tight?

HELEN. No, quite the contrary.

MARIA. Louisa, which do you prefer—macaroons or rock-cakes?

LOUISA. Macaroons, certainly.

MARIA. A forfeit—a forfeit—you should not answer for yourself.

LOUISA. Here is my waist-ribbon. *(Taking it off.)*

MARIA. Harriet, did you ever before play at the Lawyer?

JULIA. Yes, frequently.

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42.

THE ELEMENTS.

A handkerchief is pinned up into the shape of a round ball. The girls sit in a circle. She, that is to begin the play, takes the ball and throws it to one of her companions, calling out either "earth," "air," or

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"water;" fire being omitted, as that element has no inhabitants. The girl to whom the ball is directed must, on catching it, reply by giving the name of an animal, proper to the element that has just been mentioned. If the word is "air," the answer must be "eagle," "vulture," "hawk," or any other bird. If the word is "water," the reply may be "whale," "shark," "porpoise." If the element is "earth," the answer must be the name of a beast, as "lion," "tiger," "bear," &c. If she that is addressed does not reply promptly, or makes a mistake and names a bird when she should have mentioned a beast, she is to pay a forfeit. The one, that receives the ball, then throws it to another, calling out one of the elements, and so the play goes round.

Example.

MARIA. *(Throwing the ball to Helen.)* Earth!
HELEN. Panther. *(She throws the ball to Louisa.)* Air!
LOUISA. Woodpecker! *(She throws it to Julia.)* Water!
JULIA. Shad. *(Throws it to Sophia.)* Water!
SOPHIA. *(Starting.)* O, what am I thinking of? Turkey—turkey—
MARIA. Ha, ha, ha! Do turkies live in the water?
SOPHIA. O, no! I meant turtle. However, I see I am too late. Here is his pencil as a forfeit. *(She throws the ball to Maria.)* Earth!
MARIA. Buffalo. *(Throwing the ball to Harriet.)* Air!
HARRIET. Mocking-bird. *(Throws the ball to Emily.)* Water!
EMILY. Rock-fish. *(Throwing the ball to Charlotte.)* Air!

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CHARLOTTE. Duck.

HELEN. Now, Charlotte, that does not seem exactly right. A duck is a bird, to be sure, but does it ever fly in the air! Earth is its proper abode!

CHARLOTTE. You are very particular. Do not wild-ducks fly in the air. And very high too, and in large flocks.

HELEN. Then you should have said "wild-duck."

EMILY. And ducks also swim in the water.

MARIA. Well, I believe we must admit the word "duck" as a sufficiently good answer, whether the word is air, earth, or water; ducks being found in all those three elements.

HELEN. But always say "*wild*-duck," if the word is "air."

43.

THE SECRET WORD.

One of the company leaves the room, and the others fix on a word; such as "like," "care," "sight," "leave," "hear," &c., which is to be introduced into all their answers to the questions she must put to them on her return. When the word is decided on. she is called in, and asks a question of each in turn. In replying, every one must contrive to use the secret word without emphasizing or making it conspicuous. If the questioner remarks the frequent recurrence of the same word in the answers, she will easily be able to guess what it is. The one, from whose reply she has made the final dis

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covery, then in her turn leaves the room while the next word is fixed on, and on her return becomes the questioner.

Example.

MARIA. Do you go out, Emily? *(Emily leaves the room.)* Now what shall be the word?

HELEN. "Fear," or "love."

JULIA. Will not those words be too conspicuous? Let us try "like."

ALL. "Like—like"—let it be "like." Come in, Emily.

EMILY. *(returning.)* Maria, do not you think the weather is very warm this evening?

MARIA. Not warmer than I like it.

EMILY. Julia, are you fond of water melon?

JULIA. No—I like cantelope better.

EMILY. Helen, have you read Mrs. Hofland's Daughter of a Genius?

HELEN. Yes, and I do not like it so well as her Son of a Genius.

EMILY. Matilda, were you up early this morning?

MATILDA. Very early—I always like to rise with the lark.

EMILY. Harriet, did you make that reticule yourself?

HARRIET. I did. I like to make reticules, pincushions, needle-books, emery-bags, and every thing of the sort.

EMILY. "Like"—I have guessed it. "Like" is the word.

HARRIET. So it is. Now I will go out. *(She goes.)*

CHARLOTTE. "Saw"—let "saw" be the word.

MARIA. Very well. Come in, Harriet. *(Harriet comes in.)*

HARRIET. Maria, when did you see Clara Simmons?

MARIA. I saw her the day before yesterday, when I was walking with Julia

HARRIET. Julia, was Clara Simmons quite well?

JULIA. Quite; I never saw her look better.

HARRIET. Louisa, are you not very much pleased with your handsome new dressing-box?

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LOUISA. Very much. But I saw one in a store yesterday that was still more complete than mine.

HARRIET. Charlotte, are you acquainted with Laura Morton?

CHARLOTTE. I saw her once at a dancing-school ball, but I have no acquaintance with her.

HARRIET. Emily, do not you think the new table in your honey-suckle arbour is quite too high?

EMILY. Yes; but the carpenter is coming to-morrow to saw off a piece from each leg, and then it will be a proper height.

HARRIET. "Saw"—"saw" is the word.

MARIA. Ha, ha, ha. Emily, you had better not have used the word *saw* in that sense You see, Harriet guessed it immediately.

EMILY. No matter. I have not the least objection to going out again.

44.

MANY WORDS IN ONE.

One of the company having left the room, the others fix on a word for her to guess. The word may be "Cake." She is called in, and stops before the first one in the row, who says "Cap." She goes to the next, who says "Apple;" the third says "Kettle," and the fourth says "Egg;" each taking care to mention a word whose first letter is one that is found in the word "Cake," and to say them in regular order. The guesser, having heard all these words, pauses to think of their initial letters, and finds that, when put together

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they are C,A,K,E, and compose the word "Cake," which she immediately pronounces; and it is then the turn of the one at the head of the row to go out while a word is proposed. If most of the company are unacquainted with the play, the one at the head need not explain at first the manner in which the word is guessed; but she had better tell her companions beforehand what words they are to say when the guesser comes in, and then they will be surprised at her guessing, not thinking that it is from putting together the initial letters.

Example.

MARIA. Julia, you know this play, so you had better be the first to go out. (*Julia leaves the room.*) Now we will fix on the word Rainbow for Julia to guess. Are any of you acquainted with the play?

ALL. I am not—I am not—

MARIA. Very well, then I will tell you what words to say when Julia presents herself before you. If you all know the play, you might choose your own words. I myself will say "Rose." Sophia, do you say "Arrow." Emily, your word may be "Ice." Caroline's may be "Nutmeg." Louisa's may be "Bonnet." Charlotte's may be "Orange," and Harriet may say "Wafer." Come in, Julia. Now be sure to remember your words. (*Julia returns.*) Well, Julia, my word is Rose.

(*Julia goes all along the row, and as she stops before each they say the words allotted to them.*)

SOPHIA. ARROW.
EMILY. Ice

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CAROLINE. Nutmeg.
LOUISA. Bonnet.
CHARLOTTE. Orange.
HARRIET. Wafer.

(Julia pauses a moment, and finds that the initial letters of all these words make RAINBOW.)

JULIA. Rainbow—the word is Rainbow.
ALL. So it is—
CAROLINE. I cannot imagine how you could find it out.
EMILY. I think I can guess the mode of discovery. However, I will not disclose it.
HARRIET. I believe I can guess it too. But I also will not tell.
CHARLOTTE. Well, it is a mystery to me.
JULIA. It will not be when the play has gone on a little longer. You will find it out by practice. Come, Maria, you are to be the next guesser

45.

THE WATCH-WORD.

One of the company must leave the room, while another touches some article in her absence, which she must endeavour to guess on her return. Before her departure, the mistress of the play takes her aside and whispers to her the watch-word, meaning that when she hears her ask, "is it *this?*" she may be sure that she points to the object which has been actually touched; but, on the other hand, the question "is it *that?*" refers to the things that have not been touched.

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Example.

MARIA. Louisa do you go out, but first let me say something to you in private. *(She takes Louisa aside, and whispers to her, saying,)* Julia will touch something while you are gone, and when, on your return, I point to different things and ask, "is it *that*?" you may be sure I am not directing you to the right object, and you must say "no." But when I ask, "is it *this*?" you may say, "yes," for you may be sure that I then mean the thing that Julia has actually touched. Go now, remember that the watch-word is "*this*," and reply accordingly. *(Louisa goes out.)* Come, Julia, what will you touch?

JULIA. There, I touch the work-basket. Come in, Louisa. *(Louisa returns.)*

MARIA. *(Pointing to a book.)* Is it that?

LOUISA. No.

MARIA. *(Showing a pin-cushion.)* Is it that?

LOUISA. No.

MARIA. *(Pointing to a newspaper.)* Is it that?

LOUISA. No.

MARIA. *(Showing a work-box.)* Is it that?

LOUISA. No.

MARIA. *(Pointing to a basket.)* Is it *this*?

LOUISA. Yes. *(The other girls, being unacquainted with the play, look surprised.)*

CHARLOTTE. Well, it really *was* the basket that Julia touched.

HELEN. How could Louisa possibly know?

HARRIET. How could she be sure that Julia had not touched any of the other things that were mentioned?

MARIA. Well, Harriet, you shall go out next. So first come aside with me, and I will let you into the secret. [By the bye, it must be remembered, that in this play, no one goes out twice.]

(She takes Harriet to the other end of the room, and whispers to her that the watch-word will now be "THAT." Harriet goes out, and while she is away, Charlotte touches the lamp; and on her return, Maria questions her for awhile by asking, "is it this?" to which, of course, Harriet answers, "no;" but when Maria inquires, "is it THAT?" as she points to the lamp, Harriet knows that she may say "yes"

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46

THE NEWSPAPER.

This play seems, at first, to be very trifling and ridiculous, but, if well managed, it is extremely diverting, and excites much laughter. Any number may engage in it.

One is appointed to read the newspaper, and each of the others choose a trade ; for instance, that of baker, butcher, tailor, shoemaker, or grocer. They all seat

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themselves in a row, or in a half circle, and the reader takes her place in front. She selects from the paper a piece of news (the more important the better), and reads it in an audible and distinct voice, stopping frequently in the midst of a sentence and looking steadfastly at one of her companions. She that is looked at by the reader must instantly fill up the pause with one or two words, which refer to the trade she has chosen. The reader then proceeds to finish the sentence and begin another, stopping at intervals as before ; her companions, each as she looks at them, supplying the pauses with some allusion to their trades. Whoever is unable to do so, promptly and without mistake, must pay a forfeit.

Example.

Maria. Come, dear girls, take your seats. Here is a newspaper, containing an account of the French Revolution of July, 1830. I am going to read—therefore make haste and choose your trades.

Julia. I will keep a china-store.

Sophia. I'll be a grocer.

Emily. I a cook.

Louisa. I'll keep a dry-goods store.

Charlotte. I will be a butcher.

Clara. And I a mantua-maker.

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MARIA. *(Reading the newspaper.*)* "Early in the morning, the whole"—*(looking at Julia)*—

JULIA. Dinner-set—

MARIA. "Was in motion Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in"—

SOPHIA. Vinegar.

MARIA. "Armed citizens occupied the"—

EMILY. Frying-pans.

MARIA. "Others had taken possession of the"—

LOUISA. Cotton balls.

MARIA. "Planted the"—

CHARLOTTE. Marrow-bones.

MARIA. "And sounded the"-

CLARA. Scissars

MARIA. "All were prepared to"—

JULIA. Break tumblers.

MARIA. "All the powder and lead, which they found in the"—

SOPHIA. Molasses.

MARIA. "Was taken. The entire Polytechnic School came out to"—

EMILY. Make gingerbread.

MARIA. "The students of Law and Medicine imitated the"—

LOUISA. Worked-muslin.

MARIA. "In fact, Paris appeared like a"—

CHARLOTTE. Chopping-block.

MARIA. "All the shops were"—

* "Early in the morning, the whole *population of Paris* was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in *march*; armed citizens occupied the *Hotel de Ville*. Others had taken possession of the *passages of Notre Dame*, planted the *tri-coloured flag*, and sounded the *tocsin*. All were prepared to *fight*. All the powder and lead which they found in the *shops* was taken. The entire Polytechnic school came out to *fight*. The students of Law and Medicine imitated the *example*. In fact, Paris appeared like a *camp*. All the shops were *closed*; and royal guards, lancers, Swiss, and *regiments of the line*, were drawn up on all sides."

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CLARA. Cut hiss.
MARIA. "And royal-guards, lancers, Swiss and"—
JULIA. Tea-pots.
MARIA. "Were drawn up on all sides."

47.

THE MERCHANTS.

Each of the company in turn calls herself a merchant, and mentions an article that she has for sale. The one next to her must say whether that article is animal, vegetable, or mineral. If she makes a mistake, she loses her turn. If she answers rightly, she becomes the next merchant, and proposes something for sale, asking also if it is animal, vegetable, or mineral; and in this manner the play goes round.

Example.

MARIA. I am a China merchant, and have a tea set to sell. Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

LOUISA. Mineral. China is made of clay and flint and things belonging to earth.——Now it is my turn. I am a dry goods merchant, and have a piece of gingham to sell; is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

HELEN. Vegetable; gingham being made of cotton.——I keep a grocery store, and have a box of candles to sell; are they animal, vegetable, or mineral?

CHARLOTTE. Animal. Candles are made either of tallow, spermaceti, or

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wax, all of which are animal substances.——I keep a cabinet-warehouse, and have a dining-table for sale; is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

HARRIET. Vegetable; being made of the wood of the mahogany tree.——I am a silk-mercer, and have a piece of satin for sale; is it animal, mineral, or vegetable?

CAROLINE. Vegetable.

HARRIET. What—satin, vegetable? Is it not made of silk thread, produced by the silk-worm? therefore it must be animal. Caroline, you have lost your turn, and can sell nothing this time. Come, Emily, you are merchant now

EMILY. I am a stationer, and have a quire of letter-paper for sale; is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

JULIA. Vegetable; white paper being made of linen or cotton rags.——I am a druggist, and have some opium to sell; is it animal, mineral, or vegetable?

MATILDA. Mineral.

MARIA. Oh, no, no! Opium is vegetable; it is the congealed juice of the poppy. You have lost your turn of being merchant, Matilda, and it is now come to me again.

MATILDA. I thought almost all medicines were minerals.

MARIA. A large proportion of them are; but a very great number of drugs are the produce of plants, and therefore vegetable.

48.

TEA TABLE.

The children form a circle, the name of an article belonging to the tea-table having been given to each, as Tea, Toast, Butter, Sugar, Cream, &c. The one named Tea begins by whirling round on one foot and saying, "I turn Tea, who turns Sugar?" Sugar re-

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plies by turning Cream, or any one she pleases. If the one that is turned does not answer promptly, or forgets her name, she pays a forfeit.

Example.

MARIA. Now, Harriet, you shall be Tea; Julia shall be Cream; Helen, Sugar; Louisa, Butter; Charlotte, Bread; Caroline, Cake; Emily shall be Honey; and I will be Sliced Ham. Come, let all stand up in a ring.

(Harriet whirls round, saying, "I turn Tea; who turns Cream?"

JULIA. I turn Cream, who turns Sugar?

HELEN. I turn Sugar, who turns Bread?

CHARLOTTE. I turn Bread, who turns Butter?

LOUISA. I turn Butter, who turns Cake?

CAROLINE. I turn Cake, who turns Honey?

EMILY. I turn Honey, who turns Ham? No one answers. Who turns Ham? Ah! Maria, a forfeit. You forget that you are Ham.

MARIA. I was thinking of something else. Well, I deserve the penalty, for we ought to pay proper attention to whatever we are doing, even when it is only play. I give this book as a forfeit, and will take care to avoid incurring another

49

MY LADY'S TOILET.

This play is somewhat similar to the last. To each of the company is given the name of an article of dress. If eight girls are playing, all the chairs, except seven,

must be taken out of the room, or set aside in one place with their backs outward; so as to leave one chair too few. All the girls then seat themselves round the room; except one, who is called the Lady's Maid and stands in the centre. The maid calls out, "My lady's up, and wants her Shoes." She, of that name, starts up and exclaims "Shoes," seating herself again immediately. Then the maid says "My lady's up, and wants her Gown." Gown directly answers to her name; and so on till all the articles are called over and answered. If any one fails to rise and reply quickly, she pays a forfeit.

Occasionally, the maid exclaims, "My lady wants her whole toilet;" and then every one quits her chair, and runs to change her seat by taking another. As there is a chair too few, one of the girls is of course left without a seat in the scramble and she becomes the Lady's Maid; and takes her place in the middle of the room to call the names of the others.

Example.

MARIA. Now, as there are seven of us, we must have but six chairs; so let us take all the others, and set them at the other end of the room, turning their fronts to the wall. *(They fix the chairs.)* Come, Julia, you shall be Scarf; Matilda shall be Collar; Charlotte, Frock; Harriet, Belt; Louisa, Cap; Emily,

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Bonnet; and I will be Lady's Maid. Now all take your seats. *(They seat themselves.)* My lady's up, and wants her collar.

MATILDA. *(rising.)* Collar!

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her frock.

CHARLOTTE. Frock!

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her scarf.

JULIA. Scarf!

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her cap.

LOUISA. Cap!

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her bonnet. Bonnet—bonnet—Why, Emily, you do not answer. You have not your wits about you.

EMILY. What could I be thinking of? My handkerchief must be my forfeit.

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her scarf.

JULIA. Scarf!

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her scarf. Julia—Julia—have you forgotten already that you are scarf?

JULIA. Why, I was the last that answered, and I did not think you would call my name again immediately.

MARIA. O, yes—It's not contrary to rule, and it makes the play more diverting. You know, in Tea-table also, we may call the same name twice successively. Come, where is your forfeit?

JULIA. This little nosegay.

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her belt.

HARRIET. Belt!

MARIA. My lady's up, and wants her belt.

HARRIET. Belt! You see I have *my wits* about me

MARIA. My lady wants her whole toilet.

(They all quit their seats, and run to other chairs. Julia is left out as Lady's Maid. As soon as they are all quietly seated, she calls for the whole toilet again, and there is a second scramble and changing of seats. Emily is next left out, and becomes Lady's Maid.

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50.

THE DUMB ORATOR.

In this amusement there are in reality two performers, one that speaks without gesture, and one that makes gestures without speaking. We will suppose that Maria personates the speaker. She stands in the middle of the room, inveloped in a large cloak. Harriet hides be

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hind her, concealed under the same cloak, keeping down her head below Maria's shoulders. She must thrust out her arms through the arm-holes of the cloak, while Maria's arms must remain motionless down at her sides.

When all is ready, Maria must recite with great energy some popular speech, such as are found in school-books on elocution; for instance, Lady Randolph's Soliloquy, Young Norval's story of himself, or something similar. One that admits of considerable action is always to be preferred. Maria, while repeating the speech, must keep perfectly still; and Harriet, with her hands and arms protruding from the cloak must "make all the motions." These motions should be as laughable and ridiculous as possible; so as to burlesque the speech. She should spread out her arms wave her hands, point upwards and downwards, strike Maria on the forehead and breast, and exaggerate every gesture in the most ludicrous manner.

The Dumb Orator (when humorously performed) is a more diverting exhibition than can possibly be imagined by those who have never seen it.

In case my young readers should not be acquainted with the popular speech of Young Norval (as referred to

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in the foregoing article) we will here insert it. It is from Mr. Home's tragedy of Douglas.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasten'd to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
You trembling coward, who forsook his master!

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Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

This well-known speech is much in favour with juvenile orators, as it relates a story and admits of considerable gesture.

51.

CONSEQUENCES.

This is best played by three persons, though four or two may engage in it. First prepare some white pasteboard or some blank cards, by cutting them into small slips, all of one size. There should at least be four dozen slips; but eight dozen will be better still, as the game will then be longer and more varied. We will, however, suppose that there are four dozen slips of card. First take twenty-four of these slips and write upon each, as handsomely and legibly as you can, the name of one of your acquaintances. Then take twelve more cards and write on each the name of a place, as "in the street," "in church," "in the garden," "in the orchard," "at a ball," "at school," &c. Lastly on the remaining dozen of cards write the consequences, or what happened

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to the young ladies. You may say for instance, "They lost their shoes," "They tore their gloves," "They took offence," or something similar. The consequences should be so contrived that none of them will appear absurd and unmeaning with reference to the places.

When the cards are all ready (and when once made they will last a long time,) the play may begin by Julia taking the two dozen that have the names (two names being read together;) Sophia taking the dozen that designates the places,and Harriet taking charge of the consequences. Each had better put her cards into a small basket, from which they are to be drawn out as they chance to come uppermost. Or they may be well shuffled and laid in a pile before each of the players, with the blank sides upwards. They must be shuffled every game.

Example.

Julia, Sophia, Harriet.

JULIA. Well, are we all ready? Come, then let us begin. *(She takes up two cards and reads them.)* "Louisa Hartley and Helen Wallis"—

SOPHIA. *(reading a card.)* Were together "in a sleigh."

HARRIET. *(reading.)* The consequence was, "they caught cold."

JULIA. "Emily Campbell and Clara Nelson"—

SOPHIA. Were both "at a ball."

HARRIET The consequence was, "they were taken with fevers."

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JULIA. "Maria Walden and Charlotte Rosewell"—

SOPHIA. "Were together in the street"—

HARRIET The consequence was, "they got their feet wet."

JULIA. "Fanny Milford and Ellen Graves"—

SOPHIA. Were both "at a party"—

HARRIET. The consequence was, "their noses bled."

JULIA. "Amelia Temple and Caroline Douglas"—

SOPHIA. Were together "at the museum"—

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they were highly delighted."

JULIA. "Sophia Seymour and Harriet Harland"—

SOPHIA. Ah! Harriet, your name and mine!—(*reading.*) "were both in the kitchen"—

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they did nothing at all."

JULIA. "Matilda Granby and Eliza Ross"—

SOPHIA. Were together "in the orchard."

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they quarrelled and parted."

JULIA. "Marianne Morley and Julia Gordon"—(that is myself)—

SOPHIA. Were both "in church."

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they did not speak a word."

JULIA. "Adelaide Elmer and Juliet Fanning"—

SOPHIA. Were both "at the theatre."

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they were laughing all the time."

JULIA. "Georgiana Bruce and Eleanor Oakley"—

SOPHIA. Were "on the top of the house."

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they sprained their ankles."

JULIA. "Emmeline Stanley and Laura Lear"—

SOPHIA. Were both "at school."

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they broke their bonnets."

JULIA. "Margaret Ashwood and Lydia Barclay"—

SOPHIA. Were together "on a visit."

HARRIET. The consequence was, "they were glad to get home."

JULIA. There now—we have gone through all the cards. So let us shuffle them, and begin another game. This time Sophia may take the names, Harriet the places, and I the consequences. I hope the answers this time also will be somewhat appropriate

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If you cannot conveniently procure white paste-board or blank cards, slips of thick white paper will do nearly as well. When not in use, they should be kept in a box.

Remember that, as two names are always read together, the number of names should be double that of the places and consequences.

Four persons may play this game by dividing the names between two, each of which will read one name. If played by two persons only, one must take all the names, the other must read both the places and consequences.

52.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

This may be played by any number, each taking a letter as it comes to her turn. Any mistake or hesitation incurs the penalty of a forfeit. She that begins may say,

A. I love my love with an A. because he is Artless.—I hate him with an A. because he is Avaricious. He took me to the sign of the Anchor, and treated me to Apees and Almonds. His name is Abraham, and he comes from Albany.

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B. I love my love with a B, because he is Brave. I hate him with a B, because he is Boisterous. He took me to the sign of the Bell, and treated me to Biscuits and Buns. His name is Benjamin, and he comes from Boston.

C. I love my love with a C, because he is Candid. I hate him with a C, because he is Capricious. He took me to the sign of the Crow, and treated me to Cherries and Custards. His name is Charles, and he comes from Cincinnati

D. I love my love with a D, because he is Diligent. I hate him with a D, because he is Disdainful. He took me to the sign of the Drum, and treated me to Damsons and Dough-nuts. His name is David, and he comes from Delaware

E. I love my love with an E, because he is Elegant. I hate him with an E because he is Envious. He took me to the sign of the Eagle, and treated me to Eels and Eggs. His name is Edward, and he comes from Easton.

F. I love my love with an F, because he is Faithful. I hate him with an F, because he is Foolish. He took me to the sign of the Fox, and treated me to Filberts and Figs. His name is Francis, and he comes from Farmington.

G. I love my love with a G, because he is Generous. I hate him with a G, because he is Graceless. He took me to the sign of the Grecian, and treated me to Grapes and Gooseberries. His name is Gustavus, and he comes from Georgia.

H. I love my love with an H, because he is Handsome. I hate him with an H, because he is Haughty. He took me to the sign of the Hunter, and treated me to Ham and Hash. His name is Henry, and he comes from Harrisburg.

I. I love my love with an I, because he is Ingenious. I hate him with an I, because he is Impertinent. He took me to the sign of the Indian, and treated me to Ice-cream and Isingglass jelly. His name is Isaac, and he comes from Illinois.

J. I love my love with a J, because he is Judicious. I hate him with a J, because he is Jealous. He took me to the sign of the Judge, and treated me to Jelly and Jam. His name is James, and he comes from Jersey.

K. I love my love with a K, because he is Kind. I hate him with a K, because he is Knavish. He took me to the sign of the King, and treated me to Kale and Kid. His name is Kenneth, and he comes from Kentucky.

L. I love my love with an L, because he is Liberal. I hate him with an L, because he is Listless. He took me to the sign of the Lion, and treated me to Lobster and Lamb. His name is Lewis, and he comes from Lansinburgh.

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M. I love my love with an M. because he is Modest. I hate him with an M. because he is Mischievous. He took me to the sign of the Mermaid, and treated me to Maccaroons and Marmelade. His name is Martin, and he comes from Marietta.

N. I love my love with an N. because he is Neat. I hate him with an N. because he is Noisy. He took me to the sign of the Nun, and treated me to Nuts and Nectarines. His name is Nathan, and he comes from Nashville.

O. I love my love with an O. because he is Obliging. I hate him with an O. because he is Officious. He took me to the sign of the Owl, and treated me to Oysters and Omelet. His name his Oliver, and he comes from Ohio.

P. I love my love with a P. because he is Prudent. I hate him with a P. because he is Petulant. He took me to the sign of the Peacock, and treated me to Peaches and Plums. His name is Philip, and he comes from Pensacola.

Q. I love my love with a Q. because he is Quiet. I hate him with a Q. because he is Queer. He took me to the sign of the Quiver, and treated me with Quinces and Queen-cake. His name is Quintin, and he comes from Quebec.

R. I love my love with an R. because he is Regular. I hate him with an R because he is Revengeful. He took me to the sign of the Rose, and treated me to Raisins and Rusk. His name is Richard, and he comes from Roanoke.

S. I love my love with an S. because he is Sensible. I hate him with an S because he is Scornful. He took me to the sign of the Swan, and treated me to Strawberries and Syllabub. His name is Simon, and he comes from Sandusky.

T. I love my love with a T. because he is Temperate. I hate him with a T. because he is Treacherous. He took me to the sign of the Turk, and treated me to Terrapins and Turtle. His name is Timothy, and he comes from Tennessee.

U. is omitted.

V. I love my love with a V. because he is Valiant. I hate him with a V. because he is Vain. He took me to the sign of the Vine, and treated me to Venison and Veal. His name is Valentine, and he comes from Vermont.

W. I love my love with a W. because he is Witty. I hate him with a W. because he is Wild. He took me to the sign of the Waggon, and treated me to Water-melon and Walnuts. His name is William, and he comes from Washington.

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X. Y. and Z. are always omitted, as it is impossible to find proper words beginning with those letters.

For the above words, others beginning with the same letters may be substituted at the pleasure of the players. For instance, in the letter A, the words may be, "Active —Artful—sign of the Antelope—Anchovies and Ale—Adam—Annapolis:"—or for the letter B, "Bountiful—Barbarous—sign of the Bear—Bacon and Beans—Bene dict—Burlington."

It may be more diverting for the treat to consist of things totally opposite and unsuitable—as—"Cabbage and Cheese"—"Molasses and Mutton"—"Sausages and Sugar"—"Oranges and Oil"—&c.

53.

ANOTHER WAY OF PLAYING MY LOVE.

A. I love my love with an A. because he is Amusing. I will send him to Alabama, and feed him with Apples; I will give him an Axe to cut down his trees with, and a bunch of Acorns for a nosegay.

B. I love my love with a B. because he is Beautiful. I will send him to Buffalo, and feed him with Buckwheat cakes; I will give him a Bag for his money, and a bunch of Broom-corn for a nosegay.

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C. I love my love with a C, because he is Careful. I will send him to Connecticut, and feed him on Cod-fish. I will give him a Cloak to wear in cold weather, and a bunch of Celery for a nosegay.

D. I love my love with a D, because he is Diffident. I will send him to Dartmouth, and feed him with Dumplings. I will give him a Diamond to cut glass with, and a bunch of Dock-leaves for a nosegay.

E. I love my love with an E, because he is Entertaining. I will send him to Emmetsburg, and feed him with Egg-sauce. I will give him an Earthen-pitcher to fetch water in, and a bunch of Elder-berries for a nosegay.

F. I love my love with an F, because he is Friendly. I will send him to Falmouth, and feed him with Fritters. I will give him a Fife to play on, and a bunch of Flax for a nosegay.

G. I love my love with a G, because he is Good-natured. I will send him to Georgetown, and feed him with Gingerbread. I will give him a Gun to shoot squirrels with, and a bunch of Grass for a nosegay.

H. I love my love with an H, because he is Humble. I will send him to Hackensack, and feed him on Herrings. I will give him a Hat, because his old one is worn out, and a bunch of Hops for a nosegay.

I. I love my love with an I, because he is Industrious. I will send him to Indiana, and feed him on Indian-pudding. I will give him an Ink-stand to write letters with, and a bunch of Ivy for a nosegay.

J. I love my love with a J, because he is Just. I will send him to Juniata, and feed him on Johnny-cake. I will give him a Jew's-harp to play on, and a bunch of Juniper for a nosegay.

K. I love my love with a K, because he is Knowing. I will send him to Kinderhook, and feed him with Ketchup. I will give him a Knapsack to put his clothes in, and a bunch of Kale for a nosegay.

L. I love my love with an L, because he is Lively. I will send him to Louisiana, and feed him on Lemons. I will give him Leather for his shoes, and a bunch of Lettuce for a nosegay.

M. I love my love with an M, because he is Merciful. I will send him to

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Marblehead, and feed him on Mushrooms. I will give him a Mill to grind his coffee in, and a bunch of Marjoram for a nosegay.

N. I love my love with an N, because he is Nice. I will send him to Nantucket, and feed him on Nutmegs. I will give him a set of Nine-pins to play with, and a bunch of Nettles for a nosegay.

O. I love my love with an O, because he is Obedient. I will send him to Oswego, and feed him on Onions. I will give him some Oil for his lamp, and a bunch of Oats for a nosegay.

P. I love my love with a P, because he is Peaceable. I will send him to Poughkeepsie, and feed him on Pickles. I will give him a Patch to mend his coat with, and a bunch of Pokeberries for a nosegay.

Q. I love my love with a Q, because he is Quick. I will send him to Queenstown, and feed him on Quails. I will give him a Quilt for his bed, and a bunch of Quills for a nosegay.

R. I love my love with an R, because he is Reasonable. I will send him to Roxbury, and feed him on Rabbits. I will give him a Rail to mend his fence, and a bunch of Rye for a nosegay.

S. I love my love with an S, because he is Steady. I will send him to Salem, and feed him on Salad. I will give him some Soap to wash his hands with, and a bunch of Sumach for a nosegay.

T. I love my love with a T, because he is Thoughtful. I will send him to Trenton, and feed him on Turnips. I will give him a Trap to catch his mice in, and a bunch of Thistles for a nosegay.

U. Is omitted.

V. I love my love with a V, because he is Virtuous. I will send him to Virginia, and feed him on Vermacelli. I will give him a Violin to play on, and a bunch of Vine-leaves for a nosegay.

W. I love my love with a W, because he is Wise I will send him to Wilmington, and feed him on Waffles. I will give him a Waistcoat to wear at his wedding, and a bunch of Wormwood for a nosegay.

X, Y, and Z, are omitted

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This, like the one similar, may be played by any number. Mis-spelling, or any other mistake, is punished by a forfeit. For the foregoing words any others may be substituted according to the taste of the player, provided that they are appropriate. The more ridiculous the more amusing.

These alphabetical plays, though many grown persons may consider them foolish, are in fact not only diverting but very improving to children.

54.

CUPID.

The mistress of the play seats herself at one end of the room. At the other end her companions range themselves in a row, each coming forward in turn and addressing her in the character of Cupid, and afterwards taking a station behind her. Every one, as she personates Cupid, must adapt her countenance and gestures to the manner in which she describes him. She who fails to do so, but merely repeats her words without the proper expression or attitude, is to pay a forfeit. Each takes a letter till the whole alphabet is completed; the first girl, for instance, saying, Cupid comes Affable.

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A. Cupid comes Affable—or Affected—or Angry.
B. Cupid comes Begging—Bouncing—Backwards.
C. Cupid comes Capering—Crying—Chilly—Creeping.
D. Cupid comes Dancing—Dull—Downcast.
E. Cupid comes Eating—Eagerly—Exasperated.
F. Cupid comes Frightened—Fatigued—Fighting.
G. Cupid comes Gaily—Gravely—Grieving—Gliding.
H. Cupid comes Haughty—Hastily—Heedless—Hobbling.
I. Cupid comes Indolent—Impudent.
J. Cupid comes Jumping—Jealous—Joyful.
K. Cupid comes Kissing.
L. Cupid comes Laughing—Limping—Loitering.
M. Cupid comes Mournful—Majestic—Meekly.
N. Cupid comes Noisy—Negligent.
O Cupid comes Outrageous—Orderly.
P. Cupid comes Peaceful—Peevish—Playful—Painful.
Q. Cupid comes Quickly—Quarrelsome—Quizzical.
R. Cupid comes Raging—Respectfully—Rustic.
S. Cupid comes Smiling—Sighing—Skipping—Sideways.
T. Cupid comes Trembling—Tiptoe—Thoughtful—Twining
U. Cupid comes Upright—Unhappy—Unruly.
V. Cupid comes Violently—Volatile.
W. Cupid comes Whimpering—Weary—Woful.
X. Is omitted.
Y. Cupid comes Yawning.
Z Cupid comes Zigzag.

A little reflection will soon show in what manner Cupid is to be performed under all these various aspects, and in this way the alphabet may be gone over three or four times, always changing the words when practicable. Smart children find this play very amusing.

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55.

SELLING FORFEITS OR PAWNS.

When a sufficient number of forfeits or pawns have been collected during the play, it is time to sell them For this purpose, one of the girls is seated on a chair in the middle of the room and blindfolded. Another

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stands behind her with the basket, containing the pawns; and, taking out one at a time, she holds it up. asking, "What is to be done to the owner of this?" She that is blindfolded inquires, "Is it fine or superfine?" meaning "Does it belong to a young gentleman or to a young lady?" If the owner is a female, the reply must be, "It is superfine." Then the seller of the forfeits (still remaining blindfolded) must decide what the owner must do before the pawn can be restored to her.

Examples.

FIRST.

The first may be what is called performing a statue. The owner of the forfeit is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room; and every one, in turn, is to put her in a different position. One is to make her raise her hands above her head and clasp them together; another is to place her hands behind her, grasping her elbows with her hands; a third makes the statue clasp her hands on her breast; a fourth requires her to hold

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PERFORMING A STATUE.



out her dress, as if she was just going to dance; a fifth desires her to cover her eyes with her hands; and so on, till each has placed the statue in a different attitude. After which, she descends from her pedestal and the forfeit is restored to her.

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SECOND.

The owner of the pawn is to be fed with water till she guesses who is feeding her. For this purpose she is blindfolded, and seated on a chair. A glass of water with a tea-spoon in it is prepared, and each girl, in turn, puts a spoonful of water into the mouth of her blindfolded companion, who must endeavour to guess who is doing it. Whenever she guesses rightly, the bandage is removed, and the forfeit is restored to her.

THIRD.

She shall be carried three times round the room on a seat, formed of the arms of two of her companions, who are to say as they carry her, "Give me a pin to stick in the cushion that carries my lady to London." They cross their arms, holding each other by the wrists, and she that is carried throws an arm round the neck of each.

FOURTH.

She must recite a verse of poetry, which had better be something diverting or humorous.

FIFTH.

She must keep a serious face for five minutes, with-

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out either smiling or frowning, let the company do as they will.

SIXTH.

She must repeat five times rapidly, without mispronouncing a letter, "Villy Vite and his Vife vent a voyage to Vinsor and Vest Vickham von Vetsun Vednesday."

SEVENTH.

Laugh in one corner of the room, cry in another, yawn in the third corner, and dance in the fourth.

EIGHTH.

Bite an inch off the poker. This is done by making a bite at the distance of an inch from the poker. If there is no poker at hand, an umbrella or a stick will do as well.

NINTH.

Repeat as follows, three times successively, without a pause or a blunder:

"Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickle peppers,
A peck of pickle-peppers Peter Piper pick'd;
If Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickle-peppers,
Where's the peck of pickle-peppers Peter Piper pick'd?"

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TENTH.

Say this correctly, without stopping:

"Bandy-legg'd Borachio Mustachio Whiskerifusticus the Bald and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abomilique Blue-Beard Bashaw of Babelmandel to boat down an abominable Bumble Bee at Balsora.

ELEVENTH.

Kiss a box, inside and outside, without opening it. That is, first kiss the box inside of the room, and then take it outside of the room and kiss it there also.

TWELFTH.

Answer five questions while another chucks you under the chin.

THIRTEENTH.

Ask a question of one of the company, which they can only answer by saying "Yes." The question is, "What does Y,E,S, spell?"

FOURTEENTH.

Kneel to the wittiest in the room, bow or curtsy to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best.

FIFTEENTH.

Make a good cat's cradle.

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SIXTEENTH.

Tell a riddle or conundrum.

SEVENTEENTH.

Hop, on one foot, four times round the room.

EIGHTEENTH.

Kiss some one through the tongs.

NINETEENTH.

Count twenty backwards.

TWENTIETH.

Show four bare legs. That is, turn a chair bottom down, so as to display its four legs.

TWENTY-FIRST.

Tell a short story, or anecdote.

TWENTY-SECOND.

Sing a short song.

TWENTY-THIRD.

Dance a solo or hornpipe.

TWENTY-FOURTH.

Put yourself through the key-hole. This is done by

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writing the word "yourself" on a small slip of paper, rolling it up, and putting it through the key-hole.

TWENTY-FIFTH.

Repeat these four lines rapidly, without a pause or a mistake:

"As I went in the garden, I saw five brave maids,
Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids.
I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,
Braiding broad braids, 'Braid broad braids, brave maids.'"

TWENTY-SIXTH.

Kiss yourself in the looking-glass.

TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Guess a riddle or conundrum.

TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Spell "*new door*" in one word. This is done by writing on a slate or piece of paper "*one word.*" It will be seen that "new door" and "one word" contain exactly the same letters, though differently arranged.

TWENTY-NINTH.

Repeat the "twine-twister" as follows:

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"When the twister a twisting will twist him a twine,
For the twisting his twist he three times doth entwist;
But, if one of the twines of the twist doth untwine,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twine.
Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he hath twined in twain:
The twain, that in twining before in the twine
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine.
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

THIRTIETH.

Immediately after the "twine-twister" has been said, the next pawn may be redeemed by desiring the owner to spell all this in seven letters; which is done by spelling A,L,L, T,H,I,S.

THIRTY-FIRST.

Write your name in one letter. This is done by writing on a slate, or on paper with a lead-pencil, one very large letter, introducing in it your own name written small, thus:



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THIRTY-SECOND.

Decypher two lines, addressed by a boy to his schoolmaster. The following lines must be written by some one who knows how, and the owner of the pawn must write under them the explanation:

2 + u r 2 + u b
I c u r 2 + for me.

The explanation is:

Too cross you are, too cross you be,
I see you are too cross for me.

THIRTY-THIRD.

Decypher the schoolmaster's answer to the boy:

2 yy u r 2 yy u b
I c u r 2 yy for me.

This is the explanation:

Too wise you are, too wise you be,
I see you are too wise for me.

THIRTY-FOURTH.

Perform a Dutch doll.

THIRTY-FIFTH.

Perform the Dumb Orator.

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THIRTY-SIXTH.

Repeat the list of

WONDERFUL SIGHTS.

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail,
I saw a cloud all wrapp'd with ivy round,
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground,
I saw a beetle swallow up a whale,
I saw the foaming sea brimful of ale,
I saw a china mug fifteen feet deep,
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
I saw wet eyes all of a flaming fire,
I saw a house high as the moon and higher,
I saw the sun e'en at the dead midnight,
I saw the man that saw these awful sights.

Or this:

MORE WONDERS.

I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone,
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne,
I saw king George shut up within a box,
I saw a shilling driving a fat ox,
I saw a man laying in a muff all night,
I saw a glove reading news by candle-light,
I saw a woman not a twelvemonth old,
I saw a great coat all of solid gold,
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams,
I heard my friends who wish'd I'd quit these themes.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Repeat the Wonderful Sights so as to make them no wonders at all. This is done by altering the punctuation—thus:

I saw a peacock;—with a fiery tail
I saw a comet;—pour down hail
I saw a cloud;—wrapp'd with ivy round
I saw a lofty oak;—creep on the ground
I saw a beetle;—swallow up a whale
I saw the foaming sea;—brim full of ale
I saw a china mug;—fifteen feet deep
I saw a well;—full of men's tears that weep
I saw wet eyes;—high as the moon and higher
I saw the sun;—even at the dark midnight
I saw the man that saw these awful sights.

MORE WONDERS, EXPLAINED.

I saw a pack of cards;—gnawing a bone
I saw a dog;—seated on Britain's throne
I saw king George;—shut up within a box
I saw a shilling;—driving a fat ox
I saw a man;—laying in a muff all night
I saw a glove;—reading news by candle-light
I saw a woman;—not a twelvemonth old
I saw a great coat;—all of solid gold
I saw two buttons;—telling of their dreams
I heard my friends, who wish'd I'd quit these themes.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

Get a sixpence off your forehead, without putting your hands to it. This is done as follows:—The mis-

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tress of the play takes a sixpence or fivepenny bit, and wetting it with her tongue, pretends to stick it very fast on the forehead of the owner of the pawn. In reality she withdraws it immediately, and conceals it in her own hand; but makes the owner of the pawn believe that it is all the time on her forehead; and she is easily deceived, as she is not permitted to put up her hand to feel; and all the company humour the joke, and pretend that the sixpence is actually sticking there. She shakes her head, and tries every means (except the interdicted) to make the sixpence drop off, wondering she does not see it fall, and amazed that it sticks so fast, supposing it to be really on her forehead. No one must undeceive her. Whenever she discovers the trick, and finds that in reality there is nothing on her forehead, her forfeit may be restored to her. If she puts up her hand to fee for the sixpence, she must pay another pawn.

THIRTY-NINTH.

Stand in the corner till some one prevails on you to come out, though all your answers must be "No." The dialogue, that ought to take place, is as follows or something to this effect; but it may be varied, according to the ingenuity of the questioner:

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"Do you wish to remain in the corner?"
"No."
"Is it very irksome to you?"
"No."
"Shall I lead you out in half an hour?"
"No."
"Are you willing to stay here all night?"
"No."
"Shall I go away and leave you here?"
"No."
"Will you remain in the corner another minute?"
"No."

The answer to the last question implies a consent to quit the corner immediately, therefore you must be led out.

FORTIETH.

Walk three times round the room with a boy's hat on your head, and bow to the company as you take it off.

FORTY-FIRST.

Spell Constantinople. When this is done, after the speller has gone through the three first syllables, Constan-ti—the other girls must call out—no—no—meaning the next syllable. If the speller is not aware of the trick, she will suppose that they wish her to believe she is spelling the word wrong, and she will stop to vindicate herself; in which case she is liable to another forfeit. If she knows the trick, she is convinced that she

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is right, and will have sufficient presence of mind to persist in spelling the word, notwithstanding the interruption. If she gets through it without stopping, the pawn is restored to her.

FORTY-SECOND.

Take a cent out of a plate of meal, without flouring your hands. A cent, covered up in meal, is brought to you. You take the plate and blow all the flour off the cent; after which you can easily take it up in your thumb and finger, without getting your hands dusted.

FORTY-THIRD.

Shoot the robin. This is done by blindfolding the owner of the pawn, and leading her to a part of the room where a sheet of paper or a handkerchief has been pinned to the wall. She is directed then to shoot the robin, which she must do by starting forwards, extending her right arm, and pointing her finger so as to touch the sheet of paper. Whenever she succeeds in doing so, her forfeit is restored. Her finger had better be blackened with a coal, a burnt cork, or something that will leave a mark on the paper.

FORTY-FOURTH.

Walk round the room, and kiss your shadow in each corner.

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FORTY-FIFTH.

Kiss both the inside and outside of a reticule, without opening it. This can only be done when the drawing-string of the reticule is some distance from the top, and when the lining appears above it. When you kiss the lining of the flaps or scollops at the top of the reticule, then you may be said to kiss the inside.

FORTY-SIXTH.

Two pawns may be redeemed at once, by the persons to whom they belong lamenting the death of the king of Bohemia. They must go to opposite ends of the room, and then turn round and advance so as to meet in the centre. One must walk very slowly with her handkerchief to her face, and say to the other, in a melancholy tone: "The King of Bohemia is dead." The hearer must then pretend to burst into tears, and say: "Is it possible! Sad news! sad news!" Both must then exclaim, "Let us cry for the king of Bohemia!"

All this must be performed in a lamentable voice and with disconsolate faces. If they laugh, the forfeits must be redeemed over again.

FORTY-SEVENTH.

When a line is given out to you, answer it with another that will rhyme to it.

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FORTY-EIGHTH.

Sit down on the carpet close to the door (which must be shut) and say:

Here will I take my seat under the latch,
Till somebody comes a kiss to snatch.

The pawn is redeemed as soon as one of your playmates kisses you.

FORTY-NINTH.

A number of pawns may be redeemed together, by the owners all sitting in a row and playing Mrs. M'Tavish; which is performed by the following dialogue going round:

"Mrs. M'Tavish has fainted away."
"Is it possible? How did she faint?"
"Just so."

(The speaker then throws herself back, and looks as if she was fainting. The one next to her then, in turn, announces the fainting of Mrs. M'Tavish. Thus the play goes on, till all engaged in it have performed the fainting, and this redeems the forfeits. The whole must be done without laughing. The modes of fainting should be as different as possible, and may be made very diverting.)

FIFTIETH.

After a number of pawns have been sold, those that are left on hand may be redeemed all at once, by the whole company performing a Cat's Concert. That is they must all sing together, as if in chorus; but each must sing a different song and tune. One verse will be sufficient.

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PLAYS WITH TOYS.

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THE GRACES.

This is played with two small hoops and four sticks. Each player takes a pair of sticks and a hoop, and stands opposite to her adversary. The sticks are held one in each hand, so as to cross; the hoop is hung on their points, and then tossed over to the other player

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who must endeavour to catch it on the points of *her* sticks, having first tossed her own hoop towards her opponent. The hoops are thus alternately thrown backwards and forwards, and received on the points of the sticks, which are always held across each other. Every time the hoop is successfully caught, without being allowed to fall to the ground, counts one; and the player, who can count most when the play is over, wins the game. To become so dexterous as always to catch the hoop, requires considerable practice. Beginners had better commence with one hoop only, between them; as it is much easier than to keep two going at once. This little game affords very good and healthful exercise, and when well played, is extremely graceful. It is, however, too difficult for small children, unless they are uncommonly alert.

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BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

This game may be played either single or double, that is, by one or by two persons. The shuttlecock (or bird, as some call it) is a cork, with a bunch of small

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feathers stuck into one end. The battledoor, or bat, is the instrument by which the shuttlecock is struck.

To play single battledoor, you must strike or toss the shuttlecock perpendicularly, or up and down; catching it every time on the battledoor, which you hold in your hand horizontally.

Double shuttlecock is played by two persons, standing opposite to each other. The battledoors are held up so as rather to incline forwards, and the shuttlecock is struck backwards and forwards horizontally, each as it reaches her battledoor driving it back again towards her adversary.

Each player must count how many times in succession she can keep up the shuttlecock, without allowing it to fall to the ground.

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LOTO.

A Loto Box, which may be had always at the German or French toy-shops, should contain cards marked with figures (as 2, 15, 24, 8, 40, &c.;) a bag of buttons with figures on the under side; a round wooden plate to lay them on when not wanted; and a little basket with counters, which are round pieces of ivory resembling wafers. This game may be played by any number of persons from two to twelve.

A card is laid before each player. The one, appointed to call out the figures, keeps the bag beside her, and, taking out the buttons one at a time, proclaims the number she finds on it. If, for instance, the number announced is 65, each of the players must look for that figure on her card. If it happens to be there, she must lay one of the counters on it; the basket being placed on the table to begin the game with. If the next number, produced from the bag of buttons, chances to be 18, whoever finds the figure 18 on her card covers it with a counter. If but few are playing, it may happen that

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none of their cards may contain the figure that is wanted; in which case, there is nothing to be done but to draw out another button from the bag. The buttons, after having been called, and laid on the wooden plate in the middle of the table, and when all the counters in the basket are exhausted, they (the buttons) may be used to cover the figures on the cards. She, that succeeds first in getting all her figures covered, is the winner of the game. If the company is small, the cards that have been used are laid aside after the conclusion of the game; and new ones, for the next game, are taken from the box.

When only a few are playing, two or three cards may be allotted to each person. But this considerably lengthens the game, as a longer time is required to look over several cards in search of the right figure, than is necessary when there is only one card. When very little girls are playing, we would recommend that each of the company should have but one card at a time.

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DOMINO.

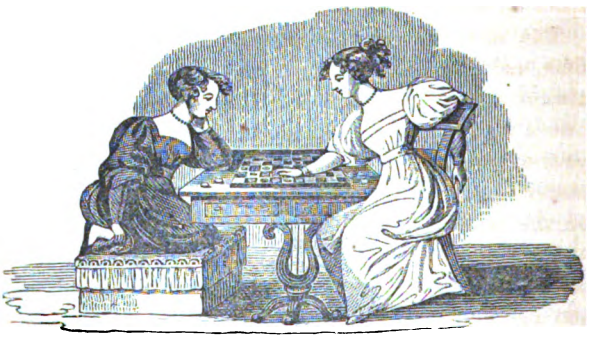
A domino-box contains twenty-four oblong pieces of ivory, each divided into two parts by a line down the middle, and marked with round black spots. Each piece contains spots which designate two numbers, as four and six, three and five, and some have two sixes, two threes, &c.

This game is best played by two persons only, one of whom distributes the dominos with the blank side uppermost, allotting an equal number to each player. The dominos must then be set up on the edge, and in such manner that your adversary cannot distinguish the spots. She, that has not dealt or distributed the dominos, must begin the game by laying one of her pieces in the middle of the table. Supposing that Jane and Lucy are playing, Jane may commence with a piece that contains the numbers five and two. Lucy must then look in her collection for a piece that has on it either a five or a two. She finds one that has five spots on one half, and six on the other. She lays it close to

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the one that Jane has just played, and in such a manner that the two fives meet each other. The numbers now wanted are two and six. Jane finds among hers a six and four, and lays it next to Lucy's six. Lucy must now seek for a four or a two, as those are the numbers at the ends of the line of dominos that have been played. She finds one with two and three, and places the two next to its corresponding number, so that the numbers now to be played are four or three. In this manner the play goes on, till all the dominos have taken places on the board, or middle of the table. If one of the players finds that she is unable to match either end of the row or line, she loses her turn, and her adversary plays instead of her. The winner of the game is she that has first played out all her dominos.

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CHECKERS OR DRAUGHTS.

This game is played by two persons, on a board with 32 black squares and 32 white ones. The pieces (or men, as they are commonly called) are twenty-four in number, one dozen of one colour, the other dozen of another. We will suppose them to be white and red, and that Maria and Louisa are playing. Maria takes

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the red and Louisa the white men, and they are placed in rows on the black checkers, so as to leave two lines of empty black checkers in the middle of the board, as a space on which to begin the game.

The men can only be moved into one checker at a time, and from one black square to another. You must always move diagonally or slanting, and never cross over a white square. All your moves must be *towards* your adversary, and *from* yourself. The aim of each player is to reach the extremity, or the farthest squares on the opposite side of the board, and to take as many of her antagonist's pieces as possible. By taking her pieces, you weaken her force; and, by arriving at the last line on the other side, your men become kings, and are then empowered to move either backwards or forwards; always however moving diagonally, and only into the next black square.

The players, of course, move their pieces alternately. If, in moving, Maria leaves a vacant black square behind one of her men, and Louisa has a man immediately next to it, she can jump over Maria's man with her's and take him captive. He is then laid aside, and is used no more during the game, except for the purpose of crowning a king. All the taking must be done di-

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agonally, or in a slanting direction, and (except with a king) you can only take towards your adversary. If Maria moves up a man close to one of Louisa's, with a view of taking him at the next move, Louisa may find perhaps that she can save him by filling up the vacancy with another of *her* men. Two men, if left unprotected, can be jumped over and taken at one move, but then there must be a vacant space diagonally behind each. Sometimes, after Louisa has just taken a man, Maria is immediately able to retaliate by at once capturing the victor. This, however, should have been foreseen, and guarded against on the part of Louisa. A man may be saved by moving him in between two others.

When you have succeeded in getting a man safely to the opposite extremity of the board, he becomes a king, and is crowned by placing on him one of the men that has been taken and laid aside.

A king can move and take either way, backwards or forwards; therefore, as he has more power than a man, the player who has most kings generally wins the game, or could do so if she manages rightly.

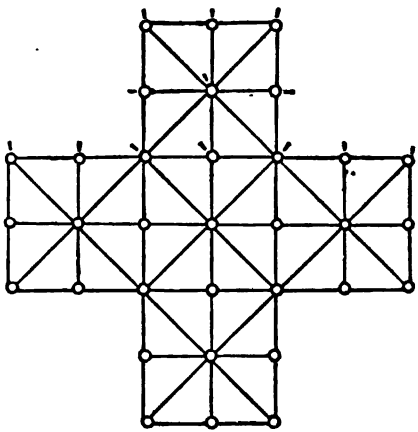
The play is at an end when all your adversary's pieces are taken, or driven into corners from which they cannot move.

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If you neglect an opportunity of taking when you have it in your power, you forfeit your own man, and your adversary then removes him from the board. This is called huffing. The first move at the commencement of the game is allotted to each player in turn.



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FOX AND GEESE.

This game is played on a board marked as above. Fifteen men (the same as those in checkers or draughts,) twelve being of one colour and three of another, compose the flock of geese. The fox is represented by two men placed one on another, (like the king in checkers) or by

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a thimble or something similar. One player takes the fox only, the other has the fifteen geese.

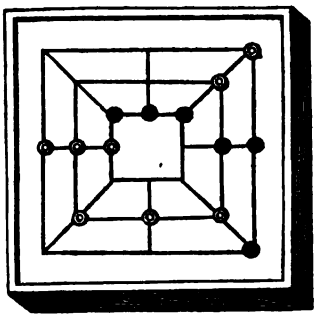
Place the fox on the round spot in the very centre of the board, and the geese at the stations or points marked by dots. The fox can move both ways, either backward or forward. The geese move forward only.

The object of the geese is to pen up the fox, so that he cannot move to any advantage. The fox must try to lessen the number of geese by taking as many as he can. He takes by jumping over every one that has a vacancy immediately behind it, and if he succeeds in capturing so many geese that not enough are left to pen him up, he of course wins the game. The geese win, if they can manage to surround the fox so closely that he has no way to get out.

Neither fox nor geese can move to more than one point at a time, and they must always keep along the line.

With a large sheet of paper, a pen and a ruler, it is very easy to make a board for playing this game.

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MORRICE.

This game may easily be learned by children of four or five years old. A morrice board is frequently found on the back of the small german checker boards, and it is played with the same men or pieces. But if you have no other board for this game, it is very easy to draw one after the above pattern, on a large sheet of paper, with pen and ink, and a ruler. Morrice is played with eighteen men; nine of each colour. The object

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is to make rows of three men on a line, and to prevent your adversary from doing so.

Susan may take the red men, and Mary the white, but the pieces are not placed all at once on the board, as in checkers. Each player puts down one man at a time, alternately, always placing them on the angles, or where the lines cross each other. Three will make a row, if they are all placed on a straight line; and if cleverly arranged, one man may form a part of two rows.

If Susan sees that Mary has nearly made a row, she may prevent her by interposing one of her own men. If Mary succeeds in making a row, Susan forfeits one of her own men, which Mary takes up and lays aside. In seizing a forfeit-man she must not break one of Susan's rows, if she can possibly avoid it.

When all the men have in this manner been placed on the board, the players may begin to move. All the moves must be along the line, and only from one point to the next, each time. The object is still to make rows, by moving the men to different parts of the board, and intercepting your adversary. Whenever you make a new row, you take up and lay aside one of your antagonist's men. As soon as the number of your

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men is reduced to two, you may give up the game as lost: three being always necessary to complete a row.

The writer has seen this game played in the country by children, who, for want of a better apparatus, had made a morrice-board by chalking the lines on the lid of an old box, using dried beans and grains of corn as substitutes for the red and white men.

JACK-STRAWS.

Jack-Straws of ivory can be bought in little boxes at the toy-shops; but they can easily be made at home with a small knife and some pieces of cedar, or any other wood that will not break easily. They must be cut into long slips of six or eight inches in length, and the thickness of a small straw; and each must be marked with a figure, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. The little stick, called the picker, must be rather stouter than the straws, and furnished at the end with a hook made of fine wire, or of a bent pin. The jack-straws may be made in various forms, as little guns, swords, spears

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axes, arrows, &c.; on the broad ends of which, the numbers may be marked with pen and ink.

Any number of persons may join in this amusement. She, that begins the play, takes up the bundle of straws in her hand, and then lets them fall in a heap on the middle of the table. She then takes the picker, and endeavours, by its assistance, to lift the jack-straws one by one from the heap, without shaking the pile or disturbing it. As she takes them up, she lays them beside her on the table.

If she shakes the heap, she must then quit playing, and resign the picker to the next in turn, who pursues the game in the same manner, till she is so unlucky as to disturb the pile; upon which, she also leaves off playing, and resigns the picker to the next.

When all the jack-straws are taken up, the game is over. As they are all numbered, each number counts one.

When the game is finished, each player must add up the numbers of the straws in her own pile. Whoever counts the most, has won the game.

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LITTLE GAMES WITH CARDS.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

There are fifty-two cards in every pack, and of these cards there are four suits; two red, which are Diamonds and Hearts, and two black, which are Spades and Clubs. In every suit there are ten cards, marked

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with spots, in different numbers, from one to ten. Those that have but one spot are called Aces. The Ace of Spades is always handsomely ornamented with the National Coat of Arms, or some other device. The kings, queens, and knaves, are called Court Cards. The four kings have crowns on their heads, and long robes down to the ground. The queens wear hoods. The knaves have short coats, which do not cover their legs. In many games, the aces are considered superior to the kings; the latter being above the queens, and the queens are superior to the knaves.

Previous to beginning the game, the cards are shuffled by mixing them indiscriminately with the hands. The whole pack or pile is then laid on the table, and, if all the company are equally expert, they may cut for deal. If not, the dealing or distribution of the cards should be allotted to the one that is likely to do it best. In cutting for deal, you lift about half the cards from the pack, and look at the bottom after you take them up. She whose card, on showing it, proves to be the highest number, takes the pack and deals; distributing them equally all round. When the cards are dealt, (which must always be done of course with the blank side uppermost,) each player takes up hers and examines them, taking care not to allow any one else to see what she

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has. They had better be assorted, putting all of each suit together; but this should be done very quickly, always being cautious to hold them so as not to be seen. The proper way of holding a handful of cards is to take them in your left hand, spreading them out like a fan, putting all your fingers at the blank side, and confining them on the face or coloured side with your thumb only. When you are going to play a card, take it out from the rest with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand, and lay it on the table.

You must neither show your own cards nor peep at the cards of your companions.

The cards must always be well shuffled previous to dealing.

EXPEDITION.

This is a very easy little game, and is soon over. We will suppose Mary, Lucy, Jane, and Susan to be playing. The cards having been well shuffled by Mary, they all cut for deal. Susan turns up a three, Jane a five, Lucy a king, and Mary a seven. Of course, Lucy deals, her card being highest. She deals out the whole pack equally, beginning with Jane and ending with herself, and turning up the last card, (which is the ten of

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clubs,) and laying it in the middle of the table. In this game, the players do not look at their cards, but keep them before them on the table in an even pile, with the blank side uppermost.

As the card turned up on the table is the ten of clubs, Jane, who plays first, must take a card off her pile, and, turning up its face, lay it on the ten of clubs. It may possibly be the five of hearts, or the three of spades; but she is to continue to play one card after another, till she happens to come to a ten. When she has chanced to arrive at the right card, she takes up all that have been already played and lays them aside. Susan being next, plays a card in her turn, which perhaps is the six of diamonds; and Lucy, who is next, must take cards off her pile and play them till she comes to a six. She then takes up those that have just been played, and puts them aside. Mary's turn now comes, and she plays the four of spades, and Jane lays cards on it till she comes to a four. The next card that is laid out to be matched is the king of spades, and finally a king is played upon him.

In this manner, the game goes round, and she is the winner who has played out all her cards first—for instance, Mary.

It is to be observed, that the players do not look at

their cards, and know not what they are playing till they have taken it from the pile before them and turned up its face.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

This little game is very simple, and can be played by any number.

Deal a card to each of the company, and a card to the board (that is, a card must be laid in the middle of the table,) and continue to do so till the whole pack is dealt out, by which time there will be as many cards on the board, as have fallen to the share of each individual, and if there are two of a sort, they must be laid one on another.

Every one in turn must try to match one of the cards on the board by playing on it a similar one from her own hand. Thus an ace must be played on an ace, a ten on a ten, a king on a king, &c. No one must play two cards at once; but if she has two of a sort like any one on the board, she must not play the second till her companions have had their turn of trying to match something.

When all the four cards of the same number are out, they must be turned down with the blank side upper-

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most, to show that there is nothing more to be done with them.

Whoever is unable to match any of the cards on the board, loses her turn of playing.

When all the cards on the board have been matched, they must be put aside, and a new board formed by each of the company shuffling the cards in her hand, and, without looking at them, dealing one to the board. The play then goes on as before. She, that first succeeds in playing out all her cards, is the winner of the game.

TOMMY COME TICKLE ME.

The whole pack having been dealt out, Mary, the leader, plays any card she pleases, (for instance, a king,) saying, as she lays him down, "Here's a very good king for me." Lucy then plays another king, and says, "Here's another, as good as he;" Jane plays a third king, saying, "Here's the best of all the three;" and Anne, who plays the fourth king, says, "And here's Tommy come tickle me."

If, when your turn comes, you cannot play the required card, you must say, "It passes me."

If you happen to have in your hand two cards of the

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sort that is wanted, you may play them both in immediate succession; and the same if, by a rare chance, you have three.

She, who plays the fourth card or "Tommy come tickle me," takes up the trick, as it is called, and lays it beside her. It is then her turn to play the next.

The one that is out first is the winner.

OLD MAID, OR OLD BACHELOR.

This game, when played by boys, is called Old Bachelor, and three of the knaves are taken out of the pack and laid aside; the fourth knave being retained as the Old Bachelor.

When played by girls, three of the queens must be put away as useless; the fourth queen remaining in the pack to personate the Old Maid. This game may be played by any number, and the cards are dealt equally all round. Whoever, on looking at her cards, finds among them the queen, or Old Maid, is to keep that circumstance a secret from her companions. She that sits at the left hand of the dealer leads or begins the game, which she may do by throwing down two aces if she has them, or two kings, two tens, or any two cards of

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the same sort. Her left-hand neighbour comes next, and throws down two nines or two fives. If she cannot play two of the same kind, she must borrow one of her next neighbour on the left hand, who for that purpose lays down her cluster of cards on the table (the blank sides uppermost,) and the borrower selects one at random, without knowing what it is. If she finds it the sort of cards that she wants, she plays it with the corresponding one of her own. If it is a card that is at present of no use to her, she must keep it for another time, and in consequence loses her turn of playing.

The next then may play two fours or two sevens, or borrow (if she cannot play) two that are similar; and if she chance to borrow the Old Maid, it will of course be useless to her, as there is no other card to match it, the three other queens having been left out of the pack. However, she must say nothing about it. Some one may unconsciously borrow it of *her* in the course of the game.

After awhile, there will be more difficulty in matching the cards, and the borrowing and losing of turns will increase, as no one must play unless they can lay down two that are alike in number. Whoever is the first to play out all her cards, wins the game; but it is continued by her companions as long as any cards are

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left, that they may see who has the Old Maid, which will be the last that remains.

The cards as they are played, are not removed from the middle of the table, but lie there in a heap with their faces upwards, till the game is over.

SPECULATION, OR MATRIMONY.

This game must be played by four persons; at least it does not go on so well with a larger or smaller number of players.

The cards having been dealt equally all round, every person is to look over hers and ascertain (though without mentioning it) the sort of which she has most. Whoever succeeds first in obtaining all of one sort, wins the game.

For instance, if Mary, on examining her cards, finds that she has a large proportion of spades, she may set her mind on winning the game by collecting a whole handful of spades, and getting rid, as soon as possible, of all her clubs, hearts, and diamonds. To effect this, she begins by taking one of her clubs, or any other card that she does not want, and, turning it down on its face, she slips it along the table to Lucy, her left hand neigh-

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bour. Lucy, before she looks at the card Mary has given her, (and having perhaps set *her* mind on collecting none but diamonds,) takes one of the cards *she* wishes to get rid of, and slips it, with the blank side uppermost to Jane; and, before Jane takes up Lucy's card, she must slip one of hers that she does not want to Fanny; who, having fixed on hearts, slips one of her spades to Mary, which happens to be the very thing that she wanted. Mary, before she sees Fanny's card having again given one of hers to Lucy. Thus the game goes round, and if Mary succeeds in changing away all her other cards, and constantly chances to receive spades for them, her hand will soon be filled with spades only; and, as soon as she has completed her suit, she must display her cards and proclaim herself the winner. Perhaps, however Lucy may be beforehand with her, and obtain a full suit of diamonds, in which case, Lucy wins the game.

If Mary perceives, by the cards that are sent to her, that another person has also fixed on spades, she had better change her mind, and set it on hearts or something else, in which she will probably succeed better, as it is impossible for two to obtain a handful of the same suit.

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Every one must keep her own secret with respect to the suit she has determined on, and no one must look at the card that is given her, till after she has slipped her own card to her left-hand neighbour.

LEND ME YOUR BUNDLE, NEIGHBOUR.

This may be played by any number of persons. Deal a card to every one, and a card to the board; that is, to the middle of the table. The cards dealt to the board must afterwards have their faces turned upward.

Each of the players must try in turn to match a card on the board with one of the cards in her hands, playing a five on a five, an ace on an ace, a king on a king, &c. Having matched a card, she takes up both, and lays them beside her with their faces up. If she can match nothing from her own stock of cards, she must look round at the piles of cards taken by her companions (and called their bundles,) and see if she can find on the top of one of these piles, such a card as she wants. For instance, if Mary (when it is her turn) sees a queen on the board, and a queen on the top of Lucy's pile of taken cards or tricks, she can (if she has no queen in her own hand) appropriate to herself the whole of Lucy's pile

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provided that it is Mary's turn to play, and that she has no card of her own that will match any thing on the board. She then takes up all Lucy's pile of tricks, and lays them beside herself, without any other ceremony than that of saying, "Lend me your bundle, neighbour." So Lucy may be stripped of all her gains in a moment. If Mary can neither match one of the board-cards from her own hand, nor find a match on the top of any of the piles, she loses her turn of playing.

When all the cards on the board have been taken up or exhausted, a new board is formed by each of the company contributing some from the stock in her hand. If the company is large, each gives one card; if it is small, each gives two. To do this, you shuffle the cards that you have in your hand, lay them down the blank side upward, and take out at random those you are to bestow on the board.

As soon as any one has played out all her cards, the game ceases. The piles or bundles are then examined, and the cards in each are counted. Whoever finds in her bundle the greatest number of cards is the winner of the game. Therefore, during the progress of the play, every one is glad to accumulate as many as she can, and would be sorry when she is deprived of her bundle by her neighbour, if there was not at the same

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time something diverting in the coolness with which the thing is done.

FIVE AND FORTY.

This game may be played by any number. It has no resemblance to any other of the little games.

Five cards only are dealt to each person, and then a card is turned with the face upward and left on the top of the pack. This is the trump card, and all of the same suit are considered superior to the others and can take them immediately. We will suppose that hearts are trumps, and that the game goes on as follows. Lucy having dealt, Anne, who is on her left hand, begins the game, and plays the six of clubs, which her companions endeavour to take by playing higher cards; as, in this game, it is not necessary to follow suit, the highest card always taking. Mary thinks she will gain the trick by playing a king, but Jane finally triumphs with the three of hearts, which, though a low card, is a trump, and therefore of more power. Anne hopes to take the next trick by playing the king of trumps, but Mary has the ace and therefore obtains it by trumping higher. Anne had better not have played her king till she had seen tha

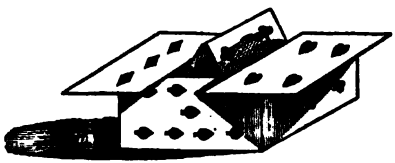
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the ace was out. She that happens to have the greatest proportion of trumps in her hand, of course can get the most tricks. Every one lays her own tricks beside her in separate order, and counts them when the deal is over; each trick counting five, and forty-five being the game. This time we will suppose that Mary has three tricks; therefore she counts fifteen. The cards are then shuffled and dealt again, the card turned up as trump being a club. Jane has the most trumps in her hand, and this time Mary gains but two tricks, which with three before make her twenty-five.

Next time, diamonds are trumps, and Mary has both the king and the ace and two low trumps beside. She now gains four tricks to her share, which making her forty-five, she wins the game, none of her companions counting so high.

After this, the cards are shuffled, and a new game begins. It must be remembered that the highest card always takes, without reference to the suit; that, she who has last gained a trick, leads or plays the next card; that a trump will take any thing, unless it is itself taken by a higher trump; and that each trick counts five.

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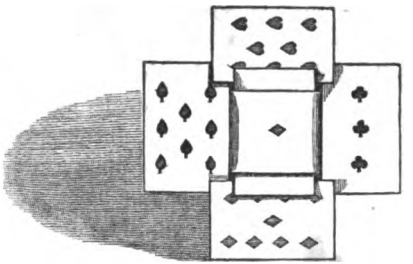
A CARD HOUSE.

To build a card-house, take two cards and stand them up so as to face each other, and meet at the top in the form of a tent. Then encompass them with four other cards laid on their edges and representing a wall; and, on the top of these, lay two more as a roof.

To build a two-story card-house, place on the first roof two cards in the tent-form, then add the walls and the second roof. In this manner, you may construct as many stories as you please, one above another, till the whole pack is built up.

A card-house should be erected on a very steady table, and great care must be taken not to shake it.

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A CHEESECAKE OF CARDS.

This is made by laying two cards across, and then fixing round them four other cards; which are secured by raising the corners of the two first, and slipping the last four under them.

These cheesecakes (as they are called) may, if well made, be carried about on the palm of the hand, without falling apart.

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AN EASY TRICK WITH CARDS.

It is best to perform this trick with the black cards or clubs and spades only; at all events, the diamonds must be left out. We will suppose that Jane is the exhibiter. Having the black cards in her hand, she must manage (while talking to Lucy with apparent unconcern) to get all the heads or tops of the cards upward or in the same direction. She then, spreading them out like a fan in her hand, holds them towards Lucy and desires her to choose or draw out any card she pleases, and to take it and look well at it. Lucy draws the queen of spades, for instance; and while she is looking at it, Jane dexterously turns all the other cards upside down, so that when the queen of spades is put back among the rest, it of course has the head the other way; which, however, is unobserved by Lucy, if she is not acquainted with the trick.

Jane then shuffles the cards, taking care not to turn them again so as to get them wrong. She tells Lucy that she can find the very card that she drew out. She then lays out the cards one by one on the table looking

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at them as she does so, and when she comes to the queen of spades she knows it to be Lucy's card because the head is upright, while the heads of all the others are downwards.

This trick, though very simple, excites great surprise in those who have not seen it before.

GAMES WITH HISTORICAL CARDS.

The Historical Games of Philadelphia, Boston, &c., are played as follows:

In the Game of Philadelphia, for instance, are sixty cards, the labels or titles of which are coloured red, blue, green, and yellow. There are four cards on each distinct subject; that is, four cards of William Penn, four of Dr. Franklin, four of the State-House, &c.

We will suppose the game to be played by Maria, Julia, Emily, and Harriet. The cards, having been shuffled and dealt equally all round by Maria,—Julia, as sitting on the left hand of the dealer, begins by laying down any card she pleases; for instance, "The Treaty Tree;" first reading aloud the inscription. If Emily (whose turn comes next) has a Treaty Tree card,

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she also reads it, and lays it down. If Harriet has a Treaty Tree, she does the same; but if she has *not*, she must endeavour to borrow one of her left-hand neighbour Maria, who for this purpose holds out to her the backs of all her cards, and Harriet takes one at random; and if it happens to be a Treaty Tree, she plays it, first reading it, of course. If it is not the card she wants, she must keep it for another occasion, and for the present she loses her turn of playing. Whoever is out first, wins the game.

If any one has two cards of the same title (two Dock-streets, for instance,) she must not play them in immediate succession, but keep one till her turn comes round again.

With these Historical Cards any of the other juvenile games may be played,—as, Old Bachelor, Matrimony, &c. omitting to read the inscriptions.

In playing Old Bachelor with the Philadelphia cards, leave out of the pack three of the Dr. Franklins, and the fourth will answer for the Old Bachelor.

In playing Matrimony, you must have but twelve cards of each colour, and leave out all the rest.

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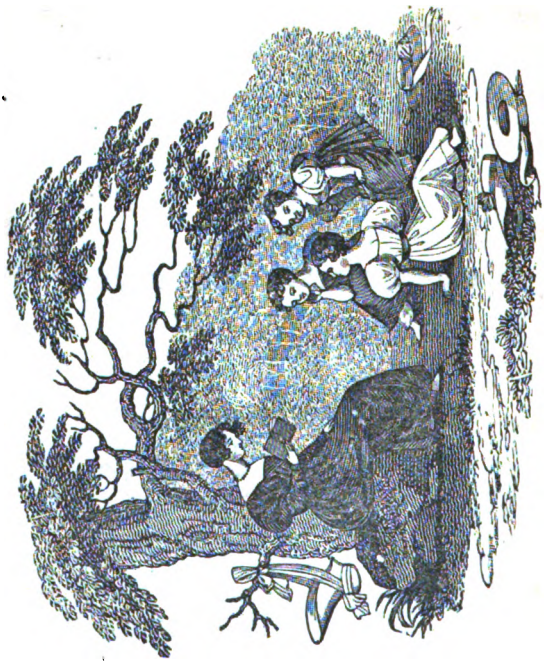
RIDDLES,

CHARADES, REBUSES,

AND

CONUNDRUMS.

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ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

Enigmas, charades, rebuses, and conundrums, come under the general name of riddles.

An enigma describes the chief properties or characteristics of the thing to be guessed.

A charade must refer to something that has two or more syllables, each syllable being a distinct word. The syllables, when put together, make what is called the whole.

A rebus is founded on a word which may be expressed by alluding to other words; frequently adding or omitting letters.

A conundrum is a humorous comparison between wo things very different in their nature. The resem-

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blance is made out by a play on words; frequently at the expense of a little false spelling, or mispronunciation.

We believe that few of our young friends will be displeased at the plan we have adopted of inserting the solution immediately after every riddle. It will save the trouble of turning continually over the leaves and searching out the corresponding numbers.

Where there are several children, each in turn can take the book and read aloud to the others a page or two of the riddles, while they, not seeing the answers, endeavour to guess them.

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ENIGMAS.

1.

'Tis true I have both face and hands,
And move before your eye;
But when I move, I always stand,
And when I stand, I lie.

A CLOCK.

2.

'Tis in the church, but not in the steeple,
'Tis in the parson, but not in the people,
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell,
'Tis in the clapper, but not in the bell.

THE LETTER R.

3.

There is a thing that nothing is,
And yet it has a name,
'Tis sometimes tall, and sometimes short,
It joins our walks, it joins our sport,
And plays at every game.

A SHADOW.

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4.

Let those who have skill to make mysteries clear,
Now try to discover my name;
Four brothers I have, and the fifth I appear,
But our age is exactly the same.
Yet I to their stature shall never attain,
Though as fast as them always I grow;
By nature I'm destined a dwarf to remain—
So my riddle you'll easily know.

THE LITTLE FINGER.

5.

If I kiss you by mistake,
What war-weapon do I make?

A BLUNDER-BUSS.

6.

Use me well, and I'm every-body. Scratch my back, and I'm nobody.

A LOOKING-GLASS.

7.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb.

A GLOVE.

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8.

What is that which is perfect with a head, and perfect without a head; perfect with a tail, and perfect without a tail; perfect with a head and tail, and perfect without a head or tail?

A WIG.

9.

I never was, but always am to be;
None ever saw me, you may never see;
And yet I am the confidence of all
Who live and breathe on this terrestrial ball.
The princely heir, his honours not yet blown,
Still looks to me for his expected crown;
The miser hopes I shall increase his wealth;
The sick man prays me to restore his health;
The lover trusts me for his destined bride;
And all who hopes or wishes have beside;
Now name me, but confide not, for believe
That you and every one I still deceive.

TO-MORROW.

10.

Pray tell us, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly-favoured man,
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life?

A CLERGYMAN, OR A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

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11.

I'm in every one's way, yet no one I stop,
My four horns each day
Horizontally play,
And my head is nailed on at the top.

A TURNSTILE.

12.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backward and forward the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

THE EYE.

13.

I am taken from a mine; and shut up in a wooden case, from which I am never released, and yet I am used by almost every body.

A LEAD PENCIL.

14.

What is that which lives only in winter; would die in summer; and grows with its root upwards?

AN ICICLE.

15.

A word of three syllables seek till you find,
Which has in it the twenty-six letters combin'd.

THE ALPHABET.

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16.

In spring I look gay,
Drest in handsome array,
But in summer more clothing I wear;
When colder it grows,
I throw off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.

A TREE.

17.

When first my maker form'd me to his mind,
He gave me eyes, yet left me dark and blind;
He made a nose, yet left me without smell;
A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to tell:
I'm used at night, yet ladies oft, through me,
Although I hide the face, do plainly see.

A MASK.

18.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set;
One of us you'll find in jet;
One of us is set in tin;
And the fourth a box is in;
If the last you should pursue,
It will never fly from you.

THE VOWELS: A—E—I—O—U

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19.

My head and tail both equal are,
 My middle slender as a bee;
Whether I stand on head or heel,
 Is all the same to you or me:
But if my head should be cut off,
 (The matter's true, although 'tis strange,)
My head and body sever'd thus,
 Immediately to nothing change.

THE FIGURE 8. *If divided, each part becomes* 0.

20.

I have but one eye, and that eye without sight,
 Yet it helps me whatever I do;
I'm sharp without wits, without senses I'm bright,
The fortune of some, and of some the delight,
 And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

A NEEDLE.

21.

Although a human shape I wear,
 I mother never had,
And though no sense nor life I share,
 In finest silks I'm clad.
By every miss I'm valued much,
 Belov'd and highly priz'd;
Yet still, my cruel fate is such,
 By boys I am despis'd

A DOLL.

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22.

Of a brave set of brethren I stand at the head,
And to keep them quite warm I cram three in a bed;
Six of them in prison I cruelly put;
And three I confine in a mean little hut;
To escape my fell grasp, three reside in the sky;
And though strange it may seem, we have all but one eye;
Our shapes are as various as wond'rous our use is,
Of science the source, and the soul of the muses.

THE LETTER A.

On looking over this enigma a second time, it will be seen that there are three letters in the word BED, *six in the word* PRISON, *three in* HUT, *and three in* SKY. *Of course there is but one* I *in the whole alphabet.*

23.

Two brothers wisely kept apart,
Together ne'er employ'd;
Though to one purpose we are bent,
Each takes a different side.
We travel much, yet prisoners are,
And close confin'd to boot;
Can with the swiftest horse keep pace,
Yet always go on foot.

A PAIR OF SPURS.

24.

I am a vehicle that's wond'rous large,
But neither coach nor waggon, ship nor barge,

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Whether sitting, standing, lying,
With you I'm miles uncounted flying;
You hear not a breath while mute as death,
My journey I pursue;
With a mighty swift whirling, I'm constantly twirling,
But 'tis all unfelt by you.
Some travel with me, who never can see,
Nor believe I convey them a yard;
And for years I have taken them,
Nor ever forsaken them,
And yet claim'd no reward.
And, gentles, against or with your will,
Or sleeping or waking I'll carry you still.

THE GLOBE OF THE EARTH.

25.

I am red, black, or white; I am blue, grey, or green,
I'm intended to hide what is meant to be seen;
Like mortals inflexible often am I,
Till by the tongue softened I'm brought to comply;
Of prodigal spendthrifts I am an apt token,
I only exist to be ruined and broken.

A WAFER.

26.

I was, but am not—ne'er shall be again;
Myriads possess'd me, and possess'd in vain;
To some I prov'd a friend, to some a foe;
Some I exalted, others I laid low;

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To some I gave the bliss that knows no sigh,
And some condemn'd to equal misery.
If conscious that we met, and but to sever,
Now say to whom you bade farewell forever.

YESTERDAY.

27.

What force or strength cannot get through,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.

A KEY.

28.

Though I live in a study, I know not a letter;
I feast on the muses, but ne'er am the better,
Can run over English, o'er Latin, o'er Greek,
Yet none of those languages ever could speak.

A MOUSE IN A LIBRARY.

29.

What yesterday was, and what to-morrow will be

TO-DAY.

30.

Two bodies I have, though they're both joined in one,
And the stiller I stand, the faster I run.

AN HOUR-GLASS.

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31.

What is that which, by adding something to it, will become smaller; but if you add nothing, will grow larger?

A HOLE IN A STOCKING.

32.

Suppose there was a cat in each corner of the room; a cat sitting opposite to each cat; a cat looking at each cat; and a cat sitting on each cat's tail—how many cats would there be?

FOUR. *Every one of the four would be opposite to each other, might look at each other, and would sit on her own tail.*

33.

Mr. Jones told another gentleman that he had six daughters, and each daughter had a brother—how many children had Mr. Jones?

SEVEN. *He had one son, who of course was brother to all the six daughters.*

34.

From the depths of the sea, from the foot of a rock,
I'm brought to the earth to do dirty work,
I've mouths to take in all the liquor I meet,
And am given to drinking, though never to eat.

A SPONGE.

35.

I saw a sight the other day,
A damsel did begin the fray;

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She with a daily friend did meet,
Then standing in the open street,
She gave such hard and heavy blows
He bled five gallons at the nose;
Yet neither did he faint nor fall,
And gave her no abuse at all.

A PUMP.

36.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I chanced to meet with nine old wives.
Each wife had nine sacks,
Each sack had nine cats,
Each cat had nine kits;
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
Tell me how many were going to St. Ives?

ONLY MYSELF. *As I* met *all the others, they of course were coming* from *St. Ives.*

37.

Little Miss Netticoat, with a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
She has no feet nor hands; and the longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

A LIGHTED CANDLE.

38.

What is that which goes round the house and round the house and leaves a white sheet in every window?

SNOW.

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39.

Rowly bowly sat on a wall,
Rowly bowly had a great fall;
Threescore men and threescore more,
Couldn't set rowly bowly as it was before.

AN EGG; *which, when it falls and is broken, can never be restored.*

40.

What is that which in the morning walks on four legs; walks on two legs at noon; and in the evening walks on three legs?

MAN. *In infancy, he creeps on all fours; when grown up, he walks erect; and when old and decrepid, he is obliged to assist his steps with a stick. This is the famous riddle of the Sphinx.*

41.

What is that which a pudding has, and which every thing else that can be found in the world has also?

A NAME.

42.

There was a man who was not born,
His father was not born before him,
He did not live, he did not die,
And his epitaph is not o'er him.

THE MAN'S NAME WAS *NOT*.

43.

A duck before two ducks; a duck behind two ducks; and a duck between two ducks. How many ducks were there in all?

THREE.

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44.

I am small; but when entire,
Of force to set a town on fire;
Let but one letter disappear,
I then can hold a herd of deer;
Take one more off, and then you'll find,
I once contain'd all human kind.

SPARK. PARK. ARK.

45.

The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space,
The beginning of every end, and the end of every place.

THE LETTER E.

46.

In comes two legs carrying one leg, which he lays down on three legs. Out goes two legs. Up jumps four legs, and runs off with one leg. Back comes two legs, snatches up three legs, and throws it after four legs, to get back one leg.

A man comes in with a leg of mutton which he lays down on a three-legged stool and goes out. A dog runs away with the leg of mutton. The man returns, and throws the stool at the dog to make him drop the leg of mutton.

47.

"What relation is that gentleman to you?" said one lady to another. She answered, "His mother was my mother's only child."

HER SON.

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48.

I'm longer and longer the lower I fall,
And when I am highest I'm shortest of all.

A PLUMMET.

49.

I'm a singular creature, pray tell me my name—
I partake of my countrymen's glory and fame.
I daily am old, and I daily am new,
I am prais'd, I am blam'd, I am false, I am true—
I'm the talk of the nation while I'm in my prime,
But forgotten when once I've outlasted my time.
In the morning no Miss is more courted than I,
In the evening you see me thrown carelessly by.
Take warning, ye Fair,—I like you have my day,
But alas! you like me must grow old and decay.

A NEWSPAPER.

50.

A man who was going to cross a river in a small boat, had charge of a fox, a goose, and a basket of corn. He could only take one at a time, and was much puzzled how to get them all over so as to save them from each other; knowing that if left together the fox would eat the goose; and that the goose could not be trusted alone with the basket of corn, which she would certainly devour if allowed to remain with it while the man carried the fox across the river. If the goose was taken over first, it is true that the fox would not meddle with the corn; but then, after being carried across the water and left with the goose, he would surely eat *her*, while the man went back for the corn; and if the corn

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was taken first, the fox would demolish the goose when left alone with her.

How did the man manage to convey the fox and the goose, and the basket of corn, across the river in safety?

He concluded to make four trips, instead of three. First, he took the goose, leaving the fox with the corn. Next, he took the fox and brought back the goose. Thirdly, he carried over the basket of corn, and lastly, he conveyed the goose across the river a second time.

By this means the fox was never left alone with the goose, nor the goose with the corn.

51.

Either backward or forward if you take me, ye fair,
I am one way a number, the other a snare.

TEN. NET.

52.

I'm seen at your dinner; if I were not there,
But meanly provided your board would appear;
You seldom invite me to coffee or tea,
But never, I'm sure, take your wine without me.

GLASS.

53.

With all things I'm found, yet to nothing belong;
Though a stranger to crowds, yet I'm still in a throng;
And though foreign to music and all it's soft powers,
In songs and in epigrams, ladies, I'm yours;

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Though a friend to true glory, I'm ne'er in renown;
Though no kingdom's without me, I hold not a crown;
Both with kings and with beggars my birthright I claim,
But enough has been told to discover my name.

THE LETTER G.

54.

Form'd half beneath and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made upon land to travel o'er the waters;
Swifter we move the tighter we are bound,
Yet neither touch the sea, nor air, nor ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, skim.

A PAIR OF SKATES.

55.

I tremble with each breath of air,
And yet can heaviest burthens bear;
'Tis known that I destroy'd the world,
And all things in confusion hurl'd;
And yet I do preserve all in it
Through each revolving hour and minute.

WATER.

56.

There is a letter in the Dutch alphabet, which named makes a lady of the first rank in nobility; walked on, it makes a lady of

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the second rank; and reckoned, it makes a lady of the third rank.

Named, it is DUTCH-ESS.—*Walked on, it is* MARCHION-ESS—*and reckoned, it is* COUNT-ESS.

57.

What is that word of one syllable, which, if the two first letters are taken from it, beomes a word of two syllables?

PLAGUE. AGUE.

58.

Eleven great men; fifteen celebrated women; twenty-three extraordinary children; thirty-two fine pictures; a new manner of cooking oysters; the best way of making coffee, a great improvement in the cultivation of grapes; ten fashionable bonnets; and the substance of an hundred books: may all be expressed by a liquid in common use, and of only one syllable.

INK.

59.

I'm seen in the moon, but not in the sun;
I'm put in a pistol, but not in a gun;
I'm found in a fork, but not in a knife;
I belong to the parson, but not to his wife;
I go with the rogue, but not with the thief;
I'm seen in a book, but not in a leaf;
I stay in a town, but not in a street;
I go with your toes, but not with your feet.

THE LETTER O

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60.

In every city, town and street,
'Tis ten to one but me you meet:
Sometimes adorn'd in shining gold,
Splendid and brilliant to behold;
And different characters I wear,
A lamb, or lion, buck or bear,
A dragon fierce, or angel fair,
An eagle or a warrior bold;
These various forms on me behold.
But though exalted as a chief,
I'm gibbeted like any thief.

A SIGN.

61.

I ever live man's unrelenting foe,
Mighty in mischief, though I'm small in size;
And he, at last, that seeks to lay me low,
My food and habitation both supplies.

WORM.

62.

[This enigma was written by the celebrated Dr. Byles of Boston.]

It is as high as all the stars,
No well was ever dug so low;
It is in age five thousand years,
It was not made an hour ago;

It is as wet as water is,
No red-hot iron e'er was drier;
As dark as night, as cold as ice,
Shines like the sun, and burns like fire:

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No soul, no body to consume;
No fox more cunning, dunce more dull;
'Tis not on earth, 'tis in this room,
Hard as a stone, and soft as wool;

'Tis of no colour but of snow;
Outside and inside, black as ink;
All red, all green, all yellow, blue;
This moment you upon it think.

In every noise it strikes your ears;
'Twill soon expire, 'twill ne'er decay;
It always in the light appears,
And yet 'twas never seen by day.

Than the whole earth it larger is,
Than a small pin's point it is less;
I'll tell you ten times what it is,
Yet, after all, you shall not guess.

'Tis in your mouth; 'twas never nigh;
Where'er you look you see it still;
'Twill make you laugh, 'twill make you cry;
You feel it plain, touch what you will.

SOMETHING.

63.

Before creating Nature will'd
That atoms into forms should jar,
By me the boundless space was fill'd,
On me was built the first-made star.

For me the saint will break his word;
By the proud atheist I'm rever'd;
At me the coward draws his sword;
And by the hero I am fear'd.

Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,
Yet often by the vain possess'd;
Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,
And to the troubled conscience rest;

Than wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
And yet by every blockhead known;
I'm freely given by the miser,
Kept by the prodigal alone;

As vice deform'd, as virtue fair,
The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains;
The poet's purse, the coxcomb's care;
Guess—and you'll have me for your pains.

NOTHING.

64.

FRENCH ENIGMA.

Je suis le capitaine de vingt-six soldats, et sans moi Paris seroit pris.

THE LETTER A.

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CHARADES.

1.

My first is on the reindeer's head,
My second is a measure,
My total is a favourite dance
That's always seen with pleasure.

HORNPIPE.

2.

My first is irrational, my second is rational, my third is mechanical, and my whole is scientifical.

HORSEMANSHIP.

3.

Dear is my first when shadowy night is near;
But 'tis my second makes my first so dear;
My whole with decent care my first preserves,
And thus to be my second well deserves.

HOUSE-WIFE.

4.

My first marks time, my second spends it, and my whole tells it.

WATCHMAN.

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5.

My first is coarse and homely food,
The cotter's fare, but still 'tis good;
My second you may quick define,
The place in which we dance or dine;
My whole, when fresh and nicely cook'd,
No epicure e'er overlook'd.

MUSH-ROOM.

6.

My first I hope you are; my second I see you are; my whole I know you are.

WELCOME.

7.

My first is in winter the warmth you desire;
My second is cold to the touch;
Both together are cold, yet appear all on fire,
Which has puzzled philosophers much.

GLOW-WORM.

8.

My first has its place by the side of a stream;
In accents of music my second's express'd:
My whole has the miser's unbounded esteem,
Though oft found relieving where he has oppress'd.

BANK-NOTE.

9.

My first is a colour, my second is rough.
My whole is a story you know well enough.

BLUE BEARD.

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10.

My first oft preys upon my second;
My whole a bitter shrub is reckon'd.

WORM-WOOD.

11.

My first's the foe of rats and mice;
My next you'll meet with in a fair;
My third, of various form and price,
Oft decorates a lady's hair;
My whole, in foreign climes, is said
To form a mansion for the dead

CAT-A-COMB.

12.

My first is possess'd of the wonderful art
Of painting the feelings that glow in the heart;
Yet had it not been for my second's kind aid,
No respect had my first from a creature been paid;
The name of my whole you can surely reveal,
When I tell you it's chiefly composed of bright steel

PEN-KNIFE.

13

My first is productive of light;
My second to wood has affiance;
My whole is high polish'd and bright,
And my first on its aid has reliance

CANDLE-STICK.

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14.

My first is a pleasant regale,
Which depends on my second's assistance,
For which, if their efforts should fail,
My whole may still keep in existence.

FRUIT-TREE.

15.

My first is either bad or good,
May please or may offend you;
My second, in a thirsty mood,
May very much befriend you.
My whole, though term'd "a cruel word,"
May yet appear a kind one:
It often may with joy be heard,
With tears may often blind one.

FARE-WELL.

16.

If my second you can, at request of a friend,
Then let not my first be preferred;
Well performed, (if it answers no permanent end,)
It doubtless will make you my third.

PLEA-SING.

17.

When night brings on her solemn hour
And silence reigns in awful power,
Then mortals to my first repair,
And bid adieu to toil and care:

Digitized by Google

My next's for various use design'd,
Yet oft my first you there will find;
Within my whole you seek repose,
Forgetting life and all its woes.

BED-CHAMBER.

18.

My first's a mean and humble bed,
Where poverty reclines;
You'll find my next on bushes spread,
When summer's sun-beam shines.
My whole's a pleasant cooling fruit,
That fails not every taste to suit.

STRAW-BERRY.

19.

My first in your face has a prominent place;
My next in a smile you appear;
A bundle of sweets my whole will complete,
When Flora bedizens the year.

NOSE-GAY.

20.

Behold my mighty first with thund'ring sound
Hurls forth my second with destructive breath;
My whole makes legions press the bloody ground,
And close their eyes in darkest shades of death.

CANNON-SHOT.

21.

My first is a term implying a firm
When it follows a gentleman's name;

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My next plainly tells of a female who dwells
In seclusion where men never came;
Martial sounds from my third, redoubling are heard,
When the demon of war has awoke;
But what am I doing, this trifle pursuing;
For really my whole's but a joke.

CO-NUN-DRUM.

22.

My first upon your table oft
At breakfast time has been,
And in your stable, rais'd aloft,
My second may be seen.
My whole contains my first in rows,
And you possess it, I suppose.

TOAST-RACK.

23.

Ages ago, when Greece was young,
And Homer, blind and wandering, sung
Where'er he roam'd through street or field,
My first the noble bard upheld.
Look to the new moon for my next,
You'll see it there; but if perplex'd,
Go ask the huntsman, he can show
My name, he gives it many a blow.
My whole, as you will quickly see,
Is a large town in Tuscany,
Which ladies soon will recognize;
A favourite head-dress it supplies

LEG-HORN.

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24.

He who in a ditch doth roll
Till he scrambles out, poor soul,
Rich and clever though he be,
Is my first most certainly.
What good you can, if you are wise,
You will my next;—my third supplies
A term to abstinence devoted;—
He who as my whole is noted,
Well may dull and useless be;
May it ne'er be said of me.

IN-DO-LENT.

25.

My first denotes equality—my second, inferiority—my third, superiority.

MATCH-LESS.

26.

My first some men will often take
Entirely for my second's sake;
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear.

MIS-FORTUNE.

27.

My first is a toy; my second is less than a name; my whole is nothing at all.

FANTOM.

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28.

My first denotes my constant place,
My second's what I'm made of,
My whole is useful in a room
Where eating's made a trade of.

SIDE-BOARD.

29.

My first's to object in a troublesome way;
When you come to my house, do my second I pray;
With nails, saws and hammers, planes, gimlet, and glue,
A noisy companion—my total you view.

CARP-ENTER.

30.

My first proclaims my whole is near,
My second fills the soul with fear,
My whole mid woods and rocks is found,
And gives a fierce and deadly wound

RATTLE-SNAKE.

31.

Far from the noisy scenes of life,
Its business and its fear,
My first pursues his tranquil life,
Through many a lengthen'd year.

Respect and kindness both are due,
And to my next are paid;
Its wisdom claims the one from you,
Its weakness needs your aid.

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Remote from man, with ivy crown'd,
On some sequester'd spot;
My whole in ages past was found,
But now we use it not.

HERMIT-AGE.

32.

In a fit of the tooth-ache my first to obtain,
You'd not grudge a trifle, for sad is that pain;
If nothing you have, it might fairly be reckon'd
A difficult task to discover my second.
Would a man rove about from the line to the pole
To seek a new home, if he were not my whole?

REST-LESS.

33.

My first is an animal scorn'd and abused,
And often in labour and drudgery used,
My next's like my first as one pea to another,
Indeed he is related, if not his own brother.
To make up the third I myself take my place;
And a rare motley crew for my fourth I will trace.
Of soldiers and sailors, and coxcombs and sages,
Both sexes, all trades, all conditions and ages.
I leave to my readers to mention my whole,
'Tis a crime causes horror to thrill through the soul.

ASS-ASS-I-NATION.

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34.

Arise with my first when a journey you go,
Use my last if your horse is too sluggish and slow
In the prettiest gardens my whole has a place,
From its beautiful colours, its lightness and grace

LARK-SPUR.

35.

The changing seasons, as they roll,
Confess my powerful first's control;
Nature's unerring laws conspire
To make my second call him sire:
My whole's but one of seven;
A time when humble christians seek,
With holy zeal and feelings meek,
The path that leads to heaven.

SUN-DAY.

36.

My first is nimble, my second innumerable, and my whose fatal

QUICK-SAND

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RIBUSES.

A DINNER.

1. A country in the East.

TURKEY.

2. A long-necked bird omitting the last letter—and a smal. fruit.

CRANBERRY.

3. One of the sons of Noah.

HAM.

4. What no sailor wishes to meet with—and an inhabitant of the water.

ROCK-FISH.

5. A small fowl—and what all children like.

A CHICKEN-PIE.

6. Half of a room under ground—a vowel—and a grain, omitting the last letter.

CELERY.

7. A cooking utensil—the first letter of the alphabet—and part of the foot.

POTATOE.

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8. To strike, changing a letter.

BEET.

9. Half a word that signifies a tower—and to pinch off.

TURNIP.

10. To be on an equality—and to cut short.

PARSNIP.

11. A machine to raise water—and a relation.

PUMPKIN.

12. A fruit—the half of a pool of dirty water—and a circle, changing the first letter.

PLUM-PUDDING.

13. To chop fine—and the last half of a talking bird.

MINCE PIE.

14. Swimming—and a country surrounded by water.

FLOATING ISLAND

15. Half of a word signifying what is usual—and being late, omitting the last letter.

CUSTARD.

16. What naughty children frequently are—and the best part of milk.

WHIPT CREAM.

17. A running plant, changing the first letter.

WINE.

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18. The first syllable of a Persian king—and the first syllable of a town in England.

CYDER.

19. A harbour—and to mistake, omitting the last letter.

PORTER.

A TEA PARTY.

20. A plant that grows only in China.

TEA.

21. Half of a receptacle for the dead—and a gratuity.

COFFEE.

22. Half of an Indian tribe—an interjection—and the reverse of early.

CHOCOLATE.

23. The produce of a plant that grows only in warm climates.

SUGAR.

24. The oily part of a well-known liquid.

CREAM.

25. A fur covering for the hands—and the reverse of out.

MUFFIN.

26. To blow away, omitting the last letter—and the final half of a frill.

WAFFLE.

Digitized by Google

27. A confused mixture.

JUMBLE.

28. A king's wife—and a confection.

QUEEN CAKE.

29. A familiar name for the squirrel.

BUN.

30. The national dish of the Italians, putting in one vowel and omitting another.

MACCAROON.

31. The reverse of sour—and what few dinners are without.

SWEETMEATS.

FRUIT.

32. The sea-shore, changing the first letter.

PEACH.

33. A bank to confine water—and what every man must be.

DAMSON.

34. A colour—and a pledge.

GREEN GAGE.

35. A month, omitting the last letter—and a shepherd's house

APRICOT.

36. An interjection—and to rove.

ORANGE.

Digitized by Google

37. Half of a Grecian island—and the reverse of off.

LEMON.

38. A tree that grows best in a sandy soil—and a well-known fruit.

PINE-APPLE.

39. Affected goodness—and to run away secretly.

CANTELOPE.

40. A domestic fowl—and a small fruit.

GOOSEBERRY.

41. A useless dog—and to bluster.

CURRANT.

FLOWERS.

42. The first part of the day—and high honour.

MORNING GLORY.

43. The close of day—to be very formal—and the queen of flowers.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

44. The two first letters of a day of the week—and a part of the face.

TULIP.

45. To start up suddenly—and a crust baked with something in it, omitting the last letter.

POPPY.

Digitized by Google

16. An evergreen—and a sort of German wine.

HOLLYHOCK.

47. Half of a female christian name—and a little instrument for securing your clothes.

LUPIN.

48. Every day, changing a letter.

DAISY.

49. Forcible or vehement, omitting a letter.

VIOLET.

50. An open carriage—and a community of people.

CARNATION.

51. A christian name, changing the last letter—and a place that produces metals.

JESSAMINE.

52. A lady well known in pantomimes.

COLUMBINE.

53. A very common female name—and a metal.

MARYGOLD.

HERBS.

54. A small coin—and whatever belongs to a king.

PENNYROYAL.

55. Half of a word signifying to bestow profusely—a termination—and the first syllable of a message.

LAVENDER.

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56. A fragrant flower—and a woman's name.

ROSEMARY.

57. A spice—and the place in which money is coined.

PEPPERMINT.

58. To be wise.

SAGE.

59. The measure of duration, adding one letter, and changing another.

THYME.

60. A season—and to taste agreeably.

SUMMER SAVORY.

61. To be pleasant—to spoil—and an old-fashioned word for a jug of liquor.

SWEET MARJORAM.

THE UNITED STATES.

62. A poetical term for the ocean—and a vowel.

MAINE.

63. The common word for fresh, or modern—and a county in the south of England.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

64. A word derived from the French, and signifying a Green Mountain.

VERMONT.

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65. A term much used by southern slaves—to make a choice —and three consonants.

MASSACHUSETTS.

66. A Grecian island, omitting a letter—and a place surrounded with water.

RHODE-ISLAND.

67. To join—myself—and to divide.

CONNECTICUT.

68. Something recent—and an old city in the north of England.

NEW-YORK.

69. Something fresh—and an English island on the coast of France.

NEW-JERSEY.

70. The name of a worthy and distinguished Quaker—and a word derived from the Latin, and signifying wood-land.

PENNSYLVANIA.

71. Two words that frequently precede French names—and a term for articles of merchandize.

DELAWARE.

72. The name of an English queen—and a country.

MARYLAND.

73. A maiden—and two vowels.

VIRGINIA.

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74. A point of the compass—and a female name.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

75. Another point of the compass—and the same female name

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

76. A name that has belonged to four English kings, changing one letter, and adding another.

GEORGIA.

77. The name of many kings of France—a vowel—and a female name, omitting a letter.

LOUISIANA.

78. The first syllable of a man's name—the first letter of the alphabet—a sweet herb, omitting a letter—and a vowel.

ALABAMA.

79. A number—three fourths of a bird's dwelling—and to look.

TENNESSEE.

80. A common Scotch word, signifying to know—to inclose—and the letter which is both a consonant and a vowel.

KENTUCKY.

81. An interjection—half a word, signifying lofty—and the same interjection repeated.

OHIO.

82. A savage—and a vowel.

INDIANA.

83. To be sick—a vowel—and a sound omitting the last letter

ILLINOIS.

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84. A young lady—part of a verb—to taste slightly—and half of a word signifying religious.

MISSISSIPPI.

85. A young lady—and a mahometan angel, omitting the first letter.

MISSOURI.

86. A floating house—one of the articles in grammar—and the donkey's name transposed.

ARKANSAS.

87. The first syllable of the name of an archangel—a personal pronoun—and the first syllable of a domestic water-oird.

MICHIGAN.

AMERICAN RIVERS.

88. To be lively, changing the last letter—and the beginning of many Scottish names, adding a letter.

MERRIMACK.

89. An instrument of the greatest importance in making a book—the first syllable of a tall and pointed monument of stone—and a native of North Briton.

PENOBSCOT.

90. Half of a word signifying to crowd together—and the first syllable of a small poem.

HUDSON.

91. The two first syllables of curiosity—and to turn a skin into leather.

RARITAN.

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92. The first syllable of uncertainty—three-fifths of a female sovereign—and an old-fashioned name for a woman, omitting the last letter.

SUSQUEHANNA.

93. Two syllables of the berry from which gin is made—the first syllable of a collection of maps—and a vowel.

JUNIATA.

94. The first syllable of a large troop of soldiers—and the common word for elevated or exalted.

LEHIGH.

95. The first syllable of a word that signifies but one syllable—a word meaning upon—to be lively, omitting the last letter—a pronoun—and the half of a genteel woman.

MONONGAHELA.

96. The first syllable of a well-known nut—a vowel—and a sharp point, adding a vowel.

CHESAPEAKE.

97. The abbreviation of a common Irish name—beginning of many Welsh names—and to rebuke violently, omitting the two last letters.

PATAPSCO.

98. A river in Italy—coarse flax—and the first syllable of a small and delicious cake.

POTOWMAC.

99. The dwelling of Noah during the flood—a very little word—and a carpenter's tool.

ARKANSAW.

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100 A speckled horse—and the monarch of forest-trees, transposing a consonant and changing a vowel.

ROANOKE.

101. An abbreviation of a man's name—a common word, meaning large—and a useful insect.

TOMBIGBEE.

102.

A VERY GOOD REBUS.

A word if you find, that will silence proclaim,
Which spelt backward or forward will still be the same;
And next you must search for a feminine name,
That spelt backward or forward will still be the same;
A title to houses to which you have claim,
That spelt forward or backward is still found the same;
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name,
Spelt backward or forward, is ever the same;
A note used in music, that time will proclaim,
And backward or forward, alike is its name:
The initials connected, a title will frame,
Which is justly the due of the fair married dame,
And which backward or forward, will still be the same.

MADAM.

The words that furnish the initial letters are, MUM,—ANNA,—DEED,—ANANA *(the pine-apple),—and* MINIM.

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CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a bonnet with a faded ribbon like a lamp burning dimly?

It wants new trimming.

2. Why are great singers like cheese-curd?

They require hard pressing.

3. Why is a lawyer like a poker?

He is often at the bar.

4. Why is a book like a king?

It has many pages.

5. Why is being in prison like an ink-spot?

It is hard to get out.

5. Why is going out at the front door in sleety weather, like learning to dance?

You must mind the steps.

7. Why is a book like a tree?

It is full of leaves.

8. What is often on the table, often cut, but never eaten?

A pack of cards.

9. Why are friends, separating, for a short time, like a pair of scissors?

They part to meet again.

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10. Why is a looking-glass *unlike* a giddy girl?
The one reflects without speaking, the other speaks without reflecting.

11. Why is a counterfeit note like a bar of iron?
It is forged.

12. Why is a proud woman like a music-book?
She is full of airs.

13. Why is a man that squints, like a needle that cannot be threaded?
The eye is defective.

14. Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?
It must be ground before it is used.

15. Why is an expiring candle like a child preparing for a walk?
It is going out.

16. Why is a handsome book like an indented servant?
It is bound.

17. Why is a slaughtered ox like an ell of cloth?
It is divided into five quarters.

18. Why is a pair of skates like an apple?
They have occasioned the fall of man.

19. Why is a nobleman like a book?
He has a title.

20. Why is a doctor's prescription a good thing to feed pigs with?
There are grains in it.

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21. Why is a fool's mouth like a tavern-door?
It is always open.

22. Why is a silk hat like a counterfeit passion?
It is not felt.

23. Why is a nail like a stage-horse?
It is hard driven.

24. Why is the British navy like a printing-office?
It is supported by the press.

25. Why is the letter P like Lisbon?
It is the capital of Portugal.

26. Why is a hospital like a key?
There are wards in it.

27. Why is a madman like two men?
He is a man beside himself.

28. Why are two giggling girls like chickens' wings?
They have a merry-thought between them.

29. Why is a button-hole like a cloudy sky?
It is overcast.

30. Why is a woman, churning, like a caterpillar?
She makes the butter fly.

31. Why is education like a tailor?
It forms our habits.

32 Which is the oldest tree in America?
The elder tree

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33. Why, when you go to bed, is your slipper like an unsuccessful dun?

It is put off till next day.

34. Why is a segar-smoker like an author?

He is fond of a puff.

35. Why is a judge like a person reading aloud?

He pronounces sentences.

36. Why is a fool like a very large cask?

He is a butt.

37. Why is a new book like a man that has got thro' a crowd?

It is just out of the press.

38. What trade is the name of one of the best English authors?

Goldsmith.

39. Why is a fan like a peace-maker?

It allays heat.

40. Why is a reverse of fortune like cleaning fish?

The scales are turned.

41. Why is an architect like a great actor?

He draws houses.

42. Why is a gun like a jury?

It is charged and discharged.

43. Why is a bushel like a well-digested plan?

It is a solid measure.

44. What trade never turns to the left?

Wheelwright.

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45. Why is an inferior fur hat like a severe rebuke?
It is felt.

46. Why is a hypocrite like an artist engaged in an original drawing?
He is designing.

47. Why is a drawn tooth like something forgotten?
It is out of your head.

48. Why is a bad epigram like a dull needle?
It has no point.

49. Why is an egg over-done, like one under-done?
Both are hardly done.

50. Why are handsome women like muffins?
They are often toasted.

51. Whether were knees or elbows made first?
Knees; because beasts were formed before man.

52. Why is a school-boy just beginning to read, like knowledge itself?
He is learning.

53. What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause?
A pair of snuffers.

54. What is that which, though invisible, is always in sight?
The letter I.

55. Why is the letter D like a sailor?
It follows the C—(*sea.*)

56. What does a stone become when thrown into the water?
A wet stone—(*whetstone.*)

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57. Why is opening a letter like a strange way of getting into a room?

It is breaking through the sealing—(*ceiling.*)

58. Why is a cross old bachelor like a poem on marriage?

He is averse to matrimony—(*a verse.*)

59. Why were Algiers and Malta as opposite as light and darkness?

One was governed by *deys*, the other by *knights*, (*days—nights.*)

60. If you throw up a ripe pumpkin, what will it come down?

A squash.

61. Why is a traveller sailing up the Tigris, like a man going to put his father into a sack?

He is going to Bagdad—(*Bag dad.*)

62. Why is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure?

It will hold a gallon—(*gal*, meaning *girl.*)

63. Why is a pastry-cook like an apothecary?

He sells pies and things—(*poison things.*)

64. Why is a coiner of bad money like a line in Othello?

Who steals his purse, steals trash.

65. Why is a pig with his tail curled, like the ghost in Hamlet?

He could a tale unfold—(*tail.*)

66. Why is a man marrying a coquette, like a passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

"——He gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

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67 What was yesterday, and will be to-morrow?
To-day.

68. On which side of the church does the yew-tree grow?
On the outside.

69. What is that which we often see made, but never see after it is done?
A bow.

70. Why is a poet like a toy?
He is devoted to a muse and delights in fancy—
(*amuse—infancy.*)

71. How can a person live eight years and see but two birth-days?
By being born in Leap Year, on the 29th of February.

72. Why is taking care of children like wearing spectacles?
You must keep them before your eyes.

73. If the alphabet were invited to a party, which of them would come after tea?—(*T.*)
U, V, W, X, Y, and Z.

74. What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?
Two pigs under a gate.

75. Why is a nail, driven tight into a wall, like a weak old man?
It is in firm—(*infirm.*)

76. Why is a convict, just gone to Botany Bay, like one just returned from it?
He is transported.

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77. What is majesty when divested of its externals?
A jest.

78. Why is a prison like a pack of cards?
There are knaves in it.

79. Why is an old man like a window?
He is full of pains—(*panes.*)

80. Why is the letter S like dinner?
It comes before T—(*tea.*)

81. Why is an andiron like a yard-stick?
It has three feet.

82. What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?
A good one guides miss, and a bad one mis guides.

83. What is the difference between twice five and twenty and twice twenty-five?
Twenty.

84. Why is a man of an inconstant disposition like a lock and key that fit exactly?
He is easily turned.

85. Why is a man suspended in the letter D, what all men wish to be?
He is in-D-pendant—(*independent.*)

86. Why do white sheep produce more wool than black ones?
There are more of them.

87. Why does a miller wear a white hat?
To keep his head warm.

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88. How many hoops does a good barrel want?
No hoops.

89. Where was Washington when he blew out the candle?
In the dark.

90. Why do you go to bed?
Because the bed will not come to you.

91. Why do we look over a stone wall?
We cannot look through it.

92. Which has most legs, a horse or no horse?
No horse has five legs.

93. What is most like a cat looking out of a window?
A cat looking in at a window.

94. Which is the left side of a plum-pudding?
That which is not eaten.

95. What sect will a man belong to if he wears thin clothes in winter?
The Shakers.

96. On what tree can you ride from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh?
The axle-tree.

97. In what place did the cock crow when every body in the world heard him?
In Noah's ark.

98. Why is a jew like the toll-man at a bridge?
He keeps the pass-over.

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99. What word is there of five letters that, by taking away two, leaves one?

Stone.

100. What does a man first fall against when he falls out of a three-story window?

Against his will.

101. What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

A ditch.

102. Why is a schoolmaster whipping a boy for telling a falsehood, like the god Apollo?

He strikes the liar—(*lyre.*)

103. Why is Congress like a Theatre?

It is a house of Representatives.

104. What is that word containing eight letters of which five are the same?

Oroonoko.

105. What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?

A bald head.

106. Why is a bad clergyman like a finger-post?

He points the way he never treads.

107. Why is a coachman like the clouds?

He holds the reins—(*rains.*)

108. Why is Athens like a candle-wick?

It is in the midst of Greece—(*grease.*)

109. Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?

On the head.

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110. Why is a drop of blood like a Waverley novel?
It is always red—(*read.*)

111. What three American coins will make a dollar?
Half a dollar and two quarters.

112. If you were up stairs when the house was on fire, and the stairs were away, how would you get down them?
If the stairs were not a way, you could not get down them.

113. What is that which Bonaparte never saw, but which a common man sees every day?
His equal.

114. If a bird was sitting on a peach in the orchard, and you wanted that peach, how would you procure it without disturbing the bird?
By waiting till the bird had flown.

115. If you see three pigeons on a roost, and shoot two, how many will remain?
None—as the third will fly away.

116. What word is that which contains all the vowels, and all in their proper order?
Facetiously.

117. Why is taking snuff like a ragged riding dress?
It is a bad habit.

118. Why is a hat too large for your head, like an old house in an earthquake?
It will fall about your ears.

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119. Why is a cushion stuffed with moss, like a bottle of ale left uncorked?

It soon becomes flat.

120. Why are corsets like Opposition Lines in travelling?

They reduce the fare—(*fair.*)

121. Why is a family of ugly daughters like guns with bad locks?

They do not go off well.

122. Why is a lady quitting the arm of an artist like a boat pushing off from the side of a ship?

She lets go the painter.

123. Why is a new married man like a steam-boat?

The baggage is at the risk of the owner.

124. Why is a smelling-bottle left uncorked like a hound when he comes to a river?

It loses the scent.

125. Why is a liquor merchant like a man of perpetual vivacity?

He is never out of spirits.

126. Why is a consistent man like a military coat?

He is uniform.

127. When is a dog's tail not a dog's tail?

When it is a waggon—(*wagging.*)

128. What is that which unites two, and only touches one

The wedding ring.

129. What people can never lie down long, nor wear a great coat?

Dwarfs.

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130. Why are teeth like verbs?

They are regular and irregular.

131. Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man?

He stops at the sound of wo.

132. Why is the river Delaware like a fashionable great coat?

It has two capes.

133. Why is sin like a picture frame?

It is guilt—(*gilt.*)

134. Why is a married man like a student of medicine?

He must listen to lectures.

135. Why is a poet addressing an ode to a young swan, like a Scotch Lawyer?

He is writer to the signet—(*cygnet.*)

136. What name of an English poet reminds you of the pleurisy?

Akenside.

137. Why are a fisherman and a shepherd like beggars?

They live by hook and by crook.

138. What wine is mock agony?

Champagne—(*sham-pain.*)

139. What check to ambition is there in the meaning of a church weathercock?

It is vane to a spire—(*vain to aspire.*)

140. Why is a very angry man like a clock at fifty-nine minutes past twelve?

He is ready to strike one.

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141. What is higher and handsomer when the head is off?

A pillow.

142. If a pair of spectacles could speak to the eyes, the name of what Greek author would they utter?

Eusebius—(*you see by us.*)

143. Why is a thread-bare coat like a person too soon awakened?

Both have lost their nap.

144 There has been but one king crowned in England since the Norman conquest. What king was he?

James the First. He was king of Scotland before he was king of England.

145. Two letters of the Alphabet are such good friends, that one never stirs from home without having the other to follow it. What are those two letters?

Q and U. Nothing can be spelt with Q only, unless it is followed by U.

146. Why is a schoolmaster like the letter C?

He forms lasses into classes.

147. What difference is there between live fish and fish alive?

There is *a* difference. (Because there is *a* in fish alive, and not in live fish.)

148. Why is Philadelphia like a chequer board?

It is laid out in squares.

149. Why is a nobleman's seal like a soldier?

It bears arms.

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150. What is smaller than a mite's mouth?
What goes into a mite's mouth.

151. Why is the letter G like the sun?
It is the centre of light.

152. What question is that which can only be answered by the word "yes?"
What does Y,E,S, spell?

153. What belongs to yourself, yet is used by every body more than yourself?
Your name.

154. Why is a musician like a jailor?
He fingers the keys.

155. When does a barber treat certain letters of the alphabet with severity?
When he ties up queues (*Q's,*) and puts toupees (*two P's*) in irons.

156. Why is a beggar like a baker?
They both need bread—(*knead.*)

157. What is that which every living man has seen, but never more will see again?
Yesterday.

158. Why is a fender like Westminster Abbey?
It contains the ashes of the grate—(*great.*)

159. Why is a peach-stone like a regiment?
It has always a kernal—(*colonel.*)

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160. Why is an amiable and charming girl like one letter in deep thought; another on its way towards you; another bearing a torch; and another singing psalms?

A-musing, B-coming, D-lighting, N-chanting.

161. What is that which is disgusting to all but those who swallow it?

Flattery.

162. What burns to keep a secret?

Sealing-wax.

163. Why is the king of England like a vane on a steeple?

He is the head of the church.

164. Why are the teeth of an old woman like the visits of persons who dislike each other?

They are few and far between.

165. Why is a gardener selling sweet herbs like a man reading instructive books?

He makes a profitable use of his thyme—*(time.)*

166. There is a sort of snuff which, the more you take of it, the fuller the box will be. What snuff is it?

Candle-snuff.

167. What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years?

The letter M.

168. Why is an active waiter like a race-horse?

He runs for the plate.

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169. Why is a drunken man like a windmill?
His head turns round.

170. Why is a student of theology like a merchant?
He studies the prophets—(*profits.*)

171. Why is the soul a trifle?
It is immaterial.

172. Why is a traveller landing from a steamboat at midnight like an Englishman at a French tavern?
He can get no porter.

173. Why is a hat like a king?
It has a crown.

174. Why is a man who has nothing to boast of but his ancestors, like a potato?
The best thing belonging to him is under ground.

175. Why are dancers like mushrooms?
They spring up at night.

176. Why is a disgraced minister like a melted guinea?
He has lost the king's countenance.

177. Why is a deceived woman like a little girl in leading strings?
She is miss-led—(*misled.*)

178. Why are the poker, tongs and shovel like titles of nobility?
They belong to the grate—(*great.*)

179. What makes shoes?
Straps; as, without them, shoes would be slippers.

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180. If a little thin man were to dress himself in a tall fat man's clothes, what two cities of France would he resemble?

Toulon and Toulouse—(*too long and too loose.*)

181. What is that which is the centre of joy, and principal mover of sorrow?

The letter O.

182 Why is the letter K like meal?

You cannot make cake without it.

183. Why is a drunkard like a man beating his wife?

He is given to liquor—(*lick her.*)

184. Why is a dancing master like a tree?

He is full of bows—(*boughs.*)

185. How can great K, little K, and K in a merry mood, make two islands and a continent?

They are Majorca, Minorca, and America.

186. Why is a bad piano-player like a bustling housekeeper?

She rattles the keys.

187. Why is Gibraltar like a dose of medicine?

It is hard to take.

188. Why was the celebrated Mrs. Montague like a first rate watch?*

She was always capp'd and jewell'd.

* This distinguished old lady was never seen without her diamonds.

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189. Why is death like the letter E?
It is the end of life.

190. Why is a lawyer like an honest man?
He is a man of deeds as well as words.

191. Why is a woman of no attractions like a plain quaker bonnet?
She is always without a beau—(*bow.*)

192. Why are apothecaries' shops like the gates of death?
They are always open.

193. Why are clergymen like cobblers?
They seek the good of souls—(*soles.*)

194. In what does a tailor resemble a woodcock?
In the length of his bill.

195. From whence proceeds the eloquence of an American lawyer?
From his mouth.

196. Why are geese like Opera dancers?
No other animals can stand so long on one leg.

197. What are the things that the more you add to them the fewer there will be in a pound?
Candles.

198. If I kiss you and you kiss me, what sort of riddle do we make?
A rebus—(*re-buss.*)

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199. Why ought ladies to be prevented from learning French?
One tongue is sufficient for a woman.

200. Why is the letter P like uncle's fat wife going up a hill?
It makes ant pant—(*aunt.*)

201. What servant is it, that sits with his hat on before his master?
The coachman.

202. Why is a farmer surprised at the letter G?
It will convert oats into goats.

203. Where did Lafayette go when he went out of his fourteenth year?
Into his fifteenth.

204. Whose best works are most trampled on?
A shoe-maker's; because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

205. When is a man over head and ears in debt?
When he has not paid for his wig.

206. Why is Ireland likely to grow rich?
It's capital is always Dublin—(*doubling.*)

207. What is it that every one thinks of in telling a conundrum, and every one thinks of in hearing it?
The answer.

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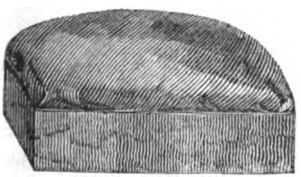
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PINCUSHIONS.



A BRICK PINCUSHION.

THESE pincushions are extremely useful when it is necessary to pin down your work to keep it steady; for instance, in quilling ruffles, covering cord, sewing long seams, hemming or tucking. Being so heavy that they can only be lifted with both hands, they sit firmly on the table, and cannot be overset by accident. Screw pincushions, it is true, answer the same purpose; but it is difficult to fasten them to a circular

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table, or any table that has not a very projecting edge; and the screws frequently wear so smooth as to become useless. A brick pincushion, when once made, will last to an indefinite period (occasionally renewing the cover), and can be used on any table, in a window ledge, or even on a chair or stool. In a chamber, they can be employed on the toilet like any other pincushion.

Get a clean new brick of a perfect shape, and cut out a piece of coarse linen or strong domestic cotton, of sufficient size to cover it; allowing enough to turn in. Lay the brick in the middle of the linen, which must then be folded in at the corners and sewed tightly with coarse thread all over the brick; making the covering as smooth and even as possible. Then cut out a bag of coarse linen, and fit it to the top of the brick, allowing it, however, about two inches larger each way; or more, if you intend it to rise very high in the middle. Stuff the bag with bran, till you get it as firm and hard as possible. It will require at least two quarts of bran, perhaps more. While doing this, you had better have the whole apparatus on a large waiter to catch what falls. Put in the bran with a spoon, and press it down hard with your fingers. When the bag

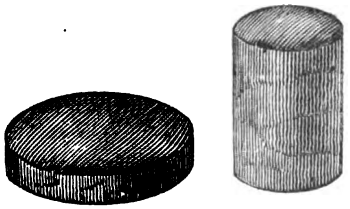
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is completely stuffed, and cannot possibly hold any more, sew up the open end. Fit the bag evenly all round to the top of the brick, and sew it fast to the linen cover; taking care to have it of a good shape, sloping down gradually on all sides from the middle.

Sew a piece of thick baize cloth to the linen on the bottom of the brick, and then put on the last cover of the whole pincushion. This outside cover may be of velvet, silk, or cloth. Fold it under at the corners very neatly, and sew it all round to meet the baize at the bottom. Then cover the seam with a binding of narrow ribbon or galloon. If you choose, you can make the cover for the top (or stuffed part of the pincushion) of a separate piece of silk, always taking care to cover the seam with a binding.

A small pincushion may be made in the same manner, only using for the foundation a little flat block of wood, instead of a brick.

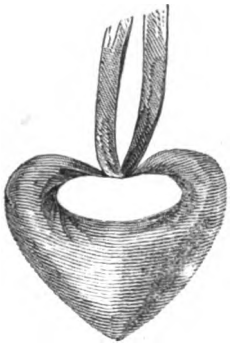
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FLANNEL PINCUSHIONS.

Take very long slips of old flannel, cut quite straight and even. For a flat pincushion, the flannel must be little more than an inch broad; for a tall one, four inches. Roll up the flannel as tightly as possible (as they roll galloon in the shops), and sew down the last end so as to secure it. Measure as much ribbon or silk as will go round the flannel, and sew it on. Then cut out circular pieces of silk, and sew them on to cover the top and bottom of the pincushion. These pincushions are more easily made than any others, and are very convenient to keep in your work-basket or reticule.

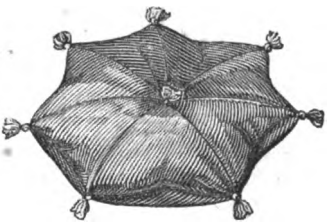
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A HEART PINCUSHION.

Cut two pieces of linen into the shape of a half-handkerchief. Sew them together, leaving a small open space at the top, and stuff them very hard with bran or wool. When sufficiently stuffed, sew up the opening and cover the pincushion with silk, sewed very neatly over the edge. Then make the two upper corners meet, and fasten them well together. This will bring the pincushion into the shape of a heart. Put a string to the top. Emery bags are frequently made in this manner. Pincushions should always be stuffed with bran, wool, or flannel. Cotton will not do.

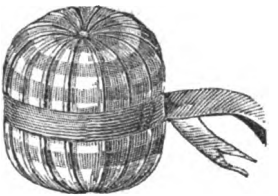
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A PINCUSHION IN GORES.

Take some thick new silk, and cut out twelve or fourteen pieces in the shape of gores or long triangles. Half of these are for the upper and half for the under side of the pincushion. Sew them all together on the wrong side, and then sew the top to the bottom, leaving an opening for the stuffing. Stuff it hard with bran. Then sew up the opening. The points of the gores must all meet in the centre, the broad ends going to the outward edge, on which, at the end of every seam, you must put a little tassel or bow, and also one in the centre. The tassel may be made of tufts of ravelled silk. These pincushions are generally for the toilet, and are made large

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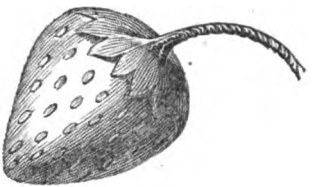
A CORDED PINCUSHION.

Cut out two round pieces of linen. Sew them together, and stuff them with bran, so as to form a round ball. Begin on the very centre of each side, and with a large needle lay coarse thread or cotton all across down to the middle of the pincushion where the binding is to come. These threads must spread out from the centre in every direction like rays; the space between them widening of course as it descends. Make them very even, and do not allow them to be loose or slack. Then take a needle threaded with sewing silk or fine crewel, and, beginning at the centre from which all the coarse

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cotton threads diverge, (they may be called cords,) work the pincushion all round by passing the needle twice under each cord, taking the stitches very close, even, and regular, and completely covering with the sewing silk both the cords and the space between them. The stitches, of course, become gradually longer as you go down towards the seam that divides the two sides of the pincushion. Supposing that you begin with pink silk, you may, after a few rounds, take another colour, for instance green, then yellow, then blue, and then brown. In this manner your pincushion will be handsomely striped, and the cords will give it a very pretty appearance, if evenly laid and well-covered. When both sides are finished, cover the seam with a binding of dark-coloured ribbon, and put on a string and bow of the same. Always begin and fasten off in a place that is afterwards to be worked over.

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A STRAWBERRY.

This pincushion is made of a piece of coarse linen, about half a quarter square, cut into two triangular or three-cornered halves, stuffed with bran and covered with scarlet cloth; which cover must be sewed neatly on the wrong side, and then turned. The top or broad part must be gathered so as to meet all round, and concealed by sewing on a small round piece of green velvet, scolloped in imitation of the cap of green leaves that surround the stem where it joins the strawberry. The stem must be imitated by sewing on a small green silk cord. To represent the seeds, the strawberry must be dotted over with small stitches, made at regular dis-

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tances with a needle-full of yellow silk, and close to each yellow stitch must be a stitch of black.

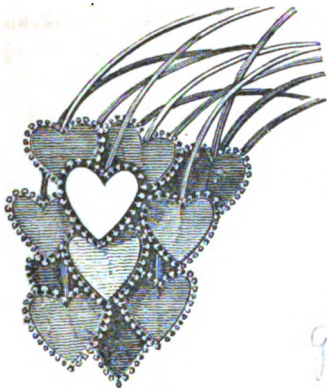
Emery bags are often made in this manner, but of course much smaller; not exceeding the size of a large real strawberry.



A BASKET PINCUSHION.

Get a very small round basket, with or without a handle. It must be closely woven, so that nothing can be seen through its sides. Make, of coarse linen, stuffed with wool or bran, a round pincushion exactly to fit the basket. Cover the top of it with velvet or silk, and put it into the basket, sewing it firmly to the inside of the rim. This is for a toilet-table.

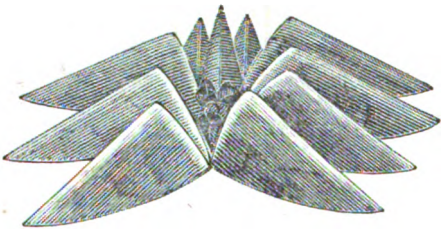
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A BUNCH OF HEARTS.

Cut out ten or twelve small hearts of double pasteboard; that is, two pieces of pasteboard for each heart. Cover them with different shades of red silk, crimson, scarlet, and pink, sewing them very neatly at the edges. Sew a string of narrow ribbon to the top of each, and tie the ends of all the strings together. Stick pins round the edge of each pincushion where the two sides unite. These bunches of hearts look very pretty when hung on a toilet-glass.

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A BUNCH OF ROOTS.

This is a toilet pincushion. Cut out of coarse linen or muslin, eight or ten pincushions of the shape that is called a right-angled triangle, or a half handkerchief; stuff them with wool or bran and then sew up the ends. Cover them with silk. Fasten them all together at the top by the upper point or corner of each, and put a large bow of ribbon at the centre where they meet.

When stood on the table, these pincushions will spread out all round, resting on their broad parts

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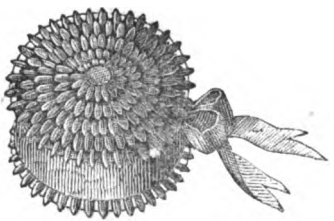


A STAR PINCUSHION.

Cut out two stars of paste-board. Cover them with yellow silk, or any other colour that is convenient. Sew them neatly together over the edge, and round the edge stick small pins. Some of the pins must be inserted deeper or farther down than others, so as to resemble rays issuing from each point of the star. The pincushions are to hang up beside a toilet glass, and are more

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for ornament than use; as taking out or disturbing the pins, of course, destroys the symmetry with which they are arranged. However, they are easily made, and to stick the pins in proper order may afford a few minutes of amusing occupation to a little girl. They also look very pretty.



A MELON-SEED PINCUSHION.

Make a flat circular pincushion in the manner of those stuffed with flannel, and cover it with silk. Have ready a sufficient quantity of musk-melon seeds, clean and

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dry. With a strong needle pierce a hole through the broad end of every one. String them on threads, or on needle-fulls of buff-coloured silk of various lengths. Begin at the centre of the pincushion, and sew on the strings of melon-seeds; every row or circle fitting in neatly between the seeds of the preceding one. The circle or strings of course increase in circumference as you approach the outer edge of the pincushion. Do both sides in the same manner. The last row of seeds that finishes the outer edge must be strung on a fine wire; and in the finishing row insert between each seed two little glass beads of the very smallest size, and of the same colour as the silk of the pincushion; blue or pink, for instance. The outer row, that is, the one that is stiffened with wire, must project a little beyond the edge of the pincushion.

The pins are stuck in the binding that is inserted between the two sides. Fasten to it a long string of ribbon.

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A BOOT PINCUSHION.

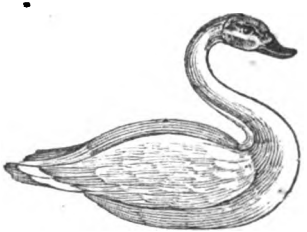
Cut two pieces of paste-board into the shape of a boot, in length about equal to that of a grown person's middle finger, or larger if you choose. Cover them with black silk. Put between them several pieces of flannel, cut into the same shape. Unite the two sides of the boot, by inserting, between the edges of each, a binding of black galloon.

When this is done, cover the top or upper part of the boot, on both sides, with a bit of thick buff coloured

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ribbon, about an inch or an inch and a half broad, to look like the light leather tops on real boots. Then sew on, at each side of the top, a loop of buff-coloured galloon, to resemble the straps by which boots are drawn on.

The pins are to be stuck in the galloon-binding that unites the two sides of the boot.



A SWAN PINCUSHION.

Get two swans handsomely drawn on Bristol-board or fine white paste-board. They must be exactly alike, and represented as swimming, so that the lower part

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may be flat, which will enable the pincushion when finished to stand upright. Cut them neatly out of the paste-board. Make a thin flat pincushion the shape of the swan, growing thinner and flatter as it approaches the neck. This pincushion must be made of white silk, filled with a little wool or with pieces of flannel cut into the same shape, and united at the two edges with the very narrow white ribbon commonly called taste. There need be no head to it, as the heads of the two painted swans will come together at the top.

Then sew very neatly, and with as few stitches as possible, a swan to each side of the pincushion, uniting them gradually at the neck and head.

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A WOMAN PINCUSHION.

Get a small doll's head and arms, of the material called composition. Make a body and upper parts for

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the arms of kid stuffed with bran. Then fasten the head and arms to the body.

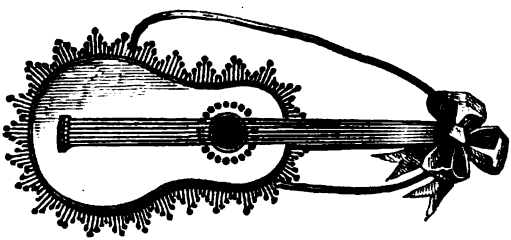
Make a coarse linen pincushion, something in the shape of a bee-hive, and stuff it very hard with bran. The bottom or lower extremity must be flat, and covered with thick paste-board that it may stand firmly. Then cover the whole pincushion with velvet or silk, and dress the doll with body and sleeves of the same, or of white satin. The pincushion represents the skirt, and you must sew it firmly to the body, concealing the join by a sash or belt. You may put a handsome trimming on the skirt.

Make a hat or bonnet for the doll's head, and dress her neck with a scarf or handkerchief.

The pins are to be stuck into the pincushion or skirt at regular distances in little clusters or diamonds, or four together, so as to look like spangles.

This pincushion is for a toilet-table.

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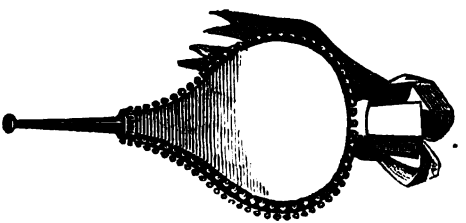
A GUITAR PINCUSHION.

Take two pieces of thick paste-board, and cut them into the shape of a guitar. Cover them with brown or buff silk. Having put a flannel between, sew them together at the edge. Represent the strings by gold thread, or yellow sewing-silk. At the place where the strings terminate, work a little upright ridge in button-hole stitch or overcast. Fasten a narrow ribbon with a small bow to the top of the handle.

Stick the pins round the edge of the guitar.

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NEEDLE BOOKS.



A BELLOWS NEEDLE-BOOK.

Cut two pieces of thick paste-board into the shape of a pair of bellows and cover them with silk. Or you may have four pieces of covered paste-board in the bellows shape, uniting two of each by a narrow ribbon sew-

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ed all round between, to a stuffing of wool. This makes the sides of the bellows thicker and handsomer, but is more difficult to do, or rather more tedious. Get two pieces of cloth; cut them nearly as large as the bellows, and overcast their edges. These are the flaps for needles. Sew them to one of the halves of the bellows on the inside. Then sew the two sides of the bellows together by a few tight stitches at the bottom or narrowest part, leaving a small open space for the insertion of the bodkin, which forms the nose or spout of the bellows. To secure the bodkin more firmly, make a little loop of sewing silk on the inside of the bellows about an inch from the bottom, and slip the bodkin under the loop and through the aperture below.

Sew strings of narrow ribbon to the handle of the bellows, and tie them tightly over it, when the needle-book is not in use. Stick pins along the edge which forms the pincushion part.

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A THISTLE NEEDLE-BOOK.

Take some thick wire, and wrap it round closely with green sewing silk, or narrow green hank ribbon. Then

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cut large leaves of green cloth, and stiffen them with wire sewed on the under side. Sew the leaves to the stalk. These leaves are to stick the needles in.

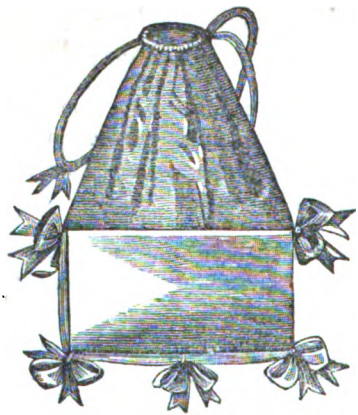
Make a ball of linen stuffed with emery, and cover it with green velvet, worked or crossed with yellow sewing-silk in the form of diamonds. This ball may be about the size of a hazel-nut.

Cut a piece of paste-board into the shape of a funnel; the bottom exactly fitting the emery-ball, but the upper part spreading out wide. Have also a flat circular piece of paste-board, cut out to lay on the top of this. Cover both these things with lilac silk, and sew the flat top to the funnel-shaped piece. This, when sewed to the emery-ball, forms the thistle flower, which must, when finished, be fastened to the stalk.

Stick pins round the seam at the upper edge of the flower.

This little contrivance answers the purpose of needle-book, emery bag, and pincushion, and is to be kept in a work-box.

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A NEEDLE-BOOK WORK-BAG.

Make a needle-book precisely as described in the next article. Then take a quarter and a half quarter of silk, and cut it in half, as if to make a square reticule. Sew the two sides together, inserting a covered cord between them. Do not sew the sides all the way down, but terminate the seams at some distance from the bottom, so as to leave two open flaps large enough to conceal the

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thread-case. Then stitch a seam all across, just above the flaps, so as to form a sort of false bottom to the bag. To this seam sew the back of the thread-case, in such a manner that the flaps of the bag will fall over and conceal it. Sew five pair of ribbon strings on these flaps, so as to tie them down over the needle-book.

Get two yards of narrow ribbon; cut it in half, and run it into the broad hem or case at the top of the bag. Run each ribbon all round the case, the ends coming out at opposite sides to make the bag draw both ways. Tie these ends together in bows.

These bags are very convenient in travelling, or when you take your work with you on a visit.

To cover cord—take some new silk, and cut it into long narrow slips, diagonally, or bias as it is commonly called. Sew all these slips together by the ends that slope the same way. Then take some cotton cord, and, laying the silk evenly over it, baste or tack it along, so as to inclose the cord. In afterwards sewing this to the straight side of a piece of silk, hold the silk next to you and let your stitches be very short.

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A VERY CONVENIENT NEEDLE-BOOK.

Have ready four pieces of paste-board about the size of playing-cards, or broader if you choose. Cover them on both sides, with silk sewed neatly over the edges. Get some ribbon of the same colour, and about an inch broad. Sew it between two of the covered cards, so as to unite them all round, leaving only an opening at one end to put in the stuffing. Stuff it very tightly with

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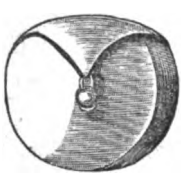
wool or bran, which must be pressed down with your fingers as hard as possible, and then sew up the opening. This makes a pincushion which will look like a closed book, and the pins are to be stuck into its edges. Then get a piece of cloth nearly twice as large as the pincushion, and overcast the edges with silk. Fold it in half, and, at the edge where it is folded, run two or three cases or sockets for bodkins, which must be prevented from slipping down too far by a few stitches across that part of the socket to which the point of the bodkin descends. The eyes of the bodkins must be left sticking out at the tops of the cases.

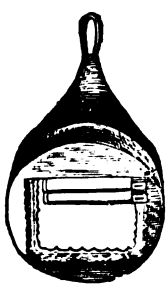
Take the two remaining cards that are covered with silk, and measure two pieces of silk twice the size of the cards. These are for the pockets. Having made a case in the top of each pocket, and run a narrow ribbon into it, gather them all round, and sew them on full to the outsides of these two last covered cards, which must then be sewed one to each side of the pincushion, having first inserted the needle-flaps. They must be put on so as to resemble the covers of a book, with the back of the pincushion between them like the back of a book. Sew strings of ribbon at the two lower corners. At the two upper corners, the ends of the drawing-strings in the top

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of the pockets must come out and tie. Ornament the back of the book with two bows, one at top, and one at bottom.

The pockets are to contain the thimble, emery-bag, cotton-spool, &c. They will also hold a small pair of scissors, in a sheath. When the thread-case is not in use, it must always be carefully tied up.





A PINCUSHION NEEDLE-BOOK.

Make a flannel pincushion in the manner already described. Let it be of a flat-sided form, and about as

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arge as a dollar, and an inch thick. Make a round ball of velvet or thick silk, lined with linen and stuffed with emery. You can get emery in small quantities either at the druggist's or the hardware stores. The emery-ball should be about the size of a large hazel-nut. Sew it firmly to the centre of one of the flat sides of the pincushion. Get a piece of pasteboard, cut it of a circular form to fit the flat side of the pincushion, and cover this pasteboard with silk. Then, with a piece of silk twice the size of the pasteboard, make a pocket with a case at the top. Gather the pocket, and sew it to the pasteboard as in the needle-book first described. Make an eyelet hole in the middle of the case, and run in galloon, securing it at the ends. This is to draw the top of the pocket.

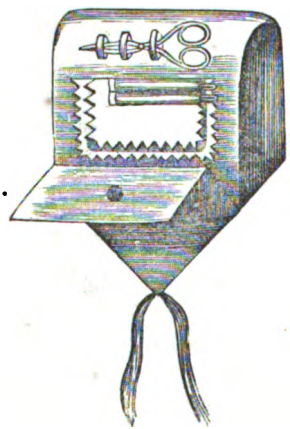
Prepare two circular flaps of cloth to stick the needles in; overcast the edges and run them together near the back, so as to form a socket for a bodkin. Then sew them on the pincushion; but not, of course, on the side that has the emery-ball. Then sew on the round piece of covered pasteboard, as a lid to conceal the needle-flaps. To the upper edge of this lid sew a loop of gal-'oon, and pull down the loop to the other side of the pincushion, so as to hitch over the emery-ball, which

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will thus serve as a button to confine it. This is the fastening of the needle-book.

If you want a string, sew it to the lower part of the edge of the pincushion.

These pincushion needle-books are easily made, and are very useful.



A THREE-SIDED NEEDLE-BOOK.

In making this needle-book, the first thing is to form the pincushion, which is thus constructed;—Take some

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pasteboard and cut it into three oblong pieces of equal size. They may be about six inches in length, and three in breadth. Cut a small round hole in one of them, and insert in it a socket for a thimble. This socket is sunk in the pincushion, is made of pasteboard, and must exactly fit the thimble, which is to go in with the end downwards.

Cover the three pieces of pasteboard with thick silk, and sew them all together in the form of a prism, or so that the shape of the pincushion will be three-sided. Close one end with a triangular piece of covered pasteboard, and stuff the pincushion hard with wool or bran. Then close up the other end.

Take a double piece of silk about half a quarter of a yard in length, and the width of the pincushion, to one side of which you must sew it. Sew this silk neatly all round the edge, and finish the other end by bringing it to a point. Inside of this silk, put two cloth flaps for needles, with bodkin-cases run in them. You may, if you choose, add three silk straps, under which can be slipped a pair of small scissors. Put strings to the pointed end of the needle-book, and, when you are not using it, keep it rolled round the pincushion, and tied fast.

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RETICULES



A DOLL BAG.

Get a doll's head, of composition. Make a square bag out of a quarter of a yard of silk, and run a case for a drawing-string at the top. Sew the shoulders of the

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doll to the bag, just below the case. You can pass the needle through the hole made for that purpose in the composition. Having run a ribbon into the case, draw it up closely round the doll's neck. Make two arms of stuffed linen, and cover them with long loose sleeves of the same silk as the bag. Sew the arms to the inside of the bag, and bring them out at the two slits or openings, that are left at the sides near the case.

Make a very small pincushion of a little slip of flannel, rolled tightly up and covered with silk. It must be of a cylindrical form. Get two small pieces of cloth; overcast or scollop the edges, and sew them on one side of the pincushion as flaps to hold needles. Then sew on over all a small piece of fur, in such a manner as to hang down and conceal the needle-flaps. When the pincushion is finished in this manner, with the fur over it, it will look like a little muff; and the doll's hands must be sewed fast under the fur to seem as if they were thrust into the muff. The fur must be put on so as to be lifted up to get the pins or needles.

Make a quilted bonnet for the doll's head. She will look like a lady going out with a cloak and muff.

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These bags are very convenient to hang up in the sitting-room, as they not only furnish pins and needles, but they afford a convenient receptacle for the scraps and shapings that are left in cutting out work. As the very smallest pieces of linen or muslin are useful to the paper makers, it is wrong to throw them away or to burn them.



A CIRCULAR RETICULE.

Take half a yard of silk, and cut it into two equal parts, so that there will be a quarter of a yard in each. Sew together the selvage ends of these two pieces so as

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to make a ring. In the middle of one of the breadths of silk, cut a slit of about half a quarter in length, or a little more. Lay narrow ribbon all round the inside of this slit, and sew it down so as to form a case for the strings; work the eyelet holes on the outside of the case. Gather the silk at top and bottom with four gathering threads, dividing it into quarters.

Prepare two circular pieces of thick pasteboard. They must be about the size of a dollar. Cover them neatly with silk, and mark them into four equal divisions, which may be done with bits of white thread. Then take the silk that forms the bag, and sew it on the inside all round these pieces of pasteboard, making the divisions or quarters match exactly. Run the strings into the case, and the bag will be finished.

These reticules, though they do not look large, will hold a great deal. They may be made very handsome, by covering the two circular pieces of pasteboard with white satin, and painting on them small devices in water colours; something in the style of watch-papers.

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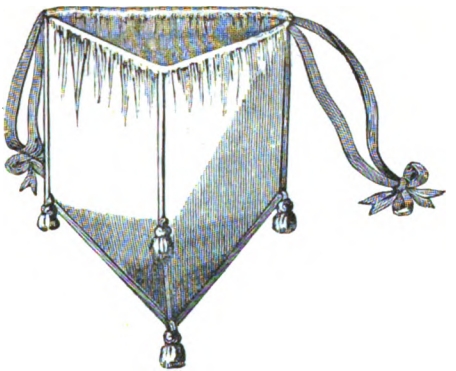


A BASKET RETICULE.

Get a small open-work basket of a circular form, and without handles. Then take a piece of silk about a quarter and half-quarter in depth, and make it into a square bag, leaving it open at the bottom as well as at the top. Gather or plait the bottom of the silk, and putting it down into the basket, sew it all round to the basket-bottom. The silk will thus form a lining for the open sides of the basket.

Run a case for a ribbon round the top of the bag.

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A THREE-SIDED RETICULE.

Cut your silk into three pieces of equal size. Each must be about a quarter of a yard in depth, and half a quarter wide. The sides of each must be straight till within a finger's length of the bottom; they must then be sloped off to a point. Sew those three pieces of silk together, (inserting a covered cord between the seams,) and make them all meet in a point at the bottom. Put a tassel or bow at each corner, and one at the bottom.

Hem down the top, and run a ribbon into it.

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A POCKET-BOOK RETICULE.

These reticules are frequently made of white hair-cloth, and embroidered with floss silk; but as these materials may not be conveniently procured, we will recommend thick gros-de-nap, lined with stiff linen, muslin, or buckram. Half a yard of silk will be sufficient. Cut it into the shape of a large pocket-book, and cord the sides and round the flap. Fasten down the flap with two small silk buttons, and a loop of narrow rib-

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bon or galloon. The handles are made of two very stiff but slender rolls of gros-de-nap, cut bias, and filled as tight as possible with a roll of wadding. These handles must be very firm and hard, and sewed with great neatness. Put ribbon bows at the corners.



A PLAITED RETICULE.

For this reticule, you must have three quarters of a yard of silk, and a yard of thick narrow watch-

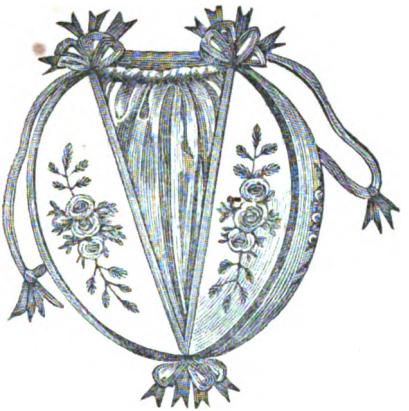
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ribbon, which must be cut into four pieces of equal length.

Cut off first a quarter of a yard of the silk and lay it aside to line the upper part of the bag. Then cut out the bag, dividing the silk into two pieces. Each side of the bag must be the whole breadth of the silk (to allow for plaiting,) and a quarter and half quarter in depth. The top is to be cut into large scollops, three on each side.

On each side of the bag, baste two rows (one above another) of even regular plaits, and stitch down on them the pieces of narrow ribbon,—the upper and lower plaits should turn different ways. Then baste on a muslin lining, which need not extend to the top, as the scollops are to be lined with silk. Cover a cord and insert it between the two sides of the bag, and all round the scollops at the top. After the sides are sewed together, make a case just below the scollops, and run in the strings. Put a bow of ribbon at each corner of the bottom.

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A MELON RETICULE.

A very pretty reticule may be made in this manner. Cut four pieces of pasteboard into an elliptical or oval shape; perhaps they had better be somewhat pointed towards the top and bottom. They should be a quarter of a yard deep, and half a quarter in width. Split two of them down the middle, so as to make four half pieces, and let the other two remain oval. Cover them all

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with silk, and bind them neatly with narrow ribbon; or else insert a covered cord between the edges.

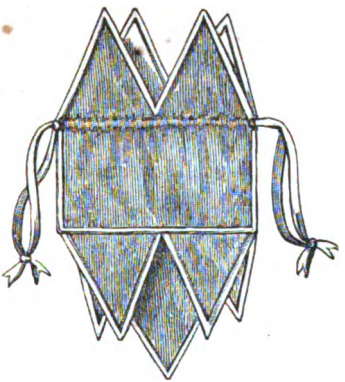
Sew the curved sides of the half-pieces to the two curved sides of the whole pieces. This will leave the straight sides of the half pieces inward.

Make a square bag of a quarter of a yard of silk. Run a case in the top, and gather the bottom so as to draw it up quite close. Unitè the bag to the pieces of covered pasteboard, by sewing them all together at the bottom, so that they shall all meet in as small a space as possible.

Make eyelet holes near the top of the outside or whole pasteboards, and, when you run the string into the case at the upper edge of the bag, pass the ends of the ribbon through these eyelet holes in the pasteboard, so that it will draw both ways, and connect at the top the silk part of the reticule with the pasteboard.

Prepare three handsome bows of ribbon, and sew one at the bottom of the reticule, and the others at the top. The pasteboards of these reticules may be covered with white satin and handsomely painted. In this case the bags and ribbon should be pink or blue.

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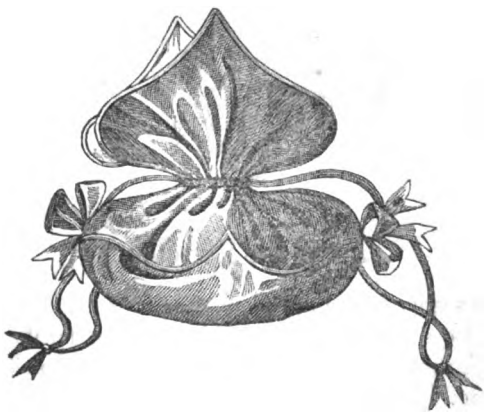


A POINTED RETICULE.

Get a quarter and a half quarter of silk; cut it in two pieces, after having taken off a slip for the four outside points. The two pieces are to form the sides of the bag. They must each be cut out with two points at the top, and one large point at the bottom. Then cut out the four additional points. Cord the whole with silk of a different colour, and line them all with the same as the cording.

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Then sew the two sides together, inserting a cord between. Next sew on the four outside points, two on each side, so as to hang downwards; finishing their straight edge with a cord sewed also to the reticule. Make a case just below the top-points, and run in a narrow ribbon.



A HALBERT-SHAPED RETICULE.

Take a quarter and half-quarter of silk. Cut off and lay aside a half-quarter to line the top. Then cut out

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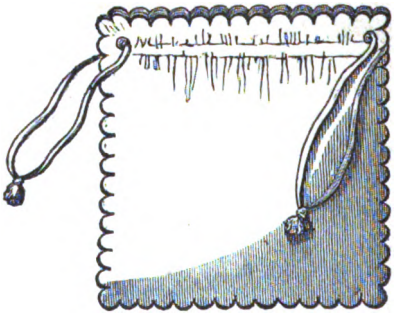
the two sides of the bag, which must be rounded at the bottom, and terminating in a point at the top. It must also be rounded at the upper corner. Line the lower part with muslin, and the inside of the top with silk, sewing a covered cord all round.

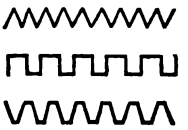
Sew together the two sides of the bag, and make a case where the silk lining leaves off.

Get some satin piping-cord, and sew a row of it on the outside of the bag, so as to correspond in form with the shape of the top. Put on two bows of ribbon, one at each side, and run in the strings.

The ribbon and piping-cord had better be of a different colour from the silk of which the bag is made; for instance, a purple reticule may be trimmed with blue; a green one with pink, &c.

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A DIMITY RETICULE.

Little girls will find these reticules very convenient for common use, as they can be washed.

Take a quarter of a yard of fine cambric dimity, of the very narrowest cord, and split it in two. Cut the

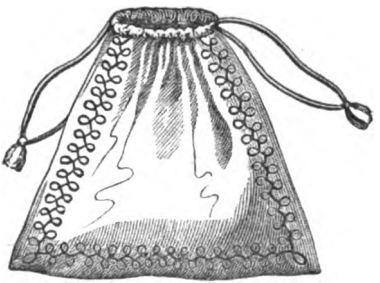
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shape of a small scollop or point out of an old card or a bit of thick paper. Laying this on the dimity, draw a row of points or scollops all round, taking care not to go too near the edge, and turning the corners handsomely. The drawing may be done with a lead pencil, or the point of a fine camel's-hair brush, dipped in wet indigo or prussian blue. Baste or tack the two sides of the bag together, and following the outline of the scollops, run them along with very neat short stitches; taking care always to stick the needle through both sides, as it is that which unites them.

When you have done running the scollops, cut them out with a pair of sharp scissors, but avoid cutting too close to the stitches. Then turn the bag right side outwards, and with the blunt end of a bodkin poke out the scollops into their proper shape. Get some tape and sew it all round the inside of the bag, about two inches from the top. This will form the case, into which you must run strings of white cotton cord.

These bags may be made of cambric-muslin, or small-figured gingham.

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A BRAIDED RETICULE.

Cut out two pieces of new cambric-muslin, or fine cambric-dimity. Each piece must be a quarter of a yard wide, and a quarter and a nail in depth, to allow

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for the case at the top. Have ready a pattern for braiding, drawn with a pen and ink on a slip of thick white paper, and baste it under the muslin, not too close to the edge. Take a piece of narrow worsted braid of any colour you like, (but scarlet, black, or dark blue will be the most durable,) and having wound it in a ball, stitch it neatly with sewing-silk on the muslin; taking care not to draw it too tightly so as to pucker it, and be sure to follow the pattern exactly. Then sew together the two sides of the bag, make the case at the top, and run in a white cotton cord.

When this bag is washed, it must not be scalded or boiled, as hot water will take the colour out of the braid.

You may make a very pretty reticule of small-figured blue or pink gingham, ornamented with white cotton braid.

Braiding is a sort of work that can be done very expeditiously. The above are some of the easiest patterns.

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A COURT-PLASTER CASE.

Cut out of thick paper a model of the case, which is a square of about four inches, with a semicircular leaf projecting from each side; these four leaves when they are folded down shut in the court-plaster.

Lay the model on a piece of fine white drawing-paper, and trace the size and shape with a pencil. Then cut it out. With water-colours paint a narrow border all round, and both on the inside and outside, and also a pretty little device on the back. Write on the inside with red ink these lines:—

"If knife or pin should hand or face offend,
This little case its healing help will lend"

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A MATCH BOX.

Get a very small tumbler, such a one as is generally sold for sixpence. Cover the outside with fine coloured paper, blue, pink, lilac, or light green, pasted on very smoothly and evenly. When it is dry, paste a border or binding of gold paper round the top or upper edge of the tumbler, and ornament it all over with small sprigs, stars, or spots, cut also out of gilt paper.

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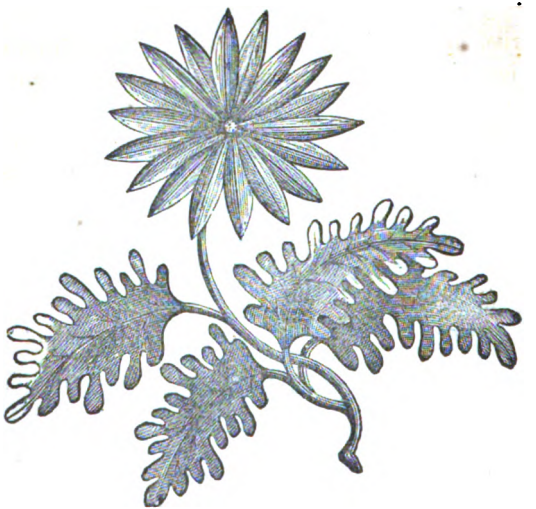
You must next have recourse to a colour-box for some burnt-umber, and a fine camel's-hair pencil. The umber is a handsome brown colour; rub a little of it on a plate or saucer, and with the camel's-hair pencil trace a dark narrow line close under the lower edge of the gold border, and also along the right-hand edge of every one of the spots or sprigs; but on no account continue the dark line round both sides of the gold ornaments, as that will destroy the effect. If properly done, the dark-brown shade, on one side of the gold, will make all the ornaments look as if they were relieved or raised from the surface.

Then fill the box with paper-matches, and keep it on the mantel-piece.

In pasting the coloured paper on the tumbler, you can leave a vacant space, which may be occupied by a handsome little engraved picture, bordered with gold.

In making matches, cut the paper into long straight narrow slips, an inch or two wide. Fold them two or three times, and stroke them down between your fore-finger and thumb, pressing them very hard with your thumb-nail, so as to make them firm and even.

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A RIDDLE FLOWER.

Procure some fine pink, blue, or yellow paper, and cut out thirty-six leaves, all exactly alike. The form must be a narrow oval, diminishing to a point at each

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end; the size about six inches long, and two inches wide at the broadest part.

Write, in very small neat letters, a conundrum on each leaf, and put the solution on the back, or under side. Cut out of green paper, four large leaves, resembling those of the oak, and write an enigma on each with the answer on the back. Make a fold or crease down the middle of each flower-leaf and unite them all in the centre with a needle and thread; so that they spread out all round, resembling a dahlia.

For the stalk, prepare some wire, covered with narrow green ribbon wrapped closely round it. With a needle, fasten the green leaves to this stalk, and then put on the flower. In the centre of the flower, put a small circular piece of pasteboard or card, painted yellow so as to imitate the stamina, and sew it on neatly to conceal the place where all the leaves come together. Fasten a similar little piece to the back of the flower where the stem is joined to it.

Three or four of these flowers, in a tumbler or flower-glass, make a handsome ornament for a centre table and the riddles, if well selected, will afford amusement to visiters.

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A DANCING DOLL.

Draw, on fine pasteboard or Bristol-board, a doll about a foot high, and paint her face and hair handsomely; then cut her out. Make, separately from the

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doll, a pair of pasteboard arms, and a pair of legs of the same material; and paint the hands and feet. The doll's waist must be covered with a body or corsage of silk or satin, lined and made shapely with a little wadding. Cover the arms with white sleeves of crape or thin muslin; let them be wide and full, and confine them at the wrist. Sew on the arms to the shoulders or bust of the doll. They should be made as if she were holding out her frock with them.

Prepare a silk skirt, and plait it on to the doll's waist, concealing the join with a belt or sash. You may add an apron of thin crape, trimmed with ribbon, and tucked up at one corner with a small flower.

Put silk shoes on her feet, having sewed on the legs of the doll in such a manner that they will move easily from the knees.

Take a small spool or ball of black sewing-silk. Pass one end of it through the body of the doll, and having made a large knot on this end, tie it to the bar of a chair. Slip the doll along the thread of silk till she is about a yard from the chair. Then place yourself in front of her, holding the spool in your hand; you may

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stand two yards from the doll. Jerk the thread up and down so as to move the doll, and make her feet go as if they were dancing.

When you are about to put her away, draw in the thread close to her back (the knot will prevent its coming through), wind up the spool, and lay it with the doll in her box or drawer.

There must be a flat skirt of pasteboard under the silk skirt to shape it out; and to the middle of this pasteboard the legs must be loosely fastened, but not so as to endanger their dropping off.

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itation of fingers; therefore, all you can do is to round off the hands in as shapely a manner as possible.

Next, cut out two pieces of linen for the back and front of the doll's body, and give the waist a handsome tapering shape. Afterwards cut out the legs from the hips to the knees; and then, in two separate pieces, the legs from the knees to the ancles; shaping them well. Lastly, cut out the feet in four pieces, two for each side.

All these different parts of the doll must be sewed separately, stuffed tightly with bran, and then strongly sewed up at the ends. They must be stuffed so hard that they cannot be dented.

The head must be made of a good shape and well rounded. To stiffen the neck (which would otherwise droop down, and hang about as if broken) take a smooth round stick, near six inches or half a foot long, and as thick as a man's thumb; thrust this stick into the neck, among the bran, passing one end up into the head, and leaving enough of the other end to go down into the breast. If the bran has been stuffed in sufficiently tight and firm, it will keep this stick quite steady, and the head will always be erect.

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The next thing is to sew the different parts of the arms together, so as to make joints at the elbows and wrists; and then cover them entirely, from the shoulders to the termination of the hands, with fine white linen nicely fitted. Then sew together the different parts of the legs, making joints at the knees and ancles, and cover them also with fine linen. This outside covering will not prevent the joints from bending. Next, cover the head, neck, and breast with fine linen. In sewing the outer covering on the head, great care and nicety is requisite in turning in the folds and wrinkles of the linen. These folds and wrinkles must be so managed as to come as much as possible to the back and top of the head, leaving the face with a smooth and even surface.

When all the different parts are completed, they must be put together, and sewed very firmly with strong thread. That is, the head, neck, and breast of the doll must be sewed to the body, the arms must be sewed to the shoulders, and the legs to the lower part of the body.

When the doll is so far completed, her face must be handsomely painted in water-colours, so as to represent

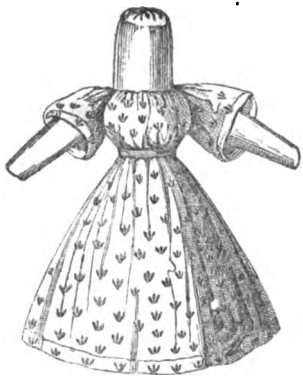
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cheeks, eyes, nose, and mouth; hair must also be painted to look as if curling all over the back of her head, and round her forehead. When the face becomes soiled, it can be renewed by sewing on a new piece of linen, and painting it again.

A linen doll of this description can easily be made to sit alone on the floor, to kneel, and to bend her arms in any position. As has been explained, the joints are formed by making the doll in so many separate pieces, and then sewing them all together. The proportion of each part should be well observed.

You may make gloves for her out of the arms of old kid gloves, and also boots or shoes of the same. Her stockings may be made of the tops of fine old stockings. If properly drest in a nice frock and petticoats (like a baby for instance) this doll will look extremely well; particularly if her face is prettily painted: and she will be found an excellent plaything even for a little girl of seven or eight years old, who may take pleasure in making clothes for her.

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A COMMON LINEN DOLL.

These dolls are easily made, and answer every purpose for very small children. They may be of any size, from a quarter of a yard long to a finger's length. Some little girls make a dozen of these dolls together and play at school with them.

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Fold a piece of linen or thick muslin in half, and then roll it up as tightly as possible. The upper end of the roll is to represent the doll's head, which must be gathered on the top with a needle and thread and then drawn closely together, and sewed up in the centre. The roll must then be sewed half way down, beginning at the back of the head, and continuing as far as what is intended for the bottom of the waist. From the waist the linen must go loose, and be made to spread out as widely as possible; so as to form something like a petticoat. Cut the linen quite even at the lower edge, that the doll may stand steadily.

Get a piece of calico or gingham for the frock, sew it up behind, and then hem the bottom. Turn in the top and gather it. Put it on the doll, and draw it up closely round the neck, fastening it behind with a few stitches. Form the waist of the frock, by wrapping a thread or small string tightly round it, and drawing it in as small as possible.

For the arms, roll up two small pieces of linen sew them up, and cover the upper part of each with a little of the same calico as the frock, to represent a short sleeve. Then sew the arms to the doll, just above the top of the frock.

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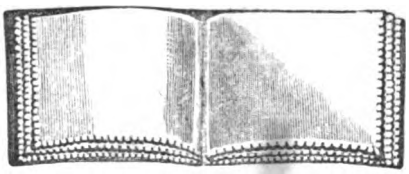


A BLACK DOLL

May be made in the same manner as the preceding. The linen part must have an outside covering of black silk or black canton crape. The frock should be of domestic gingham or calico, and she should have a check apron. A white muslin cap on her head will greatly improve her appearance.

You may make a whole family of these linen dolls, representing a mother and several children, among them a baby. A black one may then be added as a servant.

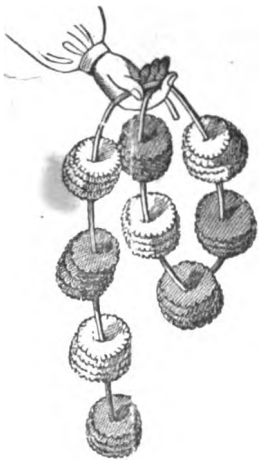
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A PEN-WIPER.

Take two old playing-cards, and cover them on both sides with silk, sewed neatly over the edges. Then sew the cards together, so as to resemble the cover of a book. To form the leaves of the book, prepare six or eight pieces of canton crape; double them, and cut them to fit the cover. With a pair of sharp scissors scollop them all round, and then lay them flat and even on the cover, and sew them in with a needle-full of sewing-silk. On these leaves of canton crape the pens are to be wiped. Black is the best colour.

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ANOTHER PEN-WIPER.

Cut out a great number of pieces of canton-crape, about the size of half a dollar, and of as many different colours as you can procure. Lay them evenly in sep-

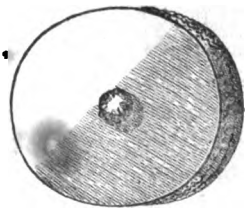
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arate piles, let one pile be black, another red; some piles blue, and some green. Let there be an equal number of pieces in each pile. Then stick a needle with a thread of silk in it, through the centre of each pile, and fasten the pieces together. When all your various piles are ready, make a small hole through the middle of each, with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and run a silk cord through them all, as if you were stringing beads; arranging the different colours according to your taste. You may make the string of pen-wipers of any length, from a quarter of a yard to a whole yard.

These are very useful to hang over a desk where a great deal of writing is done, and may be acceptable presents from little girls to their fathers.

They will look the better for having the edges scolloped. You may either fasten each cluster of pieces permanently to the string, so as to remain stationary, or you may leave them to slip up and down like beads.

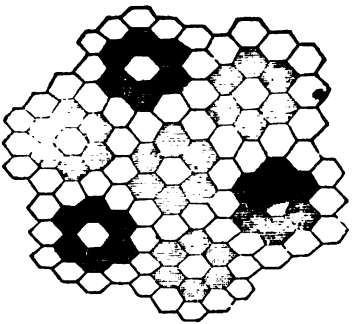
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A THIRD PEN-WIPER.

Cut out two circular pieces of pasteboard about the size of a dollar, or larger if you choose, and cover them with silk on both sides. Then get some canton crape; cut it into round pieces to fit the covered pasteboard, and scollop their edges in very small points. You may prepare eight or ten pieces. Put the leaves of crape between the two pasteboards, and fasten them all in the centre, stitching them through and through with strong silk and a coarse needle. Conceal the fastening, by covering it on each side with a tuft of ravelled or floss silk of a bright colour.

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HEXAGON PATCH-WORK.

Little girls often find amusement in making patch-work quilts for the beds of their dolls, and some even go so far as to make cradle-quilts for their infant brothers and sisters.

Patch-work may be made in various forms, as stars, triangles, diamonds, waves, stripes, squares, &c. The outside border should be four long strips of calico, all of the same sort and not cut into patches. The dark and light calico should always be properly contrasted in arranging patch-work.

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Children may learn to make patch-work by beginning with kettle-holders, and iron-holders; and for these purposes the smallest pieces of calico may be used. These holders should be lined with thick white muslin, and bound all round with tape; at one corner there should be a loop by which to hang them up. Blower-holders are very convenient for the use of servants, to save their hands from scorching when they remove the blower from the coal-grate.

Perhaps there is no patch-work that is prettier or more ingenious than the hexagon, or six-sided; this is also called honeycomb-patch-work. To make it properly you must first cut out a piece of pasteboard of the size you intend to make the patches, and of a hexagon or six-sided form. Then lay this model on your calico, and cut your patches of the same shape, allowing them a little larger all round for turning in at the edges.

Of course the patches must be all exactly of the same size. Get some stiff papers (old copy-books or letters will do) and cut them also into hexagons precisely the size of the pasteboard model. Prepare as many of these papers as you have patches. Baste or tack a patch upon every paper, turning down the edge of the calico over the wrong side.

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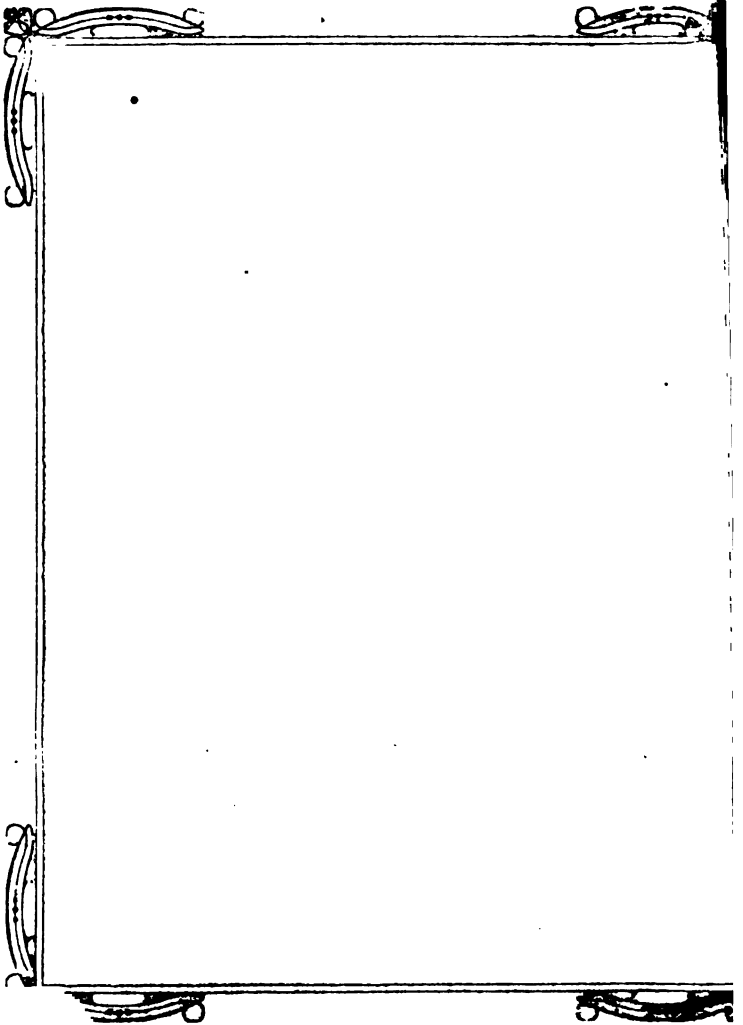
Sew together neatly over the edge, six of these patches, so as to form a ring. Then sew together six more in the same manner, and so on till you have enough. Let each ring consist of the same sort of calico, or at least of the same colour. For instance, one ring may be blue, another pink, a third yellow, &c. The papers must be left in, to keep the patches in shape till the whole is completed.

When you have made a sufficient number of the calico rings, get some thick white shirting-muslin, and cut it also into hexagons, which must afterwards be sewed over papers like the coloured patches. Sew one of the white hexagons in the centre of each ring of calico, which must then be surrounded with a circle of white, which will make three white patches come together at each corner of the coloured rings.

In this manner all the patches are put together till the whole is finished. Put a deep border all round, of handsome dark calico, all of the same sort.

Prepare a lining of thick white muslin, and lay bats of carded cotton evenly between, after you have put it into the quilting-frame. In quilting it you have only to follow the shape of the hexagons. When it is taken out of the frame, finish it with two or three rows of running at the edge, which must be neatly turned in.

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APPENDIX

TO THE

AMERICAN GIRL'S BOOK.

CONTAINING A FEW

ADDITIONAL PLAYS AND PASTIMES, TRICKS WITH CARDS,

RIDDLES, AND AMUSING WORKS.

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PLAYS AND PASTIMES.

SEEK THE WHISTLE.

At the beginning, select from the company one who is quite ignorant of the play, for instance Susan. Place her in the middle of the room, and let all the others form a circle round her. Lucy, having prepared a little tin whistle tied to a long string, which has a knot at the other end with a pin stuck through it, slily fastens it to the back of Susan's frock, and tells her that she must endeavour to find out which of the company has the whistle.

If the whistle is fastened on with dexterity and address, Susan will not very soon discover that she has it herself. Each of the girls steps out in turn, and, going behind Susan, catches up the whistle as it hangs to her frock, and blows it loudly. Susan then turns hastily round, thinking she can find the owner of the whistle

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by the sound. As she turns, another of her playmates goes behind her and blows the whistle.

The whistle should be blown by as many and as fast as possible, to add to Susan's perplexity. If the joke is well managed, it will perhaps be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before she discovers that it has been all the time fastened to the back of her own frock. The children can, if they choose, continue the play even after the whistle ceases to be a mystery to the little girl to whom it is fastened. She, who is caught while blowing the whistle, takes her place in the centre, and has it attached to her back, till she, in her turn, detects some one in the act of sounding it.

This is a very lively, though rather a noisy game, and can be played very well out of doors in a yard or field.

HOT COCKLES.

This is an old English play, and very simple. Mary kneels down, concealing her eyes in the lap of Jane, and holding her right hand behind her back with the palm outward. Or she may kneel with her face on the

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sofa or chair-bottom. Her companions come softly behind her one by one, and each slaps her hand into the hand of Mary, who endeavours to guess which of the little girls has given the slap. Whenever she guesses rightly, the one that has given the last slap takes Mary's place.

SHADOWS.

This game can only be played in the evening. Lucy takes her seat on a stool fronting a white wall or white door, and about a yard distant from it. Behind her, at some distance, is a table on which is a small lamp. Each of her companions passes in turn behind Lucy and before the lamp. Not being permitted to turn her head, she must endeavour to guess them by the appearance of their shadows on the wall. Whoever she guesses correctly takes Lucy's place. They may endeavour to disguise their looks, by putting on shawls, bonnets, &c. or by making grimaces and contortions.

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BLINDMAN'S RING.

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BLINDMAN'S RING.

The little girls seat themselves in a ring or circle. Fanny is blindfolded closely; after which she turns round three times, and then walks backward, endeavouring to seat herself on the lap of one of her companions. When she has done so, she must try to guess on whose lap she is sitting, but is not permitted to use her hands. She that is rightly guessed takes the place of the blind-man; and as soon as the handkerchief is tied on, all the other girls change their places. This is a very quiet play, as no one speaks during the performance.

THE TWO BLIND SISTERS.

Two of the company are selected as sisters—Jane who is quite unacquainted with the play, and Lucy who is in the secret. Both Jane and Lucy are blindfolded, and kneel down together side by side in front of Mary, who is seated and personates their mother. Before the handkerchief is pulled down over Jane's eyes, a stick

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or something of the kind is shown to her, and she is told that each of the company is to strike her with it in turn, till she guesses by whom the blow is given. Jane is then completely blindfolded; but the handkerchief is raised above Lucy's eyes so as to enable her to see perfectly. The stick is given to Lucy, and she in reality, is the person that always strikes Jane. Jane at every blow guesses some one, and each that she names pays a forfeit. The play goes on till Jane discovers the deception by proclaiming her surprise at always guessing wrong, and declaring that she will make no farther attempt. The trick is then disclosed to her, the handkerchief taken off, the forfeits are sold and redeemed.

Example.

MARY. Jane, I believe you have never played at the two blind sisters?

JANE. Never.

MARY. Well, you are the only one present that has not. So you shall be one of the sisters, and Lucy the other. I will be the mother. Come, both of you, and kneel down before me. See, Jane, here is a little stick, with which you are to be struck while blindfolded. Do not be afraid; the blows will be too slight to hurt you. You must endeavour, after each blow, to guess by whom it was given, addressing yourself to Lucy. Now let me blindfold you both. *(She pulls the handkerchief entirely over Jane's eyes, but raises it above*

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Lucy's. She then puts the stick into Lucy's hand, and makes a sign to her to strike Jane. Lucy (who sees all the time) gives Jane a slight blow on the shoulder.)

JANE. Sister, some one strikes me.

LUCY. Well—who do you think it is?

JANE. It is Fanny. Is it not, mother?

MARY. No, it is not.—Fanny, you must pay a forfeit, as Jane has mistaken you for the person that has struck her. *(Fanny gives Mary a book as a forfeit. Lucy strikes Jane on her arm.)*

JANE. Sister, I am struck again.

LUCY. Who is it now?

JANE. I am almost sure it is Susan.

MARY. It is not her. Come, Susan, your pawn. *(Susan gives a handkerchief as a pawn. Lucy strikes Jane gently on the head.)*

JANE. Sister, some one else strikes me.

LUCY. Who can it be?

JANE. It is Lydia.

MARY. No—you are mistaken. Lydia, where is your forfeit? *(Lydia forfeits a pincushion, and Lucy strikes Jane on the back.)*

JANE. I am struck again, sister.

LUCY. Who is it now?

JANE. I think it is Ellen.

MARY. No, it is not. Ellen, come forward with your pawn. *(Ellen forfeits a comb. Lucy strikes Jane on the hand.)*

JANE. Sister, another blow!

LUCY. Well—who gave it?

JANE. I am certain it was Anne.

MARY. No, indeed—Anne was not near you. *(Anne forfeits a flower. Lucy strikes Jane on the foot.)*

JANE. Ah! there is a trick in all this. I find I am never to guess right.

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(Lucy strikes her on the neck. Jane at the same moment snatches the handkerchief from her eyes, and catches Lucy in the act of giving the blow.)

JANE. Aha! Have I found you out! So, it is you, Lucy, that have been striking me all the time. What a perfidious sister! Yes, I see that your blindfolding was not real. Ha, ha, ha! How slily you all carried on the joke!

MARY. Well, now that you have discovered it, the play is at end: At least after the forfeits are redeemed. So let us proceed to sell them.

At the close of a game of forfeits, all the remaining pawns may be redeemed at once by the whole company joining in

THE WASHING SONG.

To be sung in chorus, with appropriate action.

Each of the singers must be provided with a handkerchief or apron, with which they can imitate all the various motions of washing, starching, ironing, &c.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning;
This is the way we wash our clothes
So early Monday morning.

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2

This is the way we rinse our clothes,
Rinse our clothes,
So early Monday morning.
This is the way we rinse our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

3

This is the way we wring our clothes,
Wring our clothes,
So early Monday morning.
This is the way we wring our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

4

This is the way we hang out our clothes,
Hang out our clothes,
So early Monday morning.
This is the way we hang out our clothes.
So early Monday morning.

5

This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,
Sprinkle our clothes,
So early Monday evening.
This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,
So early Monday evening.

6

This is the way we fold our clothes,
Fold our clothes,
So early Monday evening.

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This is the way we fold our clothes,
So early Monday evening.

7

This is the way we starch our clothes,
Starch our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.
This is the way we starch our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.
(*Clapping them as if clear-starching.*)

8

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

This song might be introduced at Infant Schools.

2.

A forfeit may be redeemed by desiring the owner to place two chairs together back to back, take off her shoes and jump over them. To do this, place the chairs together, take off your shoes, lay them side by side and jump over them (the shoes.)

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3.

You may redeem a pawn by walking six times round the room, wearing four hats at once. They must be boys' hats, piled one on another.

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4.

Eight forfeits may be redeemed together, by eight of the company dancing a cotillion, blindfolded.

5.

Two pawns may be redeemed at once, by a sack race. The persons to whom the forfeits belong must be tied up in large bags or sacks (leaving only the head out) and in that manner must run a race, to any place or object appointed as the goal.

6.

Tie a bunch of cherries or raisins to a string or line placed over the head of the owner of the pawn, who may redeem it by jumping up and catching the cherries, one at a time, in her mouth. The forfeit is restored to her, when she has thus caught all the cherries. She must not use her hands.

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TRICKS WITH CARDS.

THE BLACK SAILORS.

You must introduce this trick by the following little story:—

"A ship, having an unusually long passage, the provisions were nearly exhausted. The crew consisted of ten black sailors and ten white ones. The captain thought it expedient to throw half his men overboard, that there might be a greater proportion of food for the remainder. He considered it best to get rid of the blacks. He ranged the crew in a row, and informed them, that, to save the whole from perishing by famine, there was no alternative but to throw every fifth man into the sea. He had contrived to place them in such a

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manner, that, on counting them off, every fifth man was always a black."

After this introduction, proceed to perform the trick, which excites much surprise in those who do not understand it.

The process is as follows:—

Keep in your mind the words, "A grey owl did eat a snake." Select from the pack ten black cards and ten red ones. Tell the company that the black cards signify the negro sailors, the red cards the white men; but keep to yourself that the blacks also denote vowels, and the red consonants. Arrange the cards in a row, in conformity to the words, "A grey owl did eat a snake." but say nothing of these words to the company. Consider the letter y, in this instance, as a vowel. In forming the line, wherever a vowel occurs place a black card, and lay down a red one for every consonant. This is the exact manner of disposing them.

One black—two reds—three blacks—three reds—one black—one red—two blacks—one red—one black—two reds—one black—one red—one black.

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When they are all properly placed, count them audibly by fives, but say nothing of the grey owl. Take out of the row and lay aside, every fifth card as you come to it. You will always find it a black. Whenever you take out a fifth, proceed to the next card, beginning again, where you left off, and counting, "one, two, three," &c. till you come again to a fifth. When you have gone once through the line, re-commence at the head of it, and go on till you have got rid of all the blacks. If the cards are properly placed, according to the occurrence of the vowels and consonants in the words which form the key to the trick, and if they are properly counted, it must all come out right at last.

This trick can be done with the Historical Cards of Philadelphia or the Cards of Boston, selecting ten cards with blue labels, and ten cards with red, to denote the black and white sailors.

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THE FOUR LATIN WORDS.

Maria takes twenty cards from the pack, and lays them on the table, two together, in pairs. She desires Louisa to select, in her own mind, any one of the pairs she pleases. Louisa chooses a pair consisting (for instance) of the king of diamonds and the queen of hearts, and she whispers her choice to Harriet, or to any other of the company. Maria then takes up the twenty cards, two at a time and puts them all together, being careful not to separate the pairs. She must, on no account, shuffle or mix the cards after she has taken them up.

Maria must keep in her mind (without disclosing them to the company) four Latin words, "Mutus dedit nomen cocis." In the course of these words each letter occurs twice. She then lays down the cards, one at a time, on the table; placing them in such a manner that, at last, they form four rows or lines, one above another; each row containing five cards, and denoting one of the Latin words.

She begins by laying down a card which is to commence the first row and signifies M, the first letter of the word Mutus. She then places in what is to be the centre of the third row, another card signifying the M of Nomen, leaving a vacancy for the whole second row.

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and for the two first letters of the third. Next she lays down the two U's in Mutus, leaving between them a space for the T. She then puts in the card that is to signify T, and follows it by placing at the end of the second line the T that concludes the word Dedit. She then finishes Mutus by placing at the end of the first row the card that is to mean S, and she lays down the S that concludes Cocis, at the end of the space left for the fourth line.

Next she places under the first M (Mutus) a card signifying D (Dedit), then the other D in the middle of the word; then the E between the two D's, and then the E in the third line that belongs to Nomen. Afterwards she puts the I between the second D and the T. This completes the word Dedit.

Next she lays down the two N's in Nomen (the third row), one at the beginning, the other at the end of that line. Afterwards, the O, next to the first N, and directly below it the O in Cocis. This finishes Nomen.

Finally, in the fourth line, she places the two cards that stand for the two C's in Cocis, one on each side of the O, and this completes the arrangement of the four Latin words.

Maria then asks Louisa, in which row or line are the cards that she has chosen? We will suppose Louisa to

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reply, that she sees one of her cards in the first row, and one in the second. Maria then points out both cards, the king of diamonds being the T in Mutus, and the queen of hearts the T in Dedit. Louisa, not understanding by what means Maria can identify them exactly, is of course surprised. After Maria has performed this trick often enough for all the company to have had an opportunity of choosing cards, she should explain the manner of doing it.

The two cards that are chosen always come out so as to signify the same letter, as two M's, two E's, two O's. Perhaps both may be found in one line; as, the two D's in Dedit, the two N's in Nomen, the two C's in Cocis.

Between every performance of the trick, let the cards be well shuffled. It will always come out right, if the pairs are not divided in taking them up and if all the cards are properly placed in forming the lines.

It must be recollected, all the time, that the four Latin words, which constitute the key to this trick, are

M U T U S
D E D I T
N O M E N
C O C I S

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THE LADY AND HER BOARDERS.

Take a pack of cards, and look out, privately, the four knaves and one of the queens, (for instance the queen of spades.) Lay one of the knaves secretly on the top of the pack. Then spread on the table the queen of spades and the three other knaves, and say:—"a lady had three boarders, all of whom ran away without paying her. One of them ran this way (*putting a knave on the top of the pack*), one of them ran that way (*placing him at the bottom of the pack*), and the third ran nobody knows where (*putting him carelessly into any part of the pack not far from the top.*) The lady was determined to pursue them and find them all out; so she began by going after the first. (*Lay the queen of spades on the top of the pack, and cut the cards, putting the lower half above the upper half.*) She was so fortunate as to catch every one of them, and bring them back with her. So here they are all together.

In saying this, deal out the cards (turning them up as you do so), and the queen of spades and three of the knaves will be found together.

This trick is managed, by having in the first instance the odd knave on the top of the pack. It is he that, af-

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ter the cards are cut, makes the third. It is not likely that the company will have observed what knaves exactly they were, and it will cause some surprise to see three come out together, when one was returned to the pack apparently at random.

This trick may be performed with the Cards of Philadelphia or the Cards of Boston, selecting one with a red or yellow label for the lady, and the four Franklins for her boarders.

THE WONDERFUL GUESSER.

To perform this trick, two persons of the company (for instance Ellen and Julia) must understand how it is done, and must secretly act in concert.

Ellen lays six cards on the table, placing them in a row, and desires Julia to leave the room. Julia goes out and shuts the door after her. As soon as she is quite out of sight and out of hearing, Ellen asks Harriet, or any one of the company, to touch a card. She then calls in Julia, saying to her something that seems of no consequence, and Julia, to the surprise of the

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uninitiated, points out the card that Harriet has touched in her absence.

The secret of the trick is as follows :—Ellen and Julia understand that the six cards, laid in a row, signify the letters A, B, C, D, E, F. Ellen, when Julia returns to the room, addresses to her with apparent carelessness some slight expression or trifling question that begins with the letter signified by the card that Harriet has touched. Thus if Ellen say to Julia on her entrance, "Are you ready?" Julia understands that Harriet has touched the card A, the first in the row. If she says, "Be quick!" Julia knows that Harriet has touched the card B,—and so on.

Ellen may address Julia with any of the following questions or phrases, according to the card that has been touched by Harriet :—

Advance!
Are you ready?
Are you certain that you can tell?

Be quick!
Be attentive.
Be sure to guess rightly.

Come in.
Come forward.
Can you guess?

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Do make haste.
Did you see ?
Do you think you can tell ?

Enter.
Easy enough you'll find it.
Every one is surprised at this trick.

Find out the right card.
Fix at once.
Few can discover how this is done.

Observe that Ellen is to say these things carelessly and as if they were of no importance; but Julia is to listen attentively to the first word, that she may know in a moment what letter begins the sentence.

If cards are not at hand, this trick may be shown with six bits of paper laid in a row.

A VERY SIMPLE TRICK.

Jane takes a pack of cards, and invites Lucy to cut it or divide it in half. Lucy does so. Jane then places the lower half on the upper half, and looks carelessly on what is now the bottom card, which is perhaps the ace of spades. She then holds the pack to Lucy

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spreading it like a fan, and desires her to choose a card. Lucy draws out a card (probably the nine of clubs,) and Jane then closes the pack, and holds it for Lucy to place her card at the bottom. Jane then shuffles the cards, taking care, however, not to separate any that are near the bottom, though she may put some of the top cards under them.

Jane then deals out the cards upon the table, turning up the faces. And when she comes to the ace of spades (which she has observed as the bottom card after the pack was cut) she knows that the card immediately following it must be the one that Lucy has selected, and therefore she designates as such, the nine of clubs

This trick is very easy.

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RIDDLES.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES,

AND

CONUNDRUMS.

ENIGMAS.

1.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

TIME.

2.

Form'd long ago, yet made to-day,
Employ'd while others sleep,
What few would like to give away,
Or any wish to keep.

A BED.

3.

A gentleman, wishing access to a prison, was asked what was his relationship to the person imprisoned? he answered, "I have neither brothers nor sisters; yet the prisoner's father is my father's son." What relation was he?

THE PRISONER'S FATHER

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4.

There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which, when the maker home did bring,
He that made it did refuse it,
He that bespoke it could not use it,
He that had it did not know
Whether he had it at all or no.

A COFFIN.

5.

My birth is mean, my bulk is small,
Yet by my power high buildings fall;
I speak aloud, yet want a tongue;
Not Samson's arm was half so strong;
Like him no gates my progress stay,
And I like him can thousands slay;
I seldom wound till I am dead,
And, ere I win the field, I'm fled.
No feet have I, yet swift I run,
And never speak till I'm undone.

GUNPOWDER.

6.

What is that which is too much for one; enough for two; but worse than nothing with three?

A SECRET.

7.

I'm slain to save me—with much care and pain
Scatter'd, dispers'd, and gather'd up again.
Wither'd, though young—most sweet though unperfum'd,
And carefully laid up to be consum'd.

HAY.

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8.

Three feet I have (but ne'er attempt to go,)
And many nails thereon, though ne'er a toe
I both in city and in country dwell,
And have no head; yet I can reckon well.
I often cheat the ladies of their due;
You think 'tis strange, but yet 'tis very true.

YARD-STICK.

9.

The mother of evil, the parent of good,
I never could eat, yet make all things my food.
I am grave, I am gay, I am foolish and wise,
Some men I degrade while I make others rise;
I cause pleasure and sorrow, sweet concord and strife,
All things I create, and destroy them—even life!
I ne'er shall relinquish my station on earth,
While on it are found wisdom, folly, and worth.
One hint I'll give further, then bid you adieu,
At this time I'm happy in dwelling with you.

THOUGHT.

10.

Small though I am, great objects I achieve;
And oft the wisest of mankind deceive;
Patriots and law-givers by me their sway
Maintain, and lead the nation to obey;
Mine are those gifts, and mine those powers refined,
Which from the brutes distinguish human kind.
I give new pleasure when the song goes round,
And charm the hearers with melodious sound.

TONGUE.

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11.

A sailor launch'd a ship of force,
A cargo put therein of course;
He had no goods he wish'd to sell;
Each wind did serve his turn as well;
No pirate dreaded; to no harbour bound;
His strongest wish that he might run aground.

NOAH IN THE ARK.

12.

AN EXCELLENT RIDDLE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

On fluttering wings I early rose,
In no exalted flight;
The lily, in the shade that blows,
Not purer nor more white.
At eve or morn 'twas pleasant sport
Adown the stream to glide;
I help'd my mother to support,
And never left her side.

A reckless man, who sealed my doom,
Resolved a prize to win,
Dragged me, remorseless, from my home,
And stripped me to the skin:
He cropped my hair, that skin he flayed,
And then—his ends to seek—
He slit my tongue, because, he said,
He thus could make me speak.

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'Twas done—my name and nature changed,
For love of hateful gold,
With many victims bound and ranged,
To slavery I was sold.
I'm slave to any man or all,
Yet do not toil for pelf:
And, though I'm ready at the call,
I cannot work myself.

Still I in every language write
To every foreign land:
But yet (which may surprize you quite,)
Not one I understand.
Your tears and smiles I can excite
Your inmost thoughts revealing;
Can give you sorrow or delight,
And yet I have no feeling.

The poet's verse, the doctor's draught,
Without my aid were failing;
The historian's page, the lawyer's craft
Would all be unavailing.
Indeed, had man not changed my lot
And claimed me for his own,
Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Scott,
Had lived and died unknown.

I'm growing old, and fate doth frown.
And altered is my station;
I'm cut by friends, who wear me down
By many an operation;

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My mouth grows black, my lips are furr'd,
I never can get better;
I scarcely can express a word,
And hardly make a letter;
Long persecutions I have seen,
But this I must avow,
I think I never yet have been
So badly used as now.

A PEN.

13.

Come read me this riddle without any pother,
Five legs on one side, and three on the other,
Two eyes in my forehead, and four on my back,
One tongue that is silent, and two that can clack.

A HORSE, CARRYING A WOMAN RIDING BEHIND A MAN

14.

ENIGMA. BY LORD BYRON.

'Twas whisper'd in heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder;
'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth, and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;

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In the heap of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir ;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound ;
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crown'd ;
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But wo to the wretch that expels it from home ;
In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drown'd ;
'Twill soften the heart, though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear ;
But, in short, let it rest ; like a beautiful flower,
(O ! breathe on it softly,) it dies in an hour.

THE LETTER H.

15.

He that in music takes delight,
And he that sleeps secure by night,
And he who sails too near the land,
And he that's caught by law's strong hand ;
He who his time in taverns spends,
And he that courts of law attends ;
He that explains heraldic signs,
And he that works in silver mines,—
Are all acquainted well with me :
My name you surely now must see.

BAR.

16.

I am rough, smooth, hard, soft, long, short, round, flat, oval, square, oblong ; sharp, dull ; am used for the most opposite purposes ; am now honoured with the grasp of the monarch, and

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now in the hand of him who executes the meanest offices; am now the delight of the idle beau as well as of the skilful artist, and now of the housemaid, ostler, and shoeblack.

A BRUSH.

17.

In camps and masquerades I oft appear;
In smiling meadows seen throughout the year;
The silent angler views me in the streams,
And all must trace me in their morning dreams;
First in each mob conspicuous I stand,
Proud of the post, and ever in command;
Without my aid, no mercy can be shown,
Nor mild compassion to their hearts be known;
The chemist proves my virtue upon ore,
Touch'd with my wand, he turns it into more;
In music soft, in marble hard I pine;
In misery live, in mirth I ever shine;
Each sees me in himself, yet all must see
Their hearts and persons are unknown to me

THE LETTER M.

18.

I was before the world begun,
Before the earth, before the sun;
Before the moon was made to light
With brighter beams the starry night;
I'm at the bottom of the sea,
And I am in immensity;
The daily motion of the earth
Dispels me, and to me gives birth;

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You cannot see me if you try,
Although I'm oft before your eye.
Such is my whole. But for one part
You'll find in taste I'm rather tart ;—
Now I become the abode of men,—
And now, for grovelling beasts, a pen ;—
I am a man who lives by drinking ;—
Anon I keep a weight from sinking ;—
To take me folks go far and near ;—
I am what children like to hear ;—
I am a shining star on high ;—
And I'm its pathway through the sky ;—
My strength o'erpowers both iron and steel ;—
Yet oft I'm left behind a wheel ;—
I'm made to represent a head ;—
Am found on every loaf of bread.
Such are the many forms I take,
You cannot count all I can make ;
Yet, after all, so strange am I,
Soon as you know me, then I die.

OBSCURITY : *in which may be found* SOUR ; CITY ; STY ; SOT ; BUOY ; TOUR ; STORY ; ORB ; ORBIT ; RUST ; RUT ; BUST ; CRUST.

19.

I'm rough, I'm smooth ; I'm wet, I'm dry ;
My station low, my title high ;
I'm us'd by all, by all I'm bless'd,
Yet you're my lawful lord confess'd.

HIGHWAY.

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20.

The man of letters finds me in his books ;—
The angler by the side of babbling brooks ;—
The sportsman seeks me with his dog and gun ;—
In foreign lands the traveller thinks I'm won ;—
The spendthrift hopes to buy me with his gold ;—
And childhood has me when a tale is told ;—
The belle and beau for me frequent the ball ;—
In friv'lous chase of me men's fortunes fall ;—
The lounger looks for me where I am not ;—
The romance lover in the tomes of Scott ;—
Fondness for me decoys the giddy youth
From useful studies, till he learns this truth,
"All those who seek me *only*, most I fly ;"—
Lastly, when you my hidden sense descry,
You'll own that for my sake you pondered long
The countless changes, that to me belong.

Such am I as a whole. But, for *one* part,—
The youth invokes me when he feels love's dart ;-
New zest I add to scandal's busy hour ;—
And adverse winds and tides confess my power ;—
I am the dazzling source whence colours flow ;—
The sluggard's teacher ;—and your equal now ;—
Without me sails were useless ;—then a word
Expressing like ;—and now meek woman's lord ;—
To measure next ;—anon to add ;—to vex ;—
The gentle office of the weaker sex ;—
I'm flesh, not fish ;—I'm silent ever ;—
Sought by all ranks, on earth found never ;—

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Your near relation ;—and the squirrel's food ;—
What you would keep when in a lazy mood ;—
Neptune's abode ;—the forest monarch's pride ;—
A term to the departed souls applied ;—
What you possess, but others oftener use ;—
Your gown must have me, spite of what you choose ;—
Now the soft clime of "the cedar and vine ;"—
And last, a short word importing new wine.
More could I tell, but I bid you adieu,
Lest by prating I cause my own loss to you.

AMUSEMENT ; *in which may be found,* MUSE ; TEA ; STREAM ; SUN ; ANT ; MATE ; MAST ; AS ; MAN ; METE ; SUM, TEASE ; AMUSE ; MEAT ; MUTE ; EASE ; AUNT ; NUT ; SEAT ; SEA ; MANE ; MANES ; NAME ; SEAM ; EAST ; STRUM.

CHARADES.

1.

My first is nothing but a name,
My second's still more small,
My whole is of so little fame,
It has no name at all.

NAME-LESS.

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2.

Both bright and gloomy is my first,
(True emblem of the life of man!)
Ten thousand of my second were
Alive before my first began.
And something will my whole display
That only lives a single day.

APRIL-FOOL.

3.

My first you do whene'er you sing,
My second is your song;
My whole is but a silly thing
That does to both belong.

SING-SONG.

4.

My first I'm sure you do, whenever
You look straight forward o'er your nose;
My second is a tool most clever
To sunder what it can't compose.
I've spoken clearly, yet, to aid you,
I'll tell you more—a game I've made you.

SEE-SAW.

5.

When vast Niagara thundering down the steep
Rolls white and foaming to the lake's blue deep;
In verdant pride my stately first is found,
Though winter spreads his dreary mantle round.
On Indian isles when Phœbus pours his blaze
My total basks beneath the golden rays.

PINE-APPLE.

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6.

The following beautiful charade is worthy of the distinguished poet whose name it signifies.

Come from my First—aye, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump, and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So forward!—and farewell!

Toll ye my Second!—toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So take him to his rest.

Call ye my Whole—aye call
The lord of lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

CAMPBELL.

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7.

My first is a part of the day,
My second at feasts overflows;
In the cottage my whole is oft seen,
To measure old Time as he goes.

HOUR-GLASS.

8.

My first gave us early support,
My next is a virtuous lass;
To the fields if at eve you resort,
My whole you will probably pass.

MILK-MAID.

9.

My first nor book nor volume nam'd,
Contains more leaves than most;
My next, when certain crops are claim'd,
Still stalks a numerous host:
My whole—a creeping flower so fair,—
Regales the eye, and scents the air.

WOOD-BINE.

10.

My first do all nurses possess,
And dandle my second upon it;
My whole is a part of the dress
Attached to the cap or the bonnet.

LAP-PET.

11.

My first is in most shops;
In every window my second

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My whole is used for the bed,
And, in winter, a comfort is reckon'd
COUNTER-PANE.

12.

My first, if you do, you won't hit it;
My next, if you do, you won't leave it;
My whole, if you do, you won't guess it.
MIS-TAKE.

REBUSES.

1.

Find the thing by Pandora entail'd on mankind,
When, on opening her box, only Hope staid behind:
Let this word stand entire, and before it prefix
Initials fifteen, but no letter e'er mix:
Thus by changing the head, as the principal part,
You may render it various as nature and art:
First I find it form part of a bird in the air;
Then examine a fish, and as sure find it there;
As an eminence now it will rear up it's head;
Then the last deed of man, as is commonly said;
As a farmer's employment it next will appear;
And a thing to your door you will find very near;
What the doctors oft give, to relieve us from pain;
And a plant we now look for in gardens, in vain;
What I bid my friend do when I give him a toast,
And a place much frequented by knights of the post;

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A short name that's well known in a nursery song ;
And what runs through a country for many miles long :
What's the aim of the sportsman pursuing his game ;
What we style a neat box, or a township's short name ;
And then all your labour will nearly be over,
And a double head's all you have left to discover ,
For one, being mute, a companion and friend,
Must forever stand by, its assistance to lend ;
In revealing what's common to birds and a beast,
And whose use to us scribblers is none of the least.

ILL ; BILL ; GILL ; HILL ; WILL ; TILL ; SILL ; PILL ; DILL ; FILL MILL ; JILL ; RILL ; KILL ; VILL ; QUILL.

2.

I am found in a jail ; I belong to a fire ;
And am seen in a gutter abounding in mire :
Put my last letter third, and then 'twill be found
I belong to a king, without changing my sound.

GRATE ; GREAT.

MORE ENIGMAS AND CHARADES

1.

Legs I have none, and yet I go and stand,
And when I go I lie—witness my hand.

A CLOCK THAT DOES NOT KEEP TIME.

2.

I went to the woods and got it ; I sat down to look for it ; the more I looked for it, the less I liked it : and, not being able to find it, came away without it.

A THORN IN THE FOOT.

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3.

A man and woman in all lands
Have forty nails upon their hands
Twenty-five upon each of their feet
And this is a truth though you think it a cheat.

To solve this riddle read as follows :—

A man and woman in all lands
Have forty nails—upon their hands
Twenty—five upon each of their feet—
And this is the truth, though you think it a cheat.

4.

Five letters do compose my name,
Backwards and forwards I'm the same :
Read me, and you will quickly see
What death will make both you and me.

LEVEL.

5.

What is that which hangs and bears, but never blossoms ?

A CHIMNEY CRANE

6.

A house full, and a yard full, but you can't catch a bowl full

SMOKE.

7.

There is a thing in Amsterdam,
In Rome it too appears—
It's twice in every moment,
But not once in seven years.

THE LETTER M.

8.

My whole is under my second, and surrounds my first

WAISTCOAT.

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9.

My first dreads my second, for my second destroys my first, while many take a strange delight in my whole.

FOX CHASE.

CONUNDRUMS.*

1. What is that brings on an illness, cures it, and pays the doctor?
A draught—(*a draft.*)

2. What line of Shakspeare's Lear might be addressed to a dyspeptic black boy?
"Take physic, Pomp."

3. Why is a lady that is very amiable and very tall, like a line in Milton?
She is "lengthened sweetness long drawn out."

4. Why is good conduct like boiling water?
It raises esteem—(*a steam.*)

5. Why is a merchant that has failed, like a river in a freshet?
He has over-run the banks.

6. Why is a vain woman like a tippler?
She likes her glass.

7. How can the leopard change his spots?
If he doesn't like the spot he is in, he can remove to another.

* It has now become customary to introduce, among the confectionery at evening parties, conundrums (of course accompanied by the answer) written or printed on slips and folded up, with each a sugar-plum in little coloured papers, nicely fringed and twisted. Conundrums, introduced in this manner, are much more amusing, as well as rational, than the silly love-distichs which constitute the mottos or secrets that formerly were inclosed with the *bonbons*.

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8. When is a nose not a nose?
When it is a little reddish—(*radish.*)

9. When is a man not a man?
When he is a shaving.

10. When is a thief not a thief?
When he's a robin—(*robbing.*)

11. When is a sailor not a sailor?
When he's a board.

12. Why is a comb-maker like an infant?
He cuts teeth.

13. What is that which cannot move without a noise, and yet a noise is of no use to it?
A coach.

14. Why is a book with the cover torn off like a man that comits an assault?
It should be bound over.

15. Why is the human mind like sealing-wax?
It is capable of receiving any impression.

16. Why is the letter E like an island?
It is in the midst of the sea.

17. Where did Napoleon stand when he landed at St. Helena?
On his feet.

18. Why is a room full of married people like an empty room?
There is not a single person in it.

19. Why is a dyer like a chamelion?
He changes colours.

20. Why is the nose in your face like the letter V in the word civility?
It is between two i's—(*eyes.*)

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21. Why is a young goat asleep, like a man stealing children?

He is a kidnapping.

22. Why is a native of Venice who has lost his eyesight, like a shade to exclude the sun?

He is a Venetian blind.

23. Why is a man that writes notes on a book, like the vegetable most in favour with the Irish?

He is a commentator—(*a common tater—a potato.*)

24. Why is a man that borrows books and never returns them, like a merchant's clerk?

He is a book-keeper.

25. What always happens to a young lady that has her portrait painted?

She is miss represented—(*misrepresented.*)

26. When is a young lawyer like a young rook?

When he is trying his first cause—(*caws.*)

27. If checks on the bank could speak, what celebrated Roman name would they utter?

Cassius—(*Cash us.*)

28. Why is a lady putting on her jewels, like a woman in great affliction?

She is wringing her hands—(*ringing.*)

29. On which side of the pitcher is the handle?

On the outside.

30. Why is a man on the point of marriage, like a man embarking for France in a New York packet?

He is going to Havre—(*have her.*)

31. What most resembles half a cheese?

The other half.

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32. Why is a field of grass like a knife-box?

It contains many blades.

33. How can a man have five sides whenever he carries a flitch of bacon in his hand?

He has his right side and his left side, his outside and his inside, and his bacon side.

34. If Falstaff were a musician, what instrument would he choose?

A sack-but.

35. There is a word of five syllables—take away the first and no syllable will remain.

Monosyllable.

36. Why did a fat gentleman, dreadfully squeezed in a crowd at the theatre, become very complimentary to the ladies?

The pressure made him flatter.

37. What is the difference between an infant and a soldier?

The one is in arms, the other under arms.

38 Why is a gardener like a shoemaker?

He has a variety of lady's slippers.

39. Why is a pudding-bag like a costly piece of brocade?

It should be well floured—(*flowered.*)

40. Why are English servants like nuns?

They won't go without their vails—(*veils.*)

41. Why does a carter seem fonder of grief than any other man?

He is always crying "Come hither, wo."

42. Why is a man that never alters his opinions, like a person with only a ten-dollar note in his pocket?

He is a man without change.

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43. When are nuts insane?

When they are cracked.

44. Why ought an epigram to resemble a jelly-bag?

It should be pointed at the end.

45. Why is a caravan, when crossing the desart, like a popular Scotch song?

The camels are coming—(*Campbells.*)

46. Why is a dislocated wrist like an extinguished fire?

It is put out.

47. Why is an ill-humoured man like a loaf of bread?

He is crusty.

48. Why does the eye resemble a severe schoolmaster?

It has always a pupil under the lash.

49. Why is a physician like a cobbler?

He knows the healing art—(*heeling.*)

50. Why is a wheel like a person fatigued?

It is tired.

51. Why is an unpaid bill like the moisture in the morning?

It is due—(*dew.*)

52. Why is a sanguinary epistle like a surgeon?

It is a letter of blood.

53. Why is the success of a bill in Congress like the beauty of the human face?

It depends on the ayes and noes—(*eyes and nose.*)

54. Why is a gardener like a good dancer?

He keeps time—(*thyme.*)

55. What does a frigate weigh, with all her crew on board, just before she sets sail?

She weighs anchor.

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56. What word is that to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter?

Short.

57. How many sides has the trunk of a tree?

Two, the inside and the outside.

58. What is the first thing seen by a poor author on opening his trunk?

The bottom of it.

59. If a man's horses have lost their tails, why should he sell them by wholesale?

He cannot re-tail them.

60. Where was Oliver Cromwell going in his last moments?

To die.

61. Who was the father of Zebedee's children?

Zebedee.

62. Why is a bad pen like a wicked life?

It ought to be mended.

63. What lady is that whose visits nobody wishes, though her mother is welcomed by all parties?

Miss Fortune—(*Misfortune.*)

64. Why is a sycophant like the hands of a clock?

He is time-serving.

65. Why is a sailor in battle like idleness?

He is in-action.

66. Where did the Witch of Endor live?

At Endor.

67. Why is a truant school-boy like a dose of bark and wine

When taken, he should be well shaken.

68. Why is an ill-tempered man like an astral lamp?

He is easily put out.

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69. Why should you never pay a hackney coachman his demand until he offers to fight you for it?

"None but the brave deserve the fair"—(*fare.*)

70. Why is a dying man like a man going to Wisconsin?

He is passing into a future state.

71. Why is a lady walking before a gentleman like news that has come express?

She is in advance of the mail—(*male.*)

72. What kind of fence should surround a race-ground?

A stake and rider one, of course.

73. What sort of fruit is always placed in a letter?

The date.

74. Why is an elephant like a man going to a country-house on a visit?

He brings his trunk with him.

75. Why is a post-boy riding a hack horse like a man teaching another phrenology?

He Galls and Spurzheim—(*galls and spurs him.*)

76. Why is steam on a rail-road like sugar from New-Orleans?

It makes a car go—(*cargo.*)

77. When is a bonnet not a bonnet?

When it becomes a lady.

78. Why are two gentlemen, whose wigs have fallen off in dancing, like two ships in a storm?

They are scudding under bare poles—(*polls.*)

79. What are the most unsociable things in the world?

Milestones—you never see two of them together.

80. Why is a horse in a stable like a tortured criminal?

He is tied to the rack.

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81. What kin is that child to its own father who is not its father's own son? His daughter.

82. Why are fixed stars like pen, ink, and paper?
Because they are stationery.

83. Why is a dejected man like one thrown from a precipice?
He is cast down.

84. Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison?
He is a bit of a buck.

85. Why are there three objections to a glass of spirits?
Because there are three scruples to a dram—(*drachm.*)

86. What is a man like that is in the midst of a river and cannot swim? Like to be drowned.

87. Why is a lady curling her hair like a house-breaker?
She is twisting and turning locks.

88. Why is St. Paul's cathedral like a bird's nest?
It was built by a Wren.

89. Why has a glass-blower more command over the alphabet than any other man?
He can make a D canter—(*decanter.*)

90. Why is a good story like a parish bell?
It is often tolled—(*told.*)

91. In what month do ladies talk least?
In February, because it is the shortest.

93. Why is a profitable office like an empty snuff-box?
It is not to be sneezed at.

94. Why is a skilful gardener like a nice chambermaid?
He keeps his beds in order.

95. Why is a printer convicted of a libel like a traveller who has caught the rheumatism at a bad inn?
He suffers for *lying* in damp sheets.

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97. Why is a boy who pricks his brother William with a fork like a man pasting a placard against a wall?

He is a Bill-sticker.

98. Why is the narrative of the death of Socrates like the upper room of a house? It is an Attic story.

99. Why is an office-holder like an industrious cobbler?

He sticks to the last.

100. Why is a cobbler who cannot find his tools like a ruined man? He has lost his awl—(*all.*)

101. Why is wit like a diamond?

It cuts as well as shines.

102. Why is a mayor like an almanac?

He serves but one year.

103. Why is a bad singer like a bad clock?

He does not keep time.

104. Why are all the letters of the alphabet exiles except the first three? They are beyond the C—(*sea.*)

105. When does a thing remind you of one of Shakspeare's comedies? When it is "As you like it."

106. Why is a lawyer's business like that of every body else?

It consists of words and deeds.

107. Why are holes in a lady's stockings like bad roads and broken windows?

They ought to be mended at once.

108. Why are poor authors like ships just launched?

They want new rigging.

109. What bridge over the Thames is like two negroes frying fish? Black-friars.

110. What snuff-taker is it whose box gets fuller the more snuff he takes? A pair of snuffers.

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111. Why is the sun malicious? He casts reflections

112. Why is a cellarman at a liquor store like a magician?
He raises spirits from under ground.

113. Why is a lame beggar on crutches like a nobleman?
Because he has supporters to his arms.

114. Why is a blacksmith at work on the edge of a river like a man committing a crime? He forges on the Bank.

115. Why is a lawyer like a good-natured man?
He takes the will for the deed.

116. Why is a player like a travelling coachman?
He lives by the stage.

117. Why is a clergyman's horse like an English king?
He is guided by a minister?

118. What part of London is in France? The letter N

119. Why is a good man like an epicure?
He studies to live well.

120. How many black beans will make five white ones?
Five, when they are peeled.

121. What two men are they whose influence is equal, and whose power extends from pole to pole?
The carriers of a sedan chair.

122. How many cows' tails would it take to reach from New York to Boston? One—if it were long enough.

123. What line of Gray's Elegy should be repeated by a cook at the kitchen hearth early in the morning?
"Even in our ashes live our *wanted* fires"—(*wonted.*)

124. Why are young ladies playing at "the Graces" like passengers in the boat of Charon?
They are crossing the sticks—(*Styx.*)

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125. Why is lover visiting his mistress like a bad musician?
He "takes no note of time."

126. Why is an officer on a fine horse like a diamond set in a splendid ring?
He is well mounted.

127. Why is an eminent lawyer like the keeper of a common tavern? He has much practice at the bar.

128. Why is a man stealing a watch like procrastination?
Because "procrastination is the thief of time."

129. Why are good portraits like twin brothers fighting?
They are striking likenesses.

130. Why are credulous people like musical instruments?
They are often played on.

131. Why are melancholy people like decanters that have been overset?
They have lost their spirits.

132. Why are the subjects of queen Victoria like persons expecting an equinoctial storm?
They may look forward to a long reign?—(*rain.*)

133. If a boy goes up in a balloon, what tavern sign does he resemble? The rising son—(*sun.*)

134. What is that which is in visible, but never out of sight?
The letter I.

135. If a man six feet high wear a sword three feet long, how wide should the brim of his hat be?
The usual size.

136. Why is a dyer like a person discontented?
He changes colours.

137. If a pair of andirons costs three dollars, what will a load of wood come to? It will come to ashes.

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138. What is the cheapest way of buying a fiddle?
Go to an apothecary for some patent medicine, and he will give you a vial in—*violin*.

139. Why is a boy doing his sums like a serpent erect?
He is an adder up.

140. Why are the savings of a miser like linen bleaching?
They are all the better for the sun and air—(*sun and heir.*)

141. When is a boat like a knife?
When it is a cutter.

142. Why is a crooked line in a copy-book like turning your back on a king?
It is out of all rule.

143. Why is a young lady on the road to a New-York bathing-place like an old woman taking her seat in a Boston easy chair?
She is going to Rockaway—(*rock away.*)

144. Why is a speech delivered on the deck of a ship of war like a lady's necklace?
It is a deck oration—(*decoration.*)

145. Why is a mimic like a scrivener?
He is always copying.

146. What is a man like when in a desert without food or water?
Like to be famished.

147. Why is a watchman like a horse in a team-boat?
He goes his rounds.

148. Why ought a fisherman to be wealthy?
His is all *net* profit.

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140. What kind of portrait can you spell with three letters?
F E G—(*effigy.*)

141. Why is grass like a mouse?
The cat 'll eat it—(*the cattle eat it.*)

ANAGRAMS.

Anagrams are riddles containing the names of celebrated men or things resolved into any apt phrase by a transposition of letters. They were formerly considered of great consequence.

1.	Horatio Nelson.	HONOR EST A NILO.
2.	Astronomers.	NO MORE STARS.
3.	Napoleon Bonaparte.	NO, APPEAR NOT AT ELBA.
4.	Charades.	A HARD CASE.
5.	Potentates.	TEN TEA-POTS.
6.	Enigmatical.	IN MAGIC TALE.
7.	Telegraphs.	GREAT HELPS.
8.	Festival.	EVIL FAST.
9.	Lawyers.	SLY WARE.
10.	Phaeton.	A HOT PEN.
11.	La revolution Francaise.	VETO. UN CORSE LA FINIRA.
12.	Parishioners.	I HIRE PARSONS.
13.	Penitentiary.	NAY, I REPENT IT.
14.	Disappointment.	MADE IN PINT POTS.
15.	Sovereignty.	'TIS YE GOVERN.
16.	Miniature.	TRUE, I AM IN.
17.	Sweetheart.	THERE WE SAT.

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AMUSING WORKS.



A BOOK-MARKER.

Take a yard and a quarter of narrow soft ribbon, (such as you buy for three or four cents a yard,) and three large glass beads. The ribbon must not have

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what is called a pearl-edge, as it will prevent it from going easily through the beads. Take a needle with a short piece of sewing silk, and fasten it to one end of the ribbon. Draw it through the three beads successively; beginning always at that end of each bead that has the largest hole. When you have thus strung the three beads on the ribbon, make with your needle and sewing silk a bow at each end, so that the beads may not slip off. You may either have all the beads of the same size, or you may put a larger one in the middle, and smaller ones at the two ends. All the beads, however, should be of the same colour. You may either match the beads for the colour of the ribbon, or you may contrast red beads with green ribbon, black or purpie beads with blue or yellow ribbon, or in any other way that you choose. The best beads for this purpose are the cut glass ones that you find in the German stores, and of which you can get a string for a trifle. Sometimes you may buy at these stores loose beads that have fallen off the strings, and you can obtain a variety of sorts for a small sum. Wax beads will not answer the purpose, as they are too light and too brittle.

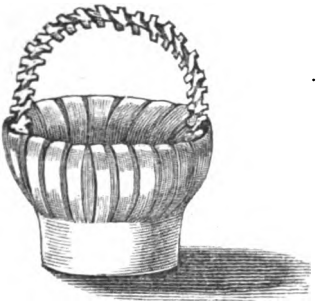
When your book-marker is made, slip the centre bead into the middle of the string, and lay one half of the

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ribbon between the corner and the last leaf of your book, letting the centre bead come out at the top. While you are reading, the other half of the ribbon may hang out over the back of the book, but when you leave off and wish to mark your place, lay it inside, between the pages you were last reading. The lower beads and the two bows will come out at the bottom. The weight of the beads keeps the ribbon in its place.

No book-markers are so convenient as these, and they cost but six or eight cents. It is best to make several, in case you have more than one book on hand at a time. A marker for an octavo volume should have a longer ribbon. A yard and a half will be sufficient.

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A CARD BASKET.

A very pretty little basket, to hold visiting cards, may be made as follows:—

Take a piece of coloured Bristol Board, which is a fine sort of pasteboard. It may be blue, green, pink, lilac, yellow, or any pretty tint, but the colour must go all through. Cut off a piece about a half quarter of a yard in length, and a half quarter and a nail in width.

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Lay it on a table, and, with a lead pencil and a ruler mark out a row of perpendicular lines, not extending, however, to either the bottom or the top of the pasteboard, but leaving at each edge about an inch and a half blank. Then, with a sharp penknife, cut a row of slits along the middle of the pasteboard, exactly where you have made the pencil-marks. Then bend or double over the pasteboard, taking care not to crease or break it. Bring the two edges together, and sew them along the bottom with silk of the same colour. Then bend the double pasteboard round into a ring. The slits or bars will thus form loops. The open side of the double pasteboard must then be sewed up, as far as where the loops begin.

Cut out a circular bottom-piece of the same sort of pasteboard, and sew it on to the lower part of the basket.

Next, cut a pasteboard handle; notch it all along on both sides, and wrap round it a narrow ribbon, bringing the ribbon between every notch.

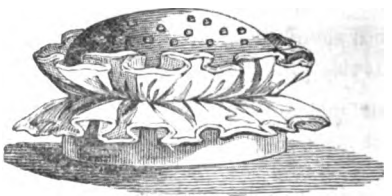
Bind the basket with narrow ribbon, so as to conceal all the stitches. Sew the handle on the inside at the

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place where the loops begin, and conceal the sewing of the handle with bows of ribbon. The ribbon had best be of some colour that contrasts handsomely with the pasteboard. For instance,—purple ribbon to blue or yellow pasteboard; dark green to lilac; and dark brown to pink.

The loops of these baskets may be edged on both sides with gold paper, cemented neatly to the pasteboard with what is called mouth-glue or lip-glue; a composition which can be bought at the fancy-stationers, and which by wetting it in the mouth can be softened sufficiently for use, rubbing it on the pasteboard as you want it.

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A GINGHAM PINCUSHION.

Take half a quarter of chambray gingham, (that which is all plain, of one colour, without stripes or cross-bars), and a quarter of a yard of white Swiss muslin. Pink or buff gingham is very pretty for this purpose.

Make the foundation of the pincushion, by tightly rolling a slip of flannel into a compact and circular form. Then cover the flannel with white linen or thick muslin, sewing a round piece of pasteboard on the inside of the bottom-cover, to make it stand steadily.

The outside cover is to be made of the gingham. The top-piece must be circular. Sew all round it another piece, of proper shape, to form the sides, and to fold over beneath the bottom.

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Cut the white Swiss muslin into strips or frills; hem it on both edges, and gather it along the middle of each frill. Sew it round the top-piece of the gingham, so as to form a double ruffle.

Then put the gingham cover on the pincushion; stretching it tightly. The part that is to cover the bottom should be slit in four, so as to make four triangular pieces, all of which must be hemmed. All these points must meet in the centre of the bottom, where they must be pinned together so as to make all smooth.

When the outer cover is soiled, you can take it off by withdrawing the pins, and it can be washed and ironed.

These are very convenient as toilet pincushions, for common use.

The frills may be made of gingham.

Pincushions of this form are very pretty when made entirely of stiffened white muslin called Bishop's Lawn. A pattern, representing a chain or a wreath, should be worked round the top in coloured crewel; and the edges of the frill should be whipped over with crewel of a colour to correspond.

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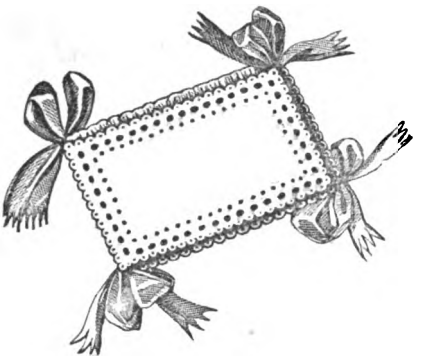
A WINE-GLASS PINCUSHION.

This is very simple, and is made in a few minutes. Take a common wine-glass. Fill it with bran, pressed down very tightly, and heaped on the top. Take a circular piece of thick silk, large enough to cover the top and sides of the glass: tie it on tightly over the top and sides with a ribbon, bringing it down a little below the place where the stem of the glass begins.

This pincushion is very convenient to stand on a table or bureau.

Scollop the edge of the silk covering, or hem it.

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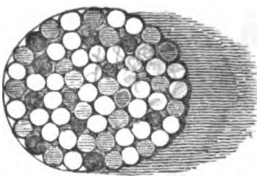


A CARD NEEDLE-BOOK.

Take two handsome coloured cards with perforated edges. You may get them at the fancy stationers'. Prepare a double leaf of a square of white cassimere. Scollop the edges with scissors, or overcast them with sewing-silk. Lay these needle-flaps between the two cards, and bind all together at the back with narrow ribbon. Sew to each corner a string of the same ribbon, to tie up the needle-book when not in use; and put a bow at each extremity of the back.

Lilac cards with dark-green ribbon are very pretty. So are pink, trimmed with green or brown; or blue, trimmed with brown or purple. Yellow looks well trimmed with black or crimson.

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A WAFER PEN-WIPER.

Take two circular pieces of pasteboard, somewhat larger than a dollar. Cover them on both sides with black silk, sewed neatly round the edges. Prepare half a dozen round pieces of black canton crape of the same size. Scollop the edges, and sew them between the two leaves of covered pasteboard, by a few stitches on one side only, so that they will open like a book. Take some bits of fine cloth or merino, of different colours, red, black, blue, green, brown, &c. Cut them out in the form and size of wafers. Sew them on to one of the pasteboard covers; beginning in the middle and carrying these cloth wafers regularly round till you have

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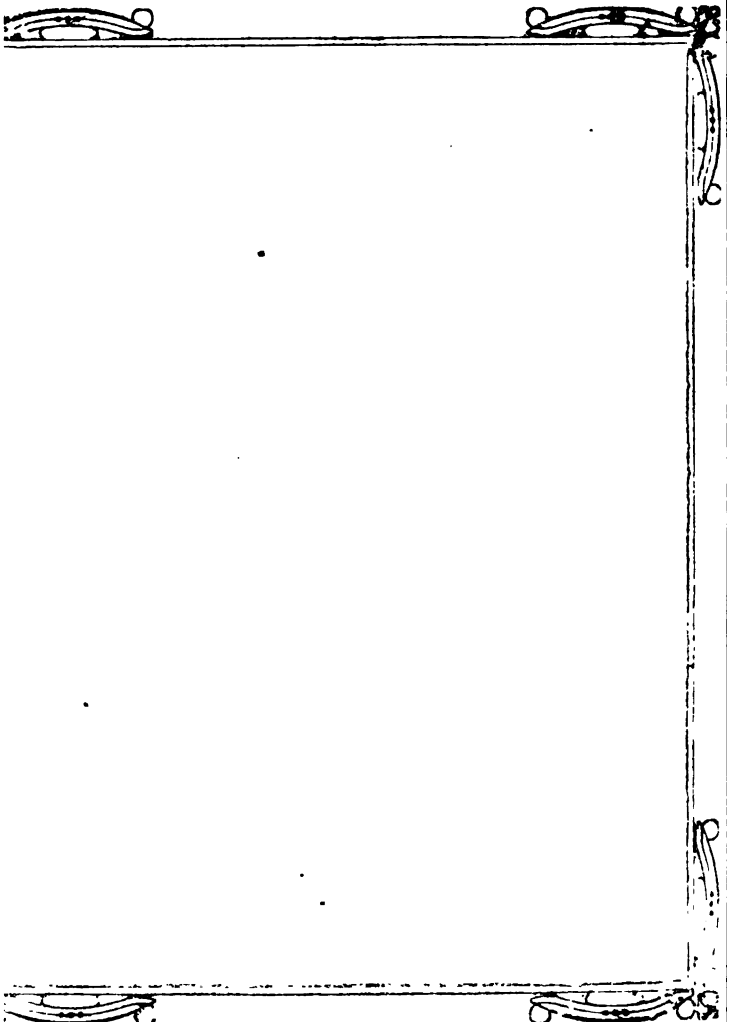
put on a sufficient number to cover the whole of the lid. Let a little bit of every wafer lie over the one that has preceded it. This will conceal the stitches.

Take care to contrast the colours well, and have them as various as possible.

These pen-wipers, when lying on the writing table, look like a cluster of wafers.



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THE GRANGE.

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HINTS

FOR

HAPPY HOURS:

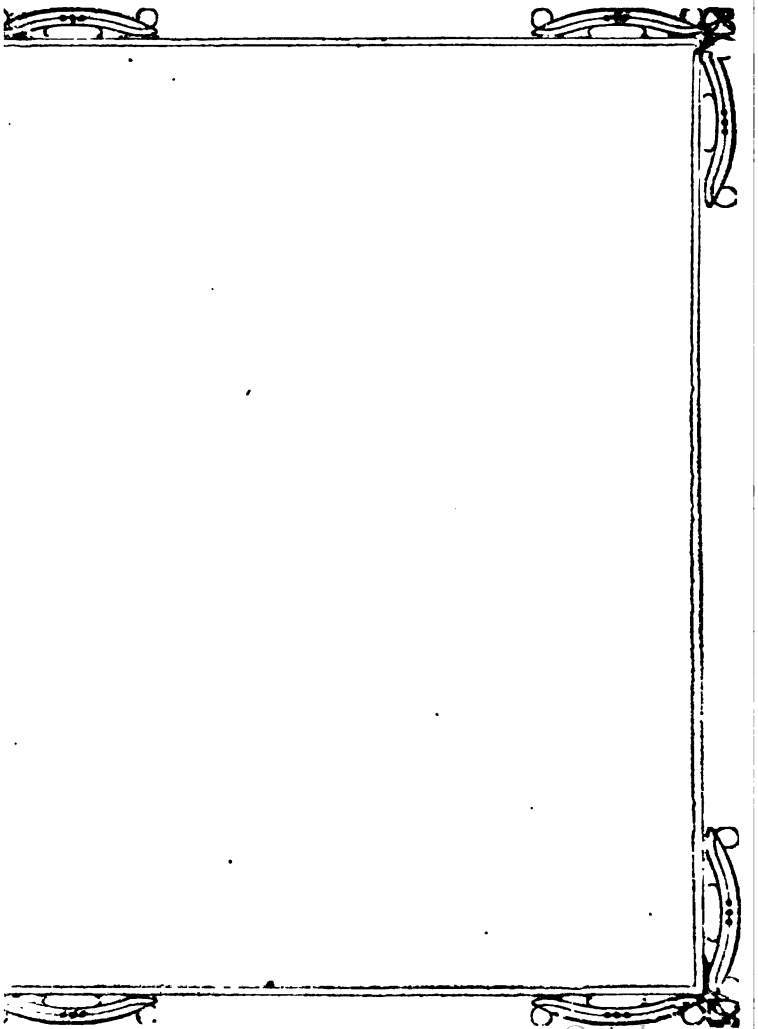
OR,

AMUSEMENT

FOR ALL AGES.

New York and Boston:
C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.
1857.

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HINTS FOR HAPPY HOURS;

OR

AMUSEMENTS FOR ALL AGES.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAITLANDS.—THE REQUEST GRANTED.—THE BIRTHDAY.—PLEASING PARADOXES.

On a winter's evening in the month of December, a family circle were assembled in a warm, well-lighted room, whose cheerful aspect and genial atmosphere afforded a delightful contrast to the darkness and cold which reigned without.

Mr. Maitland, the father of the family, was comfortably ensconsed in an arm-chair with his usual reading lamp, and a favorite volume; but he was perfectly alive to what was passing around him, and now and then threw in an *apropos* word or jest. Mrs. Maitland, seated opposite to him, was engaged in the mysteries of *Crotchet*, and the

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children, six in number, varying in age from seventeen to five years, were luxuriating in various attitudes and amusements round the table drawn before the cheerful christmas fire. Agnes, the second daughter, after holding a whispered, but animated colloquy with her next brother Tom, came up to her mother with a very beseeching look, and said,

"Dear mother, you are always so kind, that we want you now to do us a very great favor indeed."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Maitland, "let me hear what the favor is, and then I shall know whether I can grant it."

"Why, mother, you know you have kindly invited a party for to-morrow night, to celebrate Richard's birthday; and we want you to tell us some new game to play at. We shall get tired of dancing; we have played at 'How, when, and where,' until we have no new words left. We always have 'crambo verses,' and 'magic' at the Smith's, whilst the Davis's make us play at that silly nonsense of 'I've been to Paris,' or 'The horned Lady.'"

"Try Proverbs, my dear," suggested her father, "they make every body *think*. The questioner should try to put puzzling queries, and the replies should be framed so as to bring in the specified word easily and unnoticed."

"Yes, father, and if every body was as clever as you are

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at it, it would be very amusing indeed," said Richard, "but instead of that, the person who is to guess, generally goes round the circle and asks the questions in a low tone of voice, so that no one hears them but the one addressed, who replies in the same way, consequently, until it comes to one's own turn, in nine cases out of ten, one might as well be out of the room."

"You are about right, my boy," replied his father, smiling; 'and even when played at with more animation, there is frequently a difficulty in hiding the *catch* words, generally to be found in a proverb, without a degree of bungling, which draws attention to what the speaker wishes to conceal. I know a lady, who has an idea she can render the game of Proverbs much more intricate and entertaining, by blending several together, both in questions and answers; but I think every one must be as talented as herself to carry the idea out. And now let us hear whether your mother, out of the storehouse of her imagination, can bring out anything more *generally* available and amusing."

A pause ensued. Mr. Maitland resumed his book, his wife plied her needle with redoubled quickness, whilst her children sat silently, but eagerly watching her countenance. At length the busy needle stopped; its mistress looked up with a bright smile, and said,

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"Well, my dear children, I think I have hit upon a new game for you; I shall call it 'Pleasing Paradoxes;' and now I will tell you how to play it; sit down. Come father, lay down your book, you must play. We are each to take a letter of the alphabet in turn, and make a versified paradox upon it. For instance, I take A; well, now listen:

It is in an Arch, but not in a Bow,
It is in a Rake, but not in a Hoe.

Do you understand what I mean?"

"Not quite, I am afraid, mother," answered one or two voices.

"Well then, I will try another, B:

It is in Beast, but not in Cattle,
'Tis not in War, but 'tis in Battle.

"O! I understand you now, my dear," said her husband. "as proof whereof I say C:

It is in Crust, but not in Bread,
It is in Couch, but not in Bed.

"Ah! I see now," said Tom, in a quick, eager tone—"D;

It is in Dirt, but not in Mire,
It is in—

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Poor Tom stopt short, and all the youngsters laughed.

"Hallo! Tom, my boy," said his father, "why, you seem to have *stuck* in the *mire*, but in consideration of your having been the first to try your mother's new game, I will help you out," and he finished the line with,

It is in Dad, but not in Sire.

A general laugh followed this sally, and then the young ones set to, in good earnest, and in about half an hour became quite expert in 'Pleasing Paradoxes;' at the end of which time the game was discontinued, lest they should become tired of it before the arrival of their expected guests the following evening.

About twelve o'clock the next day, great delight was caused at Fernwood. by the arrival of three cousins of the Maitlands from London, who were come to spend a month with them.

After mutual greetings and inquiries had been exchanged, the girls, who were full of the expected juvenile party, told their cousins of it, adding,

"We are to play at a new game invented by mother last night, which we think is both pretty and clever."

"We shall find plenty for you all to say and do whilst you are with us, my dears," said Mr. Maitland, "but

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now get ready for dinner, for we are very early folks here."

Mrs. Maitland's drawing-room, that evening at the appointed hour of assembling, presented a gay and animated appearance, for when youthful faces are lighted up by the glow of health, and the smiles of good-temper, it is difficult to picture a more pleasing scene than a large and happy young people. The joyous group consisted (in addition to their own family) of James, Edward, and Mary Smith; Eleanor Davis, and her brother Fred; Margaret and William Pemberton; and the three London cousins. The two girls, Susan and Jane Harper, were quick, clever, and good-tempered, the very persons for a cheerful Christmas party, whilst their brother John was, to use an expressive phrase, "up to anything," and was the life and soul of every assemblage of which he formed a part.

With such auxiliaries, the evening amusements of the young people progressed most famously, nothing being dwelt upon long enough to become wearisome.

Mrs. Maitland's "Pleasing Paradoxes" were so complete a novelty that they obtained great applause, and the first time the circle were seated, the required verses were produced in the following order, each party calling out their *letter* as it came to them in alphabetical *routine.*

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Mr. Maitland.—A

It is in an Axe, but not in a Hook,
It is in an Album, but not in a Book.

Margaret.—B

It is in Bird, but not in Feather;
It is in Boot, but not in Leather.

James—C

It is in the Cook, but not the Butler,
It is in the Camp, but no the Sutler.

Agnes.—D

It is in the Day, but not in the Light,
'Tis found in the Dark, but not in the Night.

William.—E

It is found in an Ensign, but not in a Flag,
Seen twice in a Deer, but not once in a Stag.

Tom.—F

'Tis in the Foot, but not the Toes,
'Tis in the Face, but not the Nose.

Mrs. Maitland.—G

It is in Gravel, not in Clay,
It is in Grass, but not in Hay.

Frederick.—H

'Tis found in the Hat, but not in the Crown,
'Tis in the Harlequin, not in the Clown.

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Jane.—I

'Tis found in Inns, but not in Taverns,
In Iron mines, but not in Caverns.

John.—J

It is always in Joke, but never in Fun,
Found in a Jest, but not in a Pun.

Jessie.—K

In a Knot, but not a Bow,
Joins the Quick, but not the Slow.

Edward.—L

It is in Lad, but not in Boy,
It is in Gladness, not in Joy.

Eleanor.—M

'Tis always in Mischief, yet joins not in Hurt,
Is found in the Mud, but not in the Dirt.

Susan.—N

It is in a Nut, but not in the Shell,
Seen in the Knocker, but not in the Bell.

Richard.—O

It is in Ore, but not in Metal,
It is in Pot, but not in Kettle.

Mary.—P

It is in Port, but not in Sherry,
'Tis not in Mead, but 'tis in Perry.

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Margaret.—Q

It is in Quince, but not in Apple,
In the Quaker, not his Chapel.

Mr. Maitland.—R

It is in Rock, but not in Stone,
It is in Gristle, not in Bone.

Agnes.—S

It is in Soap, but not in Water,
It is in Son, but not in Daughter.

William.—T

It is in Tea, but not in Milk,
It is in Thread, but not in Silk.

Tom.—U

It is in Urn, but not in Heater,
It is in Paul, but not in Peter.

Mrs. Maitland.—V

It is in Vice, but not in Crime,
It is in Verse, but not in Rhyme.

Frederick.—W

It is in Wine, but not in Liquor,
Though not in Cane, it is in Wicker.

John.—X

It is in the Text, but not in the Sermon,
It is in the Saxon, not in the German.

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Jane.—Y
It is in Yeast, but not in Barm,
In a Yeoman, not his Farm.

Jessie.—Z
It is in Zebra, not in Mule,
In Adze, but not in cooper's tool.

When the whole of the alphabet had been thus gone through, and every body appeared much pleased with their own, and their neighbor's poetical efforts, a merry dance succeeded, after which supper was announced, at which John proposed his cousin Richard's health, in a very witty but affectionate speech; and upon the re-assembling of the guests in the drawing-room, he advanced into the middle of the circle, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, thus addressed Mrs. Maitland:

You've hit, dear Madam, on a plan
Which ought to, must, and will, and can,
Make every little Miss, or Master,
A Rhymer, or a Poetaster.
'Twill whet their wits, their mem'ries use,
And both instruct them and amuse;
Nay, e'en to elders of a party,
'Tis better far than French ecarté.
And won't disgrace, upon my troth,
The 'children of a larger growth.'
We've pass'd the Alphabet all round,
And not been very stupid found;

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But lest our wits get dull, and settle,
Dear Madam, put us on our mettle.
Some longer paradoxes then,
Pass round our joyous group again,
Make some good verses as a sample,
We'll try to follow the example.

Much applause followed this clever *impromptu*, and in cheerful compliance with the composer's request, Mrs. Maitland recommenced the game, which proceeded thus:

Mrs. Maitland.—A

I'm always used in Artifice,
Though never in deceit,
I share in an Acknowledgment,
But not in a receipt.

Susan.—B

I'm found both in Bed and in Board,
But neither in lodging nor meat,
No Building without me is stored,
Yet I enter not square, lane, nor street.

Jessie.—C

I'm in every Color seen,
Yet not in pink, blue, red, or green,
And though in Checks my form is made,
My figure ne'er appears in plaid,

William.—D

It in Dread does appear,
But never in fear.

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A paradox thus I am giving.
It stands at the head
And the foot of the Dead,
But never is used by the living.

Richard.—E

I've a claim upon an Earldom,
But none on rank or station,
And though I'm part of England's self,
No share have in the nation.

Eleanor.—F

It is always in a Fidget,
And always in a Fret;
Yet never in a passion,
Nor even in a pet.

Mr. Maitland.—G

In Guilt 'tis found, but not in sin,
In Grief, but not in tears;
In midst of agony 'tis seen,
But ne'er in pain appears.

James.—H

It is found in the Husband,
But not in the Wife,
It is shown in the Character,
Not in the Life.

Jane.—I

The first of all Inventions,
It has never been in Use;

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Not found in Eastern country,
Yet in India, most profuse.

Margaret.—J

In the Jews, 'tis accorded a prominent place,
By the Hebrews it never is used;
In the Jesuits 'tis plain as the nose in the face,
In their College its form is refused.

Frederick.—K

No Kiss without me e'er is given,
Though both from mouth and lip I'm driven;
And so I take to Knocks and Kicks,
But yet in squabbles never mix.

John.—L

Although I'm constantly in Love,
I've never entered Hymen's band,
Each lady puts me in her Glove,
And yet I never touch her hand.

Mary.—M

It is always heard in Music,
Yet is ever out of tune:
May can't begin without it,
But 'tis never seen in June.

Edward.—N

Twice seen in every Morning,
Once seen in every Night;
You'll seek it vainly in the Dark,
Nor find it in the Light.

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Tom.—O

It's never out of Order,
But it's always out of Place.
It's found in every Opening,
Yet enters not a Space.

Agnes.—P

Of every Pie and Pudding,
I form a useful Part,
Yet strange to say, from day to day,
I never touch a tart.

Mr. Maitland.—Q

I stay with the Queen, for, entre nous,
She without me would lose her cue, (Q)
But with the Prince have naught to do;
Join her Quadrilles, however various,
But neither Polka, nor Cellarius.

Susan.—R

Though the leader of a Riot,
And first in every Row;
To mobs, and their associates,
No assistance 'twill allow.

Mrs. Maitland.—S

Though heard distinct in every Sound,
The ear it cannot reach,
'Tis never used by lip or tongue,
Yet always heard in Speech.

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Jessie.—T

Although in Trade, yet, strange to say,
From shop, and goods it keeps away;
In midst of every city seen, ...
And yet in London has not been.

William.—U

'Tis found in Units, not in tens,
'Tis seen in Quills, but not in pens.

Richard.—V

'Tis found in all the Virtuous,
But shuns the wise, and good;
'Tis mix'd with each one's Victuals,
But not in daily food.

John.—W

Although a part of Wedlock,
Has naught to do with marriage,
Is seen in Women walking,
But never in a carriage.

Mary.—X

I lent to Xerxes double aid,
Yet enter'd not the Persian host;
And 'though in Xenophon display'd,
No Author can my presence boast.

Jane.—Y

Although in Youth pre-eminent,
And seen in midst of boyhood's race;
With middle life 'tis never blent,
Nor leaves on age a single trace.

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James.—Z

Foremost in every Zealot,
In enthusiasts never seen,
Dwells in the midst of Switzerland,
In the Alps has never been.

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Maitland, when the game was ended, "I am quite surprised, as well as pleased, at the success which has attended the first trial of your new game. We have all been inspired with a portion of the wit and imagination which originated the thought, and I beg to propose a vote of thanks from the whole party.' Great clapping of hands, and *miniature* cheers followed this speech, to which Mrs. Maitland returned gentle smiles, and thanks of modest gratification, and this formed the concluding event of the evening. Pleasure as well as pain has its termination. Servants were announced as having been for some time awaiting their young masters and mistresses. Cheeks began to look pale, and eyes to wax dim and sleepy. Mr. and Mrs. Maitland thought it would neither be wise nor proper longer to detain them, and so kind adieus, and grateful thanks were exchanged, and the youthful guests were just passing from the room, when once more the never-to-be tired out John Harper burst forth into an *extempore* effusion, and thus dismissed the party:

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Pleasant dreams to you all when you go to your beds,
But don't let this evening go out of your heads ; ...
Play the game as we've played it, 'tis sure to amuse,
And no one to join it, will crossly refuse ;
And whilst you are playing, claim forfeits or fines,
From those who produce not the requisite lines.
Or if children are stupid, or elders are humdrums,
Ask the rhymes as Charades or poetic Conundrums.

CHAPTER II.

THE SKATING PARTY.—AN ACCIDENT.—TING TANG.—CONVERSATION CARDS.—THE GAME CRITICISED.

THE morning after this juvenile *fête*, the amusements of the previous evening, of course, formed a topic of conversation at the breakfast table, and the young people were unanimous in their delight and applause at their mother's new game.

"Your mother's example has inspired more than one person;" said Mr. Maitland. "I know one, *rather intimately*, who has had an '*idea*,' during the night, which may perhaps be worked out some other evening when we want a little variety."

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"O! how delightful," cried Jane Harper, "will you tell us to-night, uncle?'

"We shall see when the evening comes," answered he, "perhaps by that time you may be too tired, for I am going to challenge you to walk over to Burton Craigs, and have a slide and a skate on the lake there."

"Shall you go, dear aunt?" asked John, "if so, count on me, as your most obedient slave and blackamoor."

"I shall not put your professions to the test," she replied, "having an engagement at home; but if you will take care of Alice, I shall say you are a very kind cousin, and she will no doubt reward you by being very well-behaved."

"O! yes, cousin John, I will be very good," said little Alice, "but I shall pelt you with snow-balls, and so will Charley, for it is *such* fun."

The walking party were soon equipped, and sallied forth into the keen frosty air, with light hearts and active limbs, the sun shining clear and bright, and giving a thousand brilliant hues to the hoar frost, which hung thick upon the leafless branches of the trees. Their road lay through fields and lanes, the hedges of which boasted in summer a luxuriance of wild roses and hawthorn blossom, now their sprays were gay with the hips and haws, and the holly-berries shone bright and cheerful amongst the dark green

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leaves. The Londoners were perhaps more delighted with the wild beauty around them than those who had lived amongst it all their lives.

"Look, Jessie," cried Susan, "did you ever see anything so perfectly beautiful as the effect of that tree, laden with its glittering wreaths, against the pure blue sky! What tree do you call it?'

"Hush! my dear sister," interposed John, "without being aware of it, you are recalling unpleasant reminiscences to your male companions; that tree, so lovely to look at, is most painful to *feel;* those pendant branches, now so gracefully inclining their gem-decked heads, do sometimes take a *descending* form less pleasing to the spectator. That tree, my sister, is the pride of the painter, the sceptre of the pedagogue, and the dread of the pupil! in one word it is a—*Birch.*"

"But now for your promised game of snow balls, Alice," and setting the example by collecting a large handful of the spotless snow, they were all soon engaged in a mimic warfare, which gave a glow to their cheeks, and a warmth to their limbs, particularly grateful on so cold a day. A merry chase of the flying girls brought them to Burton lake, a fine sheet of water at the foot of some beautiful rocks, a famous place for summer pic-nics, or winter skating parties.

Mr Maitland was a truly elegant skater, and his sons

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bid fair to emulate his fame. The country girls could slide very well; and after much persuasion, Jane and Susan ventured on the ice, holding by their cousin's hands; but to do more than merely *stand* upon its slippery surface was, to them, impossible. The first attempt at a move, down they came, to the great amusement of all; their own laughter being as loud as that of the spectators of their fall.

The prudent Jessie soon after proclaimed it time to go home, "mother would be afraid that some accident had happened."

"One quadrille," suggested John, "and then we will obey our liege lady. You shall be *my* partner, Tom—come, *chaine Anglaise*, bravo! now *balancez*—capital! *chaine des dames*," and making an additional *strike*, he lost his balance, and measured his length at his partner's feet.

"*Cavalier seul*," laughed Mr. Maitland, and the whole party echoed the jest, and joined in the mirth.

"Being his *last* appearance in that character," cried John, as he rose, and limped to the bank of the lake, where his pale face and compressed lips soon changed laughter into commiseration; for he was obliged to confess that he was "in great pain, and that he feared he had sprained his ancle."

"Why, my poor lad, this is a sad mishap," said Mr.

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Maitland; "let Richard take off your skates—there, now take my arm, and try if you can get to old Dawson's cottage; we may perhaps procure something there to bathe your ancle with."

"No, no, father," cried Jessie, "let us get John home, as soon as possible, I am sure that mother will not be satisfied until Mr. Barnes is sent for."

"O, father," said Tom, "you and Dick carry John to Dawson's cottage, and I will run forward, and borrow his donkey, which John can ride home."

"In accordance with this thoughtful plan, the party set off, Alice and Charley both crying at the misfortune which had befallen their playfellow. Old Dawson willingly permitted the eager request of Tom, and John was lifted very gently by his kind attendants upon the donkey's back, and, although evidently suffering much pain, contrived to make his young companions frequently smile, at his witty and cheerful remarks.

Mr. Maitland undertook to walk on with the two youngest children, and prepare his wife for the arrival of her disabled nephew; consequently all needful attendance was given very shortly after, as Mr. Barnes lived very near, and was fortunately at home when summoned. Upon examining John's ancle, he relieved Mr. Maitland's fears of a fracture, by the assurance that it was nothing more

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than a violent sprain, which would only require nursing and rest, to make it very soon well. It was with a rueful face that John received the intelligence that he would probably have to remain quietly on the sofa for the next week or more.

"Now that is what I call pleasant," said he with a grimace. "I came down from London on purpose to enjoy the out-door sports of the country, and all from my over anxiety to do the graceful in the eyes of my fair cousins, I am obliged to forego any future prospects of being useful as a lady's companion."

"You must be doubly agreeable within doors, my dear boy," said his aunt; "we will all assist to render your confinement as little irksome as possible. Mr. Barnes has promised to come to tea this evening, and bring a young Edinburgh friend with him."

"The more the merrier," remarked her husband.

A few hours after this conversation, the happy party were again assembled round the drawing-room fire, and John comfortably installed on the sofa. Mr. Barnes was a cheerful companion, and had long been intimate with the family; and young Cameron was a clever and lively addition to their circle.

When the tea-things were removed, Mr. Maitland said, Now then, my friends, I will tell you the '*idea*' which

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arose in my dreamy state last night, after I was in bed. Your mother's 'paradoxes' were still running in my head, and I was endeavoring to make one or two fresh ones. I wanted a rhyme for *man;* and I murmured over the words *ban, clan, Dan, fan, Nan,* &c., until I became quite amused at the number of rhyming terminations; this set me '*a thinking*,' and in a short time I arranged a game in my own mind, of which we will now have a trial. I shall *think* of a word, and tell you what it *rhymes* with, you must try to find out what the word is, and *define* it in your answer, or guess, but not tell me what word *you* think of, thus it will be a mutual puzzle. You all look very much amazed, but an example will soon enlighten you. Now I have thought of a word, and it rhymes with *at;* if you, Mr. Barnes, want to ask me if it is *cat*, say something to this effect; 'Is it a useful domestic animal?' to which, if you have not guessed right, I shall answer 'no, it is not a *cat;*' then we will suppose Jessie follows with—'Is it what the cat would very willingly catch and eat?' to which I should reply, 'no, it is not a *rat*,' and so on, until by the questioner having really hit upon the word I thought of, I am compelled by verity to answer, 'yes, it is *that*."

"I think we begin to understand your meaning now," said Mr. Barnes.

"Yes," said John; "please, uncle, to go ahead, and try

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what sort of a band we can muster at your new game of what d'ye call it?"

"I think I will name it *Ting tang*, because of its *chiming* so well together," replied his uncle; "I shall confine myself at present to words of one syllable, and have now thought of one which rhymes with *air*."

Mrs. M. Are all men subject to it?

Mr. M. Too surely so to what you think of, but it is not—*care*.

Jane. Is it the dwelling of a wild beast?

Mr. M. No, it is not *lair*.

Mr. Barnes. Is it what a bachelor's establishment is frequently deficient in?

Mr. M. Do you mean a *chair?*

Mr. B. No: I mean when the bachelor gives a dinner party of more than six.

Mr. M. O! then I reply it is not *ware*.

Susan. Is it what country folks do in London?

Mr. M. No, Miss *Quiz*, it is not *stare*.

Young Cameron. A classical description of a peculiar kind of *cygnet?*

Mr. M. *Signet-seal*, what is this? O! notwithstanding your *double entendre*, I must say my word is *not* like a *black swan, rare*

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Richard. Is it what I should like to be to old Mr. Green, the banker?

Mr. M. I should not object myself, but neither you nor my thought will be the *heir.*

Tom. Is it something brown and old I should like to mount at the Grange?

Mr. M. Now, Tom, you have puzzled me, I hardly know whether you mean the old brown *stair*, or the old brown *mare.*

Tom. The old *mare*, father.

Mr. M. Then 'tis not that, I do declare.

Agnes. Is it what I do to my clothes?

Mr. M. No, my dear, it is not *tear.*

Agnes. Now, father, that's too bad; I meant *wear.*

John. Would my father have been one had he been a Frenchman?

Mr M. Votre serviteur, Monsieur, he would, and *it* would not—he would have been a father; but this is not *un pére.*

Jessie. Is it what I do not consider that last question?

Mr. M. Another contradiction! I agree with *you*, Jessie, and yet I must own—*it is fair.*

"I think this is a very amusing game, uncle," said Susan, "and may be useful in future to us in playing

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Paradoxes! it will give us such a facility in finding rhymes."

"I agree with you, my dear," said her aunt; "but now let us have another round of Ting tang.

"Stop one moment, my dear," said her husband, "I really think the little ones can play at this game; come here my pet," he continued, calling Alice from the table, where she and Charley had got a book of prints before them; "now listen to what is going on, and you will be able to give an answer with the best of us, I am sure."

Mrs. M. I give a word which rhymes with *dale.*

Jessie. Is it what a lady becomes when agitated?

Mrs. M. No, it is not *pale.*

Mr. Barnes. Is it a part of an ancient knight's accoutrements?

John. There, aunt, he wants to put you to the *proof.*

Mrs. M. So I perceive, John, but it is not *mail.*

Susan. Is it like old news?

Mrs. M. Do you think it likely I should choose for a new game that which is *stale?*

Mr. M. Is it what Hamlet told Polonius he agreed the cloud was like?

Mrs. M. It *is* very like, but *not* a *whale.*

Agnes. Can I find it at the foot of a hill?

Mrs. M. You might, but it is not a *vale.*

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Jane. Is it that thoughtful creature which always carries its own habitation with it?

Mrs. M. You are very quick, my dear, and therefore neither you nor my thought can be considered a *snail.*

Tom. Is it what I like to hit right well?

Mrs. M. No, it is not a *nail.*

Charley. Is it what pigs carry behind them?

Mrs. M. No, my darling, it is not a *tail.*

Alice. Is it what the milkmaids use?

Mrs. M. No, my sweet one, not a *pail.*

John. Is it what I am very fond of?

Mrs. M. Nay, that's too general a question, you like a *sail*, and you like a *tale*, what do you mean? I give that up.

John. I plead guilty, aunt, to liking *ale.*

Mrs. M. No, then, it is not *ale.*

Cameron. I think it is what I should do in guessing other people's meanings.

Mrs. M. You have done so *now*, for it certainly is not *fail.*

Richard. Was there any last week?

Mrs. M A great quantity, but it is not *hail.*

Jessie. Now, mother, it has been all around, and we have not guessed it; will you tell us?

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Mrs. M. O! proceed; there are many more words yet, you have not mentioned.

Jessie. Well, then, should I do it under your anger?

Mrs. M. I cannot tell what would occur in such a very unusual circumstance, but you cannot make *my word—quail.*

Mr. Barnes. O, skip me if you please, I can't think of one.

Susan. I wonder, aunt, you do not *do* it at Mr. Barnes for missing his turn.

Mrs. M. It would be so rude, my dear, to a guest; not even in *thought* have I given way to *rail.*

Mr. M. Is it what I wish Barnes would take of my tooth?

Mrs. M. Poor father! I wish you could say as truly as I can, it is not *scale.*

The game had proceeded in this lively uninterrupted manner to this period, when a servant entered with a note, which he delivered to Mr. Barnes.

"One of the frequent annoyances of a country doctor's life," he exclaimed, after reading it, "an old man at Crompton has been taken suddenly ill, and as his son has walked the three miles to fetch me, I must of course accompany him back."

"You shall have the pony to go on," said Mr. M.

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"Well, let us try to find out this 'ting tang' before you go," said John.

"Will Mr. Barnes have to ride through it to-night, dear aunt?"

Mrs. M. With the wind blowing so loud, it seems almost untrue to say it is not a *gale.*

"The pony is ready, sir," said Peter at this moment.

"Heigho!" said Mr. Barnes, rising reluctantly from his chair, "the thought of leaving this cheerful party almost makes me ready to do, what I now ask, dear Madam, if your word is?"

Mrs. M. I am sorry that our pleasant party must be broken up for the present, and *truth*, as well as politeness, makes me both echo and acknowledge your *wail.*

"Now girls, give us a little music to fill up the time of our friend's absence," said Mr. Maitland.

The piano was accordingly opened, and sweet sounds floated through the room to the gratification of all.

Jessie then produced some conversation cards, which amused the group by their odd replies; and at the end of which game, Mr. Maitland exclaimed, "Why, I declare if here is not our worthy doctor back again. You are welcome, my good friend, although I should think my old pony has smarted for your quick return."

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"Indeed, my dear sir, I have been gone an hour and a half," said Mr. Barnes, in a deprecating tone, "and it has seemed much longer to me. Well, have you had any more 'ting tang' in my absence?"

"No," replied Mrs. Maitland; "and my husband even forbid our making any observations upon the game, until you rejoined the party."

"Thank you, my good sir; I have thought it over during my ride, and give *my* opinion that it is very amusing, for there were some capital definitions in each round. I only wonder how either you or Mrs. Maitland comprehended the meaning of some."

"They have caught the *spirit* of my idea famously," remarked the former, "it makes it all the more amusing to give far-fetched definitions, and to vary the style of the reply; and at any time it might be converted into a game of forfeits. If the proposer of the original word owns to being unable to find out the meaning of a questioner's definition, he should pay a forfeit for such inability; or if the circle acknowledge that they cannot think of any more rhymes, and the word is still unguessed, they should be fined *all round*, and the querist should recommence the game, after telling what his *first* thought was."

"Yes, I think it might be made optional for forfeits, as John suggested it should be in my paradoxes," re-

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marked Mrs. Maitland. "Come to us on Friday evening," she added to the doctor and his friend, "and we will try this game of mine. You will meet our new curate and his sister."

CHAPTER III.

THE HAPPY INVALID.—ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.—INVITATION TO THE GRANGE.—THE SCRAP BOOK.—THE CARDINAL'S LETTER.

JOHN HARPER was too clever, as well as good-tempered, to allow the confinement to which he was obliged now to submit, to deprive either himself or his kind entertainers of pleasure and amusement. He was very fond of reading aloud, and his uncle's well-stored library soon furnished a volume with which he wiled away the hours, to the gratification of his aunt and female cousins, who good-naturedly would not leave the disabled youth alone. When dinner-time approached, Mr. Maitland and the boys returned from a walk they had taken to see a poor sick man at some distance, and brought rather improved accounts of his health.

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"How is our invalid?" asked Mr. Maitland.

"Nay, uncle, do not call me an invalid," said John; "except this tiresome sprain I feel quite well, and have enjoyed my morning's occupation exceedingly, and shall be almost sorry when my ancle is sufficiently strong to allow of no excuse for such a luxurious existence—smiled on and waited on by kind dame and fair damsels; who *could* wish to be *well* and give up such enjoyments? I have no doubt I shall make one or two splendid conundrums too, now I have so much leisure."

"John's conundrums and charades are always very ridiculous," said his sister Jane, "but the best of them is they are original; I have a few in my letter-case up stairs, which I will bring down this evening."

The evening's amusements were again of a varied nature,—music, both vocal and instrumental, during a large portion of it.

"Uncle," said John, "do you know what *musick* would do to you, if by chance you dropped the first letter? why, make *you sick* (*usick*) to be sure?"

"Very old, and very bad," said Mr. Maitland; "so instead of wasting your precious breath, take a part with your sisters in my favorite glee of 'the Chough and Crow.' Jane flatters you by saying you sing bass very well."

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"*All* I sing is *base*," replied the incorrigible John; "but give me the song and I will do my best."

During the cheerful supper, Jane produced her promised conundrums, and much mirth was created in guessing the following:

"In what did Queen Elizabeth always take her pills?"

"In jelly;" "In wine," said one or two.

"O, no," said Mr. Maitland, "nothing so common, perhaps she took them 'in a trice.'"

"No," said Jane, "she took them *in cider* (*inside* her)."

"Why are ladies like Churches?"

"Something about *belles* and ringing, I dare say," said Richard.

"Because there is no *living* without them."

"How exceedingly gallant, John," said his aunt, smiling; "we shall redouble our attentions to you henceforth. Go on, Jane."

"Why is love like a potato?"

"O! that's old," said Tom. "because it shoots from the eyes."

"O dear, no," said Jane, looking at her list, "nothing half so flattering. Because it becomes less by *paring*,"

"What a falling off was there!" laughed Mr. Maitland, "after the previous one!"

"The next is a sort of *neutral*," continued Jane.

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"Why is love like a box of lucifers?"

"Ah! I think I have it," said her uncle. "Because it produces many matches."

"Yes, that is right. Now, Tom, as you are rather apt to climb up trees, and scramble about now and then, suppose you knocked your head by accident, what would be the best game for you to play at, to alleviate the pain?"

"O! a good game at cricket," said Tom, eagerly; "I should soon forget a knock on the head."

"Do not you think, uncle, it would be better for him to have *a friendly rubber?*"

"Very good!" answered her uncle, "have you any more of John's *good-uns* there?"

"Yes; three more: If a man were to bite off another man's nose, what is he bound by the law to do?"

"O! we can't guess that, Jane, I'm sure," said Jessie, "so we'll give it up."

"Why, he is bound to '*keep the peace*,' to be sure!"

"How very ridiculous! are the other two as much so?" said Jessie, "if so, give the answers at once, when you have asked them."

"Why is a chimney-sweeper less difficult to be pleased by his tailor than any other man?"

"I should never have thought he employed a tailor," said Richard; "pray tell us."

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"Because his clothes always *soot* him."

"That's not bad," said Mr. Maitland; "now, Jenny, what is your last; is it the best?"

"No, uncle, I think not, but you shall judge. What is the difference between an emperor and a beggar boy?"

"I have heard an old song in my younger days," said Mr. Maitland, laughing, "about the

——difference between
A beggar and a queen,

but I hope the distinction in *this* case is more politely and delicately defined."

"O! quite in keeping with imperial dignity, I assure you; but, John, you manage the pronunciation better than I do."

"Well," said John, "the difference is this: One issues manifestoes, and the other *manifests toes without its shoes.*"

"I'll tell you a conundrum that was made the other day by a young friend of mine in London," said Susan. "What are the only two quadrupeds admitted into the opera?"

"Nay, we know so little about the opera," said Richard; "pray tell us."

"*Puppies* and *white kids*," replied his cousin, archly.

"We owe you one for that, saucy Sukey," said her

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uncle, "and some other evening you shall have 'a Rowland for your Oliver.'"

A sudden shange in the weather prevented the girls from attempting to accompany Mr. Maitland in his proposed walk the next morning. Heavy rain and hail fell in alternate torrents, and gusty storms of wind drove with such pelting force amongst the old trees surrounding the house, that they groaned and cracked in the blast, as if giving audible vent to their aggrieved feelings.

"O, what a day to make one value a good *country* blaze," said John, giving the fire a vigorous poke, and then gleefully rubbing his hands before it, spouted

> "'Blow winds, and crack your jaws,' we sit serene;
> For if by angry fate we're not compelled
> To 'bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,'
> Your loud and angry roar will but enhance
> The cheering comforts of our English fire!"

"Really, John, you are a second 'young Roscius,'" laughed his uncle; "and you laud our indoor comforts so truly, and so well, that I do not think I shall desert them myself to-day. I shall go into my study and write some letters."

As he turned to leave the room, he looked through the window, and observing a groom approaching the house on horseback, he exclaimed, "Who can have sent a servant out in such a miserable day?"

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"Why, it is the Beaumonts' livery," replied his wife; "but I did not know that they had returned from Germany."

"O! yes, mother, they have been back in England the last three months," said Jessie, "but have been in Devonshire, at their uncle, Sir Thomas Graham's; and I heard that they were all coming down to the Grange for Christmas."

A servant here brought in a note for Mrs. Maitland, which he said was to receive an answer by the bearer.

His mistress opened it, and read aloud as follows:

My dear Madam, The Grange, Friday morning.

I am come back to the Grange, accompanied by my daughter, and her young folks, where I hope they will stay a few months with me. I wish to make a part, at least of their visit more agreeable than by the mere society of a solitary old woman, and therefore hope that you and Mr. Maitland will oblige me by coming to us next Tuesday, for some days, accompanied by your four eldest children, and the three young guests I understand you have staying with you. There is plenty of accommodation in the old Grange for you all. The double-bedded Blue room for the girls; and the Omnibus, all clean and ready for more boys than you will bring with you; so I shall take no refusal. A German tree, and some other exotics, are promised as an inducement. With kind regards to all, believe me, my dear Madam,

Very sincerely yours, MARY BEAUMONT.

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When Mrs. Maitland had finished reading the note, the sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks around her, proved that no objection would arise to Mrs. Beaumont's invitation from the *juniors* of the party; she therefore applied to her husband for his opinion, and finding that he was willing to oblige his old friend, she wrote a short note of grateful acceptance, with the single proviso that they would 'come if the weather permitted.'

"O, I am so glad that we are going to the Grange," said Agnes, dancing about the room, and clapping her hands, "it is the dearest, funniest old place in the world—such 'dark closets and steep staircases;' such 'large old window-seats and dark corners;' such queer ins and outs, and 'long winding passages:' it always puts me in mind of a story-book whenever I go there, and I go about expecting to meet some old fairy with a wand in the day-time, or to see a ghost at night!"

"Rather a pleasant abode, I should think," said John; "and your bedroom seems especially suited to your romantic taste, by its fear-inspiring name. 'The Blue chamber!!!' '*O, ow orrid!*' as my friend Joe Perkins would say. I wonder you do not all expect to be frightened to death by the ghost of some lovelorn maiden, or else *less romantically*, murdered in your sleep."

"It must be the ghost of a very *bold* maiden, or else a

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very daring *living* body, that would stand the chance of being attacked by four young ladies, all armed with teeth, nails, and tongues," said Mr. Maitland, jokingly; "but I must make good my own retreat, I see, or shall have them beginning to practise on *me*, to be ready for the 'ghost of the Grange,'" and so saying he left the room.

"What is Mrs. Beaumont's *Omnibus*, where we lads are to sleep?" asked John. "I hope she has neither 'steady horses' nor 'careful drivers' attatched to it, or we shall perhaps be dragged

"Through bush and through briar,
Through mud and through mire."

"You will see in due time, John," replied his aunt; "I shall not enlighten you as to any of the comforts or discomforts of the house we are invited to, but I do not think you will regret going."

"Is George at school now, mother?" asked Jessie.

"He was at Bohn University," replied Mrs. Maitland, "which was the principal reason for his mother also living abroad. Her two daughters she has always kept at home, under the careful superintendence of Miss Chapman, a very superior woman, whom I have known for years."

Peter at this moment entered with another note, and observed that "no answer was required."

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"What now?" said Mrs. Maitland, smiling. "O! a counterbalance to the last:—

Miss Harrison presents her compliments to Mrs. Maitland, and regrets that the unfavorable state of the weather will prevent herself and brother from spending this evening at Fernwood, agreeably to her polite invitation.

Holly Cottage, Friday afternoon.

"I'm sure I should not like Miss Harrison," said Tom, as his mother finished reading. "What a formal note that is. I *know* she don't like fun."

A hearty laugh greeted Tom's energetically expressed opinion of their new acquaintance, which made him both wince and blush, but soon all fell into quiet employment, and became so deeply interested in the progress of John's volume, that they could scarcely believe the dinner hour had nearly arrived when the bell summoned them to dress.

"I am so sorry we must stop," said Jane, "it is getting so very interesting; who knows whether poor Felix will ever get safe back in the boat he has built for himself out of the old timbers of the wreck?"

"Of course he will," replied her aunt, "you must wait patiently until to-morrow, but be assured that the hero will not be drowned in the middle of the volume, or there would be an end of the tale."

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In the course of the evening Mrs. Maitland said, "There is an old scrap book of mine in the book case which I have not seen for years, and the contents of which will be therefore almost as new to me as you. I will go and fetch it, and perhaps father will kindly read some of the scraps aloud."

The book was soon placed in Mr. Maitland's willing hands, who from its well-filled pages made selections according to his taste, his first being the following passage from Lacon:—"Wit is one of the few things that has been oftener rewarded than defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain, 'what is wit?' The chaplain replied, 'the rectory of B. is vacant, give it me, and *that* will be wit.' 'Prove it, and you shall have it,' replied his lordship. 'It would be a good thing well applied,' replied the chaplain. He was soon after appointed to the benefice."

"So much for a lesson on wit," observed the reader, "and now for one on contentment," and he read the title,

'ALWAYS HAPPY.'

'An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulty without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions without betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired the virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one

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day asked the bishop if he could communicate the secret of being 'always happy.' 'Yes,' replied the old man, 'I can teach you my secret with great facility, it consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes.' His friend begged him to explain himself. 'Most willingly,' returned the bishop. 'In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven and remember that my principal business *here* is to get *there;* I then look down to the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be buried; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are in all respects more unhappy than myself; and thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end; and what little cause *I* have to repine or to complain.'

"There's a nice, good old man," said Jessie, "I wish there were more like him, both old and young. Go on, father—what's next?"

"Why here are some original verses by *myself*, I do believe," he replied, laughing;—

IMPROMPTU ON THE NEW PENNY POST.

The penny post is now come in,
And made a great sensation,
As every one may clearly see,
Who uses *pene*-tration.

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And every one must now confess
Our rulers *penny-wise.*
Though if *pound foolish* in the end,
It won't cause much surprise.
Yet still to speeches in their praise,
We'll yield a hearty yes;
For each may have their *penny*-worth,
Who is not *penni*-less.
From London down to *Penni*-cuick,
From Cork to *Penni*-stone,
Love in *half ounces* may be sent
If you a *penny* own.
Then surely by no other means,
Should letters now be sent,
May conscience prick each would-be cheat,
And make them *peni*-tent.

"And now here is an Anagram for you to guess," continued Mr. Maitland :—

If you transpose what ladies wear,
'Twill show what wicked traitors are;
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;
Change it again, and it will show,
What all on earth desire to do.
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do you'll then explore.

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"Is the answer there, uncle?" asked Jane, peeping over his shoulder.

"Get away, you sly puss," he replied, putting his hand over the page; but the quick eye of his lively niece had caught the first word, *veil*, and it occasioned very little difficulty to give the required transposition of *vile*, *Levi*, *live*, and *evil*.

"Now, boys, here is an arithmetical puzzle for *you*. A man offered to sell his horse (which was a valuable one,) by receiving so much a piece for the nails in his horse's shoes. He was to have a farthing for the first nail, and a halfpenny for the second, a penny for the third, and so on, doubling it each time; there are eight nails in each shoe, thirty-two nails in all—what now would be the price the man would thus obtain for his horse?"

"O! that's very soon done," said Tom; and he began muttering to himself—'a farthing, a halfpenny, a penny,' &c. John watched him with a sly and amused expression of face.

"Poor Tom!" said he, in a whisper to Richard, "he little knows what he has undertaken."

"I fancied it was very easy indeed," said Tom, "but I now find to the contrary, and I will try by myself to-morrow, when I think I can manage it. Go on now, if you please, with mother's scraps."

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"Well, then," replied his father, "I will select one especially addressed to the ladies, at least to the *single* ones."

"A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: 'I am inclined to believe that many aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person—'she will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex—'she has all the prudery of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns—'she is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of 'an old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, 'an old maid.'"

"Then I'll be an old maid," said Jessie, laughing, "for I am sure she is a most excellent character."

"And I won't," said Agnes, "for I am sure that mother is quite as good as any old maid that ever lived."

"Time enough, my dears," said their mother, smiling; "like the celebrated decision of the Welsh judge, 'much may be said on both sides.' Ah! my love," she continued, addressing her husband, "I see you have turned to that curious letter of the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu; just

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read it aloud, *entire*, and see whether any of the present party can detect anything peculiar in the composition."

Mr. Maitland, accordingly, bespoke particular attention, adding, "This letter was addressed to the French Ambassador at Rome, by Cardinal Richelieu, who, you will all remember, was a most wily and cautious diplomatist; his communication is as follows;—

Sir,

Mons. Compigne, a savoyard by birth, is the man who will present to you this letter. He is one of the most meddling persons I have ever known. He has long earnestly solicited me, to give him a suitable character, which I have accordingly granted to his importunity, for, believe me, I should be sorry you should be ignorant of his real character. I think it my duty to advertise you to have especial regard to all he does, nor venture to say anything before him in any sort, for I may truly say there is none whom I should more regret to see received, and trusted in decent society. And I well know, that as soon as you shall become acquainted with him, you will thank me for this advice; the courtesy, obliges me to desist from saying any thing more on the subject.

a friar of the order of St. Benedict, as his passport to your protection, discreet, the wisest, and the least or that I have ever conversed with. to write to you in his favor, and together with a letter of credence, his really great merit, rather than to his modesty quite equals his worth. wanting in serving him, from being Wherefore, and from no other motive, that you are particularly desired to show all the respect imaginable, that may either offend, or displease no man I love so much as M. Compigne, neglected, as no one is more worthy to be Base therefore would it be to injure him are made sensible of his virtues, and you will love him as I do, and then the assurance I entertain of your urging this matter farther, or

Believe me, Sir,

Yours,

Richelieu.

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"Now you have heard the letter," said Mr. Maitland, "what opinion should you form of Monsieur Compigne?"

"He must have been a most excellent man to obtain such a high character from one who you say was so very cautious," said Richard.

"I said he was wily also," returned his father, "so let us see whether he had more than one meaning to his letter."

He then folded his letter in half lengthwise, and read the *first* page down again, which gave such an opposite account of the *good* friar, that the auditors were surprised and dismayed.

"Of course the cardinal had instructed his correspondents to look for this *one* way of conveying a *double entendre*," said Mrs. Maitland; "but we must not wait supper any longer for Mr. Barnes and his friend; the weather detains them, no doubt."

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CHAPTER IV.

MORNING VISITERS.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE VISIT.—ENIGMATICAL LIST OF TREES.—CONUNDRUMS.

"If we may judge from present appearances, we must trust to indoor resources again to-day," said Mr. Maitland; "it is rather an advantage to me, for I have promised old Jones an hour's consultation about his brother's affairs; and shall send Peter down to the lodge to summon him up at once. *Au revoir.*"

John then recommenced his book, but had not proceeded far, before Mr. Barnes and young Cameron were announced.

"Did you *swim* here?" inquired John, as he greeted his doctor with a shake of the hand.

"No," he replied, smiling; "but Cameron good-naturedly held an umbrella over us both, as I drove up here in Harrison's pony-gig. But now let us have a little medical talk," and he proceeded to examine the sprained ancle, which bore so favorable an aspect, that he decided that his patient would be quite in trim for the ensuing festivities at the Grange.

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"Well, that's a comfort," said John, "for I must own I did not half like the idea of going amongst strangers in my present maimed condition. An arm in a sling has always been considered an *interesting* thing, but to go hopping about the world like an old Greenwich pensioner, is none so pleasant to the pride of a youth rising eighteen."

"We shall 'have you on your legs' at the Grange, never fear," replied Mr. Barnes; "only keep quiet until Tuesday, and even then be careful. Did you not think us both great cowards, dear madam," he continued, addressing Mrs. Maitland, "for not turning out last night? I was not at home until after your tea hour, from a round of professional calls, and then James had got such a capital fire, he persuaded me to remain at home."

"Indeed, I do not wonder at it," replied Mrs. Maitland, "but if it should hold up this evening, we shall be glad to see you."

"I can leave Cameron now, if you will have him," said Mr. Barnes, "and then he at least will be sure of his evening's pleasure."

Mr. Cameron blushed, and muttered something about "being quite ashamed," but Mrs. Maitland politely pressed him to remain their guest for the day; so the young man, nothing loth, consented, and Mr. Barnes drove

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off in the pony-gig alone, promising *positively* to return to tea.

"Poor Mr. Bolus!
There he goes *solus!*"

cried John, as he watched the little vehicle down the carriage-drive; "I hope he will not be like

'—— the people of Derby,
—— washed away in the flood!'

"Jessie has heard the tale which John is reading," said his aunt, "so she will play a game at chess in the inner drawing-room with Mr. Cameron, whilst you finish it for the rest."

The rain became somewhat abated in the course of the afternoon, and towards evening ceased altogether, so that when just before tea-time, Mr. Barnes made his appearance, he reported that "a perfect change had taken place in the weather, and he believed it would become a frosty night."

"What are you doing there, with a slate, Tom," asked his father; observing his son, soon after tea, very busily employed making sundry figures.

"Working away at this horrible sum," answered Tom. "I could not have believed that it was half such a job."

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"What is it?" asked Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Maitland repeated the arithmetical question about the price of the horse, which he had put before his party the previous evening.

"You must ask Cameron that," jestingly observed his friend, "canny Scotland is famous for calculation; and Jamie here has not been at the *High School* for nothing."

"I fancy that I can do it," replied Cameron. "Whilst you have been lauding my *native* talents, I have got as far as the sixteenth horse-shoe, and as that gives the product of thirty-four pounds two and eight-pence, I suppose that thirty-two will only produce *twice* that sum."

"You are very far from the sum total, there," said Mr. Maitland. "What will you say when I tell you that it will produce a sum more than adequate to pay half the annual amount of the army estimates."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed several voices.

"Here, Tom, give me your slate," said his father, and rapidly putting down some additional figures, he, in a few minutes, exhibited it to the view of his children and guests, with the extraordinary product of £4,473,924 5*s.* 3½*d.*

"Do you know this arithmetical puzzle?" asked young Cameron: "A man had a hundred pounds given him to lay out in stock for a farm, of which he was to buy one hundred head. He was limited to cows, sheep, and geese;

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and was to give five pounds a-piece for the first, one pound each for the sheep, and a shilling each for the geese. How many of each sort did he buy, to spend exactly his hundred pounds, and purchase just one hundred head of stock?"

"I will try if I can do that," said Richard. "Father says that patience and perseverance will conquer every difficulty; and that even the Gordian knot *might* have been untied. So lend me the slate, Tom—There," he added a short time afterwards, "I have done it, father; look at the slate:"—

19 cows at £5 each,	...	...	£95	0	0
1 sheep at £1,	...	...	1	0	0
80 geese at 1s. each,	...	...	4	0	0
100 stock.			£100	0	0

"Well done, Richard! you are a clever, and a persevering lad," said his father, approvingly. "I hope you will continue to cultivate such a steady determination to triumph over difficulties; for it will be useful to you in whatever station in life you may be placed."

"Shall we meet you at the Grange, Mr. Barnes, any evening next week?" inquired Mr. Maitland, during supper.

"Yes, I hope so," he replied; "Mrs. Beaumont has kindly sent invitations for myself and friend for next Fri-

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day, when I believe there is rather a large party expected."

"Have you seen the family since their return?" inquired Jessie; "we are all curious to know something about the juniors."

"I called there to-day, after leaving here," he replied, "and I found them all at home. The young ladies are very much grown and improved. George seems a nice intelligent youth, but has acquired a slight foreign accent and manner. The old lady is just what she was, kind, affable, and benevolent; and Mrs. Graham is lady-like and agreeable."

"O! then I do not think we need mind going amongst them," said Jessie, "but Agnes and I were both rather nervous about it."

"They spoke very amiably, I might almost say affectionately, of you all," said Mr. Barnes, "as their old playmates; and rejoiced in the prospect of renewing their intercourse with you; but come, James," he continued, jumping up from his seat, "we are shamefully late for Saturday night."——"Stop my friends," said Mr. Maitland, "it is very late, but you must wait a few minutes onger, this is *new year's eve.*"

"Hark!" said Richard, "there is the old clock in the hall striking twelve!"

Mr. Maitland rose from his seat; the rest followed his example: "Take hands all round, my dear ones," he exclaimed. And as they did so, "May God bless you all," he said; "a happy new year to each."

Hearty repetitions of these familiar 'household words' followed, and the gentlemen took their departure.

Sunday, at Fernwood, was always observed in a truly Christian spirit, but as sacred subjects should not be lightly handled, we pass over its hallowed offices and employments in reverential silence.

"More snow, and a hard frost again!" said Mr. Maitland, as on Monday morning he stood at the window of the breakfast-room; "how in the world shall we all manage to get to the Grange to-morrow if the weather is like this? it has snowed now for thirty-six hours."

"Pray, father," said Richard, "do not anticipate evils, we shall be able to walk, no doubt; and the luggage can go by the mule cart; but look, here comes the Beaumonts' groom again, perhaps the party is deferred!"

The almost immediate delivery and perusal of the following notes set all doubts and fears at rest:—

My dear Mrs. Maitland,

Fearing that the appearance of the weather may frighten your party from encountering it to-morrow, I shall send my daughter's double sledge over for some of them, and the old coach

for the rest, and I hope you will oblige us by joining our dinner party, at the old-fashioned hour of two o'clock.

Very sincerely yours, MARY BEAUMONT.

The Grange, Monday morning.

"Was there ever such a darling old woman in the world?" exclaimed Agnes. "A sledge! O, I hope I shall go in that."

Jessie's note was from Julia Graham, and run thus:—

My dear Jessie,

I hope that you and your sister come prepared to be our friends and playfellows as of old. We have many pleasant plans in store for your amusement, which will want kind aid from all in carrying them out. *Old* clothes, especially *finery*, and *gentlemen's* attire, will be extremely useful amongst your luggage; and ask your good father to lend us his yeomanry uniform, *complete*.

Affectionately yours, JULIA GRAHAM.

"Rub up your intellects, boys," said Mr. Maitland, when they were all assembled in the evening, "and carry as much *mental* contribution to our friends' proposed *soirées* as you can. Do you know any good 'charade' for acting, John? for I fancy from the request made for my Captain's uniform, that popular species of theatricals will be amongst our amusements."

"I think I can suggest a better thing than a mere *word*

to act," replied John, with a knowing look; "but I shall imitate Miss Julia's prudent reserve, and say nothing more until we meet."

"I have been thinking of something towards the *mental* pic-nic," said Susan.

"Perhaps it will be better to keep it in store," said her aunt; "novelty frequently adds much to the enjoyment of an amusement."

"Where is that enigmatical list of trees in verse, Jessie," asked her father, "which was sent you some time since from Chester?"

"In my *omnium gatherum*," said Mrs. Maitland, producing from the drawer of her work-table a small *porte feuille*, which in its various compartments held scraps of both poetry and prose.

"Now take some paper and pencils," said Mr. Maitland, "and let us see what answers we can give in verse to these queries. But I propose that we should resolve ourselves into committees of three each, to help in guessing the names of the trees, and in manufacturing the required answers; and the president of the committee must be also the reader."

The names were then written on slips of paper, and the committees formed as follows;—

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Mr. Maitland,	Mrs. Maitland,	John,
Susan,	Jane,	Agnes,
Jessie.	Tom.	Richard.

"We must draw for our precedence in answering," said Mrs. Maitland. "There, my love, that is all right, you are number one, and my committee is number three. Now, if you please, read one of the enigmatical verses:—

What is the sociable tree, and the dancing tree,
And the tree that's the warmest clad?
The busiest tree, the chronologist's tree,
And the tree that makes one sad?

A little confabulation followed between the members of the committee, and then Mr. Maitland read as follows:—

Oft when on shore from stormy sea,
I waste a midnight taper,
To write in praise of social *tea*;
And cut a hearty *caper*
For joy, no *medlars* are at hand,
To quiz my wax and wafer,
Or hint that sailors, when on land,
Ne'er put their *dates* on paper.
Oft wrapped in *fir*, the deck I pace,
And list the roaring billow,
And muse on friends in distant place,
Beneath their *weeping willow*.

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"Pretty well answered," cried critical John; "but you have not brought the names in exactly as they stood in the question."

"We shall see how *you* manage, my friend," retorted his uncle. "Now for question number two:—

The tree in a bottle, the dandiest tree?
What we offer to friends when we meet?
The tree of the people, the senior tree?
And what round fair ancles looks neat?

"Rather a poser! I fear," said John; "but, however, *nil desperandum;* come, my friends, let us lay our heads together, and see what we can make of it."

"The first is a *cork*," said Richard.

"The last is a *sandal*," said Agnes.

"Hush! hush! whisper low," sung John, *sotto voce;* then, after a few minutes' pause, he raised his papers, and said, "Now, good folks, listen to my *confession:*—

Two years ago I went to *Cork*,
A youngster then so gay and *spruce*,
A well filled purse was in my *palm*,
A *pop'lar* feeling to produce.
No *elder* there to watch my steps,
No cross old maids to hatch up scandal;
I met one day a lovely girl,
And knelt me down to tie her *sandal*.

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"Very good," was the verdict, on its being read, accompanied by some hearty laughter.

"Now, my dear, comes your turn," said Mr. Maitland; "you will have something to do to surpass friend John's witticisms."

If a school-boy—the tree that would fright you?
The tree that would hunger supply?
The one which to travel invites you?
And the tree which forbids you to die?

Another short whispered colloquy, and then Mrs. Maitland read from her paper:—

Alas! for him who, left in learning's lurch,
Has cause to dread the master's wielded *birch*;
Condemn'd to hunger too for lazy crimes,
He longs to seek the *bread-fruit's* distant climes;
To pluck the *orange* from the loaded bough,
Or place the *olive* on his weary brow!

"As usual, my dear, we have to acknowledge you the most clever amongst us," said her admiring husband; "and now I believe we must close your *portefeuille* for to-night."

"How I long for the ride in the sledge to-morrow," said Agnes, as they were preparing for bed; "do, Richard, just run to the front door and look out; I *hope* the snow will not all be gone in the morning."

"Never fear, my dear," said Richard, running back from his cold errand, "it snows still, and the frost is as hard as possible."

"Now here is a charade quite *apropos* for you," said his father:—

What ice does become,
By the heat of the sun,
Is given to soldiers,
By beat of the drum.

"You all shake your heads in ignorance—shall I tell you? why *not ice* (notice) to be sure."

"I was just going to say so," said John, "only my reply would have been couched in this elegant phraseology:

If so in the *morning*, 'twill be very grum,
And make my fair cousin look angry and glum.

"What a rattle-pate you are, John," said his aunt; "come, say good night, and be sure you are all up in good time in the morning."

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CHAPTER V.

THE RUSSIAN SLEDGE.—THE GRANGE, AND ITS INMATES.—PROJECTED DRAMA.—FIRST EVENING AT THE GRANGE.—CONGLOMERATION CLUB.

BRIGHT shone the sun upon the snowy scene without, the next morning, upon which a crowd of eager youngsters gazed with animated pleasure, anxiously awaiting the expected arrival of the promised sledge and coach.

About twelve o'clock a shout from Tom, whose eagerness had taken him half way down the drive, announced that the carriages were in sight, and soon, gliding swiftly along the spotless snow, appeared an equipage, the novelty and gaiety of which might well convert it into 'a fairy car,' in the eyes of the delighted and inexperienced beholders.

The sledge was drawn by two fine black horses, with flowing manes and tails, their bright eyes unhoodwinked, their arching necks untrammelled by a collar. Gay scarlet netting was spread over their glossy backs, and was then confined to the front of the carriage, and at each corner depended a long tassel; whilst the ornaments on the scarlet morocco harness were of bright and burnished silver. The

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coachman sat in the very centre of his low box, which was covered with a splendid black bear-skin, with silver claws at each corner. His costume, which was both rich and striking, consisted of a dark blue caftan (or wrapping coat), with broad red and silver binding, and a scarlet velvet four-cornered cap, with silver band, beneath which his foreign countenance and well-trimmed handsome black beard looked remarkably well. As he shook his scarlet reins, and the well-trained horses drew the sledge rapidly towards the house, the youthful group clapped their hands, and shouted with delight.

"Look! look! dear mother," cried Agnes, "here is a real *Russian* sledge, such as we have seen pictures of. O! I never saw anything so beautiful in my life!"

"And see, mother," continued Jessie, "if there is not old Joseph standing behind, looking just like a Russian himself, in his fur-lined coat and cocked hat! I did not know him a bit!"

Up glided the graceful vehicle to the door, and its appearance, when stationary, elicited fresh bursts of admiration. The body could accommodate four persons seated as in an English *sociable*, and was provided with a blue cloth coverlet, lined with fur, and trimmed with scarlet and silver, *en suite* with the liveries. The handsome *Ivān* made his national bow, and Joseph descended from his

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uncustomary standard to deliver his mistress's message of 'kind regards and assurances that the sledge was quite safe to ride in."

The old coach, which had once been the wonder of the Farnwood juniors, now

'Drew its slow length along,'

and fell into comparative insignificance behind its more showy rival; and the well fed *boys* were voted 'heavy and overladen with harness,' when contrasted with the airy lightness of the foreign steeds.

"Your father and I will go in the coach, my dears," said the ever-kind Mrs. Maitland, "and so will John, if he be prudent; it therefore only remains to choose four out of the remaining six to ride in this novel and elegant carriage."

"Agnes *must* be one, aunt," said Jane, good naturedly, "and Tom ought to be another, he has been so kind in bringing us word of its approach."

"Very well, my dear; then you shall be a third," replied her aunt, "and Richard shall be your beau, so now be quick and get ready."

The happy *quartette* were soon equipped, and mounting into their warm, well-cushioned, and fur-lined carriage, Ivān again shook his broidered reins, cheered his

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horses by their customary '*ootche, ootche,*' and off they started down the carriage-drive at a swift pace, gliding as noiselessly along as if the progress had been by magic.

"Is not this delightful, Jane?" asked Agnes in an ecstasy. "O! I should like always to ride in a sledge;"

"But you would not wish to have snow always on the ground, would you?" inquired her cousin.

"Certainly not; but in winter I should," returned Agnes.

"Look, Jane," said Richard, as they approached an ancient gateway, "we are getting near the Grange now. You will soon see the old house."

The gate was flung wide by a clean old woman, and the light vehicle sped swiftly along a fine bold avenue of beeches and elms, handsome and majestic in their proportions, even whilst standing in the sterile garb of winter; and at the end appeared the quaint old mansion. Partaking both of the baronial and the feudal style of architecture, it presented a curious combination; but the mixture of ivied turrets, and pointed gables of the ancient Norman keep, and mullioned Tudor windows, formed objects of great interest as a general effect, however incongruous in their details. At the curious old nail-studded door stood a good-looking youth, with a fair *moustache* just visible on the upper lip, who advanced to meet the party with a frank, good-humoured air, which set them at their ease at once.

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He spoke with the slight foreign accent Mr. Barnes had mentioned, but without any foreign idiom, as he said, "My grandmother begged I would be ready to do the honors to the sledge party, which she rightly guessed would arrive first. You are my old friend Richard, I know; and this, is '*little* Tom,' as we called him four years ago. Are these your sisters?"

Richard did the honors of introduction, and then George preceded them through a fine old hall (hung with family pictures, groups of old armor, and time-worn banners), to the oak parlor, where they found the ladies assembled.

Mrs. Beaumont was the very *beau ideal* of an old English lady. She had been a celebrated beauty in her youth, and at threescore years and ten, retained great traces of her early charms; her eyes were still bright and intelligent, and her grey hair was smoothed over a brow which remained expansive and unwrinkled. Her features were regular, and her whole countenance expressive and amiable. She was beloved by high and low, for the urbanity of her manners, the clearness of her judgment, and the benevolence of her heart.

Mrs. Graham was a sweet, amiable woman, whose early loss of a beloved husband had tinged her character with a

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gentle sadness, which made her still more dear and interesting to her loving children.

The young ladies received their new guests kindly; they were both pretty, but of different styles. Julia, the eldest, partook of the bright intellectual look of her grandmother, whilst Mary had more of the pensive, quiet air of her mother.

"Here comes the coach at last," cried Richard, as that rather cumbrous, but useful vehicle drew up to the doorway.

Mrs. Beaumont rose to receive the other party, and after the exchange of most friendly greetings, said, "Now you will all like to take off your wrappings at once; so, girls, show your friends to their room; and, George, take these young gentlemen into the *omnibus*."

John was able to make a very respectable *entree* and exit by the help of a stick, and followed George and his cousins up a wide old oak staircase, with wonder and pleasure at the great extent and curious construction of the old house, and George at length ushered them into a large room in the upper story, which was sufficiently capacious to contain six small camp bedsteads, arranged as in a school dormitory.

"Grandmother calls this the omnibus," he said, laughing, "because, she says, there is *always room* for *one* more in it. I hope you don't mind being so high up in the

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house; my room is just at the end of this long passage."

"O! we shall like it amazingly," said Richard. "What a splendid view there is from this old east window."

"Yes," said John, "it is a 'very pleasant resting-place after our toilsome ascent,' as the guide-books have it, or as Mrs. Howitt *might* have said:—

The way into our bed-room is up a winding stair,
But there are many pleasant things to see when you get there.

"Now, my friends," said Mrs. Beaumont, after dinner, "let us draw round the fire and have a little consultation about our plans for our party on Friday next. 'The Christmas tree' is all prepared, but we shall want several other things to fill up our evening with. There will also be the balloon."

"No, no! dear grandmother," said Julia, playfully putting her hand before her grandmother's mouth; "you must not tell about *that*."

"Julia always likes to make what the Russians call, 'little surprises,'" said her mother smiling.

"Of what nature do you wish your amusements to be?" asked Mrs. Maitland; "active, or passive?"

"Active," "active," resounded on all sides.

"Well then, as the Christmas tree is a novelty to most

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of us poor rustics, I presume that had better be the *first* pleasure of the evening. At what period you will let off your balloon I know not"—Julia laughed—"but suppose an acted charade or a dance were to come between?"

"O, yes, a charade, a charade," exclaimed the youthful voices.

"But, John, you said you could propose something better than a mere word to perform," said his uncle; "let us hear your suggestion."

"Why I thought, uncle, that a *proverb* might be dramatised, instead of a word."

"The best way will be to *write* us a sort of drama to learn our parts from," said George.

"O!" said John, "there's no necessity for that. I'll give the *outline* of a plot if you like; but I am sure none of the present party will need a prompter."

"Well, my dears, I have got a famous place for you as a theatre, or any thing else," said Mrs. Beaumont; "and as this spoilt boy here," with an affectionate glance at her grandson, "has persuaded me into buying some cast-off scenery from the provincial theatre of N———, you will have no difficulty, I dare say, in making your drama effective. But now come and see your room, and then you can find some amusement for the evening." The whole party then rose and attended their hostess, who led the way

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down sundry queer old passages, until she reached a large vaulted room, in the oldest portion of the building. "There, my dears," she said, "now do what you like here; Joseph and Ivān are at your service as assistants, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves very much. After Friday the theatre must be closed, to make way for a little crotchet of mine."

The young folks stayed a short time behind the elders, to make remarks on the capabilities of the room, and the requirements of the drama; and John then informed them, in confidence, of a 'proverb' he had thought of, which met with unanimous applause.

"What are these queer-looking wooden towers in the court yard?" inquired Tom, who had been looking through the window.

"O! don't ask!" cried Julia, hastily.

"That is to be another of your 'little surprises,' I suppose," said Susan, laughing.

Mrs. Beaumont, in the absence of the young people, had told Mr. and Mrs. Maitland how she had fortunately obtained her sledge.

"You remember, I dare say, that we all passed a part of last winter in St. Petersburg," she said. "Some years ago, Count Tchernikliebb was in England, and received such kindness from my dear husband, that he always ex-

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pressed a desire to return his hospitality in his native country; and last year we were induced to accept his kind proposal, that we should continue our tour from Berlin, to the far-famed 'city of the Czar,' and highly pleased we all were with our month's sojourn there. This year, Count Tchernikliebb was to pass the winter in Paris, with his son-in-law, Prince Kartofelofski; so he wrote, and offered my daughter his sledge (which her children had so delighted in last year,) if she thought it worth while to bring it over, on the chance of being able to use it in our 'uncertain climate.' Ivān was highly pleased at the idea of coming to England; and as Joseph was with us in Petersburg, he had picked up enough Russian to make the poor fellow understand a little, and now *he* is trying to learn English."

After tea, Mrs. Beaumont requested they would commence some of their amusing games, "In short, you must make yourselves at home, my dears," she kindly said.

"Now, Jane," said her aunt, "what was the contribution you promised to our store?"

"I have never yet played at it, aunt," she replied, "but Eliza Danvers told me of it, just before we left town; she called it 'Conglomeration.' It is something like 'Nouns and questions,' only that we must each write *several* words on slips of paper, then throw t' ÷ together, and draw out

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so many indiscriminately. We must then, write them as we take them up on a sheet of paper as a *list*, and weave them in the order in which they stand, into a tale, an anecdote, a piece of poetry, or a newspaper paragraph."

"We shall some of us make a fine mess of it, I think," said George, laughing; "but you must pardon us half-and-half foreigners if we do not get on as well as you do."

Paper and pencils were soon produced, and smiling faces bent over the busy hands which, ever and anon, threw a little twisted scrap on to the old oak table.

"Hold! enough!" cried Mr. Maitland, as a little heap of these tiny MSS. lay before him. "Now let us draw—not less than six a-piece, and not more than twelve."

"Well, I've got a pretty lot of incongruities," said John, in a tone of chagrin: "*Englishmen—New Zealand—Lord Brougham—The Apollo Belvidere!* what possible connexion can there be between these Antipodes in *both* cases?"

"O! *you* will manage," said Jessie, laughing. "I have something still more ridiculous."

Some little pause now ensued, only interrupted by an occasional interjection or light laugh from some of the would-be authors! the study of whose various attitudes and countenances formed a source of great amusement to Mrs. Beaumont and her daug[illegible] the latter of whom had been

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appointed 'Reader' to 'the Conglomeration Club' by general consent, in lieu of being a contributor to the papers. Mr. Maitland and his clever wife kept their pencils continuously at work. John went off at score, after sundry grimaces, nibbling at his pencil, and scratchings out of one or two beginnings. The girls helped each other with a wished-for word or two, and got on famously. Richard sat with his hands tightly clasped over his eyes, and his elbows on the table, until a happy thought seemed to strike him all at once, and he scribbled on with energy and quickness. George pushed out his lips, caressed his infant *moustache*, run his fingers through his hair, and glanced at his mother for inspiration, and soon after added his scrap to the collection.

"Now shuffle them all well together," said Mr. Maitland, "and give them to Mrs. Graham," who received the handful of papers, read them to herself first, and then communicated their contents aloud, in the following order:—

Simplicity—German Wool-work—Friendship—Brussels—Bazaar—Insipid—Herne Bay—Rheumatism.

PASSAGE FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF *SIMPLICITY.*

'Do, dear mother, look at this beautiful piece of *German Wool-work*,' cried Anastasia Mordaunt; 'it has been sent to me

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as a token of *Friendship*, by my friend Natalie Nymbulhande, from *Brussels*.'

'It is very beautiful indeed, my dear,' replied her mother, 'and will come in very *apropos* for our *Bazaar*, if you can spare it.'

'Yes, mother, you shall have it with pleasure. I only hope ours will not prove such an *insipid* affair as the last we were at.'

'What, the one we attended at *Herne Bay*, my love? I am sure I hope not, for the stupid concern would have faded from my mind, had I not there obtained a most enduring remembrance in this tiresome *rheumatism*, which has never left me since.'

"Well, *that's* very good, whosever it is," said several voices, *Susan Harper* alone being mute.

Mrs. Graham read on:

Honor—Trifles—Gingerbread—Gunpowder Plot—Monster—Porcupine—Memory.

Some men there are, who *honor* hold
As *trifles* light as air;
Who sell their principles for gold,
Like *gingerbread* at fair.
Such demon passion sure did hatch
Gunpowder plot in Faux,
And made the *monster* hold the match,
Whose aim the patriot shocks:

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Sure, had he liv'd, a thousand ills
In varied forms he'd see;
Conscience, with *Porcupine*-like quills,
Would wound his *Memory*.

"Father wrote that!" said Tom, and he did not deny it.

Mrs. Graham smiled as she raised the next paper, and her quick glance directed to her son, who tried to look very unconscious, gave a clue to the author of the following lines:—

Mother—Apples and Pears—Liberty—Earth—Jews—Englishmen—Work-table.

O! really, dear *Mother*,
I'm quite in a pother,
To choose between *Apples and Pears*.
Were *Liberty* granted,
The fruit now most wanted,
As 'tis dinner, are French pommes de terres;
These Apples of *Earth*,
How useful in dearth;
To speak in their praise, who's not able?
Jews, *Englishmen*, all sorts,
Wish them sent in from all ports;
Vide Newspaper on your *Work-table*.

"Come, that's pretty well for a *half-and-half foreigner*," laughed John.

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"This is a very unique production," said Mrs. Graham, as she glanced over the next paper; "I rather think it is an exemplification of the old proverb that 'two heads are better than one,' just listen:—

'Happiness—Poverty—Politics—Young England—Moustachios—German University—Gooseberry-fool—Veteran.'

THE FAMILY PARTY.

Mild Margaret.

Does *happiness* depend on wealth?
Then *poverty* must be a curse,
But should we be possess'd of health,
It matters little, a light purse.

Petulant Patty.

Of *politics* and matters grave,
Young England still does prate with noisy sneer;
If their *Moustachios* they would shave,
Their speech, if not their arguments, 'twould clear.

Doctor Dronewell.

From *German University*,
A youth has written here to me,
To ask what's the rule
To make *Gooseberry fool*.
What a curious request to a '*Veteran*.'

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Mrs. Dronewell.

Then don't be a dunce,
Write our own out at once,
I defy him to find out a *better-un.*

"You are right, my dear madam," said Mr. Maitland, when the laugh occasioned by this *original* composition had subsided. "I am very sure my witty nephew here helped his fair friend Julia to make that 'gooseberry-fool.'"

"Order, order, chair, chair," cried John, and the fair 'Reader' resumed her office.

"The next paper," she continued, "is entitled—

EXTRACT FROM THE 'CONGLOMERATION GAZETTE.'

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Englishmen—Railway—New Zealand—Patience—Lord Brougham—Apollo Belvidere—Cute—Rosebud—Honest—America—Bohemian glass.

In these days of enterprize and achievement, who shall put limits to the stupendous ideas of the great intellect of man, or to the practical results of the perseverance of *Englishmen.* When news is communicated from one end of our native land to the other, literally with the rapidity of lightning—when a suspension bridge spans the mighty Niagara, and a *Railway* is talked of across the Great Desert, we may be pardoned for not regarding

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with perfect incredulity the project of the latter mode of transit in *New Zealand*. Far as our Antipodes now are behind us in arts and sciences, yet if we act with prudence, and wait with *patience*, who knows but that such rapid strides may be made in the track of civilization, that ere another century passes, our infant colony may boast a native *Lord Brougham* in their senate house, or an *Apollo Belvidere* amongst their statues? Much of the character of the New Zealander is hopeful and promising. They are *cute* and industrious, and if our royal *Rosebud* of England will but continue to treat them well, we have every reason to think they will be grateful and *honest* in return, and not be like *America*, who ungratefully broke her faith with the mother country, as if it was as brittle as *Bohemian glass*.

"You have given a more hopeful account of the New Zealanders than I ever heard before, John," said his uncle; "but I trust, for the sake of our emigrating countrymen, that you may have been gifted with 'second sight' in your prognostications respecting them."

"The next paper will be the last," said Mrs. Graham, "for one or two of the party have abstracted their contributions whilst our attention has been otherwise engaged."

"Well, as I fancy that the one which *is* left, will probably be the *best*," said Mrs. Beaumont, "and it is getting rather late, we had perhaps better be content, so now, my dear, proceed with your reading."

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Sincerity—Medley—Vanity—Nun—Bracelet—Britannia—Leap-frog—Wood-fire—Truth—Carisbrook Castle—Cream cheese—Miniature,

read Mrs. Graham, and a general murmur ran round the circle that it was a regular 'hotch-potch,' or, as John expressed it, 'a stickler.' Mrs. Graham proceeded:—

Forced by *Sincerity* to own that I
Do sometimes join, a *Medley* to produce,
'Twould be a selfish sort of *Vanity*,
Or lonely *Nun*-like feeling to refuse.
'Off, worthless trappings,' how can fingers move,
Trammell'd and bound by fashion's bonds and fetters?
Lie there my *bracelet*; now my fancies rove,
A line thus partly quoting from my betters;
Britannia's boast, her Shakspere seems to rise,
And play at *leap-frog* in my busy brain;
Richard's foul deeds, his fears, his dreams, his cries,
His doom—all follow in an ideal train.
Far from the *Wood-fire's* warmth, and genial glow,
Truth owns my thoughts now wander where they please,
From *Car'sbrook Castle's* sad and gloomy show,
To Portsmouth, Cowes, and thence to rich *Cream-cheese*.
A *miniature* portrait here you find
Of what is often passing in a mind.

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"That is mother's composition, I am sure," said Jessie admiringly.

"And where is *yours?*" asked her mother, smiling.

"O! in the *Wood-fire*," she replied. "I had got such a heterogeneous mess, that it was quite impossible for a novice like me to arrange them in any sort of order."

"Perhaps you may do better the next time we try the game," returned her mother; "we had too many words allowed for insertion to-night."

CHAPTER VI.

LES MONTAGUES RUSSES.—MANAGER JOHN, AND HIS COMPANY.—MISS STRICKLAND'S ENIGMA.—THE REPLY.—GERMAN ENIGMA.—TRANSLATIONS.

THE continuance of the bright frosty weather the next day, was quite propitious for the introduction of the party to the 'little surprises' which Julia had in store for them. At either end of the large court-yard at the back of the house, about forty yards apart, was erected a square battlemented tower, about twenty feet high, ascended at the back by steps, which terminated in a small room open in

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front. From each of these towers descended a broad platform, in a gradual decline to the ground, fenced on each side by a boarding of about three feet high, and covered entirely with a thick coating of snow, over which water had been poured for the last two days, and they consequently now formed two parallel roads of solid ice! On ascending the steps, the strangers stood in surprise, half mixed with fear.

"You are welcome to 'les montagues russes,'" cried Julia, in delight at their astonishment. "George and I were so enchanted with the ice hills in St. Petersburg last year, that we persuaded dear grandmother to let us try to have them in England this winter. Ivān helped to build them," she continued, "and George is a famous guide down the hills, so I hope you will let him take you down one at a time."

Ivān, who with Joseph was in attendance, grinned with pleasure to see the surprise and affright depicted on the countenances of the young English ladies, but advanced very respectfully to place the tiny sledge, used in the descent, ready for his young master, who then assumed a pair of handsome worked gauntlets. The pretty worked cushion was carefully adjusted by Joseph, and George seated himself at the end of it, leaving space for another in front.

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"Now, young ladies," he said, "who will have the first ride?"

"O! not I," "not I," said the four Fernwood cousins.

"Well, Julia, *you* come, and let your friends see that there is no danger," continued George; and his sister, nothing loth, seated herself in front of him, took hold of the sides of the sledge, and kept her feet straight out before her.

"Ready?" asked George, in an animated tone.

"Ready!" replied Julia, firmly.

A stroke of his gauntleted hand on the slippery surface (which commenced about a yard within the room), sent them forward instantly on their icy road, and in one moment they were swiftly descending the almost perpendicular height; and ere the half-terrified observers could express their fears and apprehensions, the graceful little car was safely at its journey's end.

Ivan had descended the stairs, and run round in time to help his young lady to rise from her lowly seat, and to carry the sledge up to the other tower. In a few minutes, the party they had left saw George again seat himself behind his courageous sister, and in three seconds they had again traversed the icy hill which divided them.

"O! it is delicious," said Julia, as she ran laughing and

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panting up the steps again to her companions. "Do some of you try it."

"No, indeed, I dare not," said Jessie, shrinking back; "will *you*, Susan?"

"I know I shall scream, if I do," said Susan.

"Well, so long as you do not *pinch*," said George, laughing, "I do not mind. Now do not be frightened. I am very careful, and never play pranks with ladies, I assure you."

Susan grew pale, but at length, with a slight shudder, seated herself as desired.

"Say *when*," said George, in a lively tone.

"O, *now*!" said poor Susan, shutting her eyes, and off they went in a moment.

"Well! it is not so bad as you thought it, is it?" inquired the youthful charioteer, as they reached the end of their first journey.

"Not nearly so," replied Susan, her color returning a little. "I shall like it better as we go back."

"You behaved very well," he returned, "for you neither screamed nor pinched; and some do both the first time. But here we are at the top of the steps; now sit down again, and try to keep your eyes *open* this time."

"Well, Susan, how do you like it? is it very dreadful? were you not frightened?" were some of the questions

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with which she was greeted on re-ascending the steps, to which she replied, "Very much indeed! O no! not so dreadful as I fancied. I was frightened at first; at least I felt exactly as if I was thrown out of a window, when we first set off, but I liked it in coming back."

"I knew you would," said the lively Julia. "I mean to have a sledge of my own some day. But come, do some of you other girls try it." And so, by dint of enticing, and force of example, before very long each one had partaken of the peculiar pleasure arising from this novel mode of transit, except poor John, who was obliged to practise great self-denial in refusing to partake of the tempting amusement. George had proved himself a very tender and careful 'squire of dames,' but became mischievous towards his male companions, each of whom he contrived to upset in the soft snow, purposely left on each side of the icy road, to receive such unlucky wights.

"Now, see Ivān and me go down together," said George, and turning to the Russian, again in attendance, he said in his native language. "Padi soudâ, Ivān, preneeï drougori sāni," (come here, Ivān; bring the other sledge), a command which made the very hairs on the Muscovite's black beard tingle with delight.

"Now, George, pray do not play any foolish tricks,"

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said his sister Mary, who did not relish the northern sport as well as Julia did.

"O! never fear," he replied, *kneeling* down on his sledge, and making signs for Ivān to do the same on *his*, placed by his side, and in another moment his loud 'pashol! pashol!' sent them both forth in impetuous rivalry.

"O! it is very pretty, but it is very frightening," said Agnes, trembling; "but look! look! what are they going to do now? worse and worse! they mean to return lying on their faces!"

"Well, here we are, quite safe, you see," said George, with an exulting laugh, as he again came up the stairs. "Was not that famous?"

"Yes, but all your fair friends were frightened at your temerity," said Mary.

"Were you?" he inquired. "O! that was nothing; we will show you some more Russian tricks to-morrow."

They then descended, and Jane gave such an animated account of their morning's pleasure, that Mrs. Beaumont felt quite repaid for her expenditure upon the foreign amusement.

"After dinner, my dear Madam," said she, addressing Mrs. Maitland, "you and your husband must have a drive with my daughter in the sledge, for in this uncertain

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climate, these northern pleasures are sometimes of short duration. I ordered dinner half an hour earlier on purpose."

"Let John be of the party, grandmother," said George, good-naturedly, "he has not dared to go down the hills, for fear of hurting his ancle."

When dinner was concluded, John, who had been installed 'Manager' of the intended theatre, consulted with his 'company' as to some proposed play-bills, and then proceeded, "I have cast my characters, thus: You, Susan, are to be a country woman, Jessie is your daughter, and Richard is your husband."

"Then he will be younger than his child," observed Jessie, laughing.

"O! never mind that," said John, hastily, "Richard must stoop, and wear a wig. Well—now, you, Miss Julia, I want to be a German Countess, and Jane is to be your mother."

"Just the same blunder about age again," interrupted Julia, archly.

"Is there? well, I did not know it; but you *must* be the Countess, because you can speak German, and we must have a word or two brought in, and you have a little foreign accent too. For the same cause, George is to be your husband, the Count—what shall we call him? give us an idea."

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"O! Von *Blunderbuschell*, or anything that sounds very full in the mouth," said George, "something with *s c h* in it by all means."

"Will Von *Schlossinpoole* do?" asked John.

"Yes, capitally; go on."——"You, Miss Mary, must please to be a French waiting maid," he continued.

"Indeed, that is quite out of my style," she replied; "I have not half vivacity enough!"

"O! you shall not have much to do or to say, only a few interjections, and shrugs to give effect to them. And you, Agnes, are to be the Countess's little *boy*."

All laughed at this *finale*, and poor Agnes declared almost with tears in her eyes, that she "could not, no, nor she would not, be dressed in boy's clothes."

"The clever *Justine* here," said John, bowing to Mary, "will, I am sure, be able to make you a dress from the stores of her *Parisian* imagination, which will answer our purpose without distressing your young-lady-like feelings; but Alexis you *must* be, for I must have those pretty blue eyes and flaxen curls for my little Count.

"And what are *you* to be, John?" asked Richard.

"O! I'm to be Squire Dobson, and Jane is my dear old wife—and now don't ask any more questions, but just read over this paper, and say if it will do, for here comes Ivān and the sledge!"

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When the party returned it was comprised of *three* ladies and John, Mr. Maitland having vacated his seat in favor of Miss Harrison, for whom Mrs. Beaumont had requested them to call. Jessie and Richard gave a quick arch glance at Tom, as this addition to their party was announced, who colored at the recollection of his decided opinion against the young lady's agreeability.

When seated round the social fire in the evening however, she proved so cheerful and amiable, and fell so good-naturedly into the tone of the company, that he communicated the alteration of his opinion to John in the emphatic, but brief whisper, of '*she'll do*,' to which the other replied in the same low tone, "exactly, she'll prove a '*brick*.'"

"Have you ever seen that enigma by Miss Agnes Strickland?" she inquired, "beginning

From a race the most scorn'd and ignoble it springs;

and receiving a reply in the negative, she took out her pocket-book, and unfolding a paper, read—

From a race the most scorn'd and ignoble it springs,
Yet is loved by the learned, and trusted by kings;
The sceptre's a bauble, when placed by its side,
And the crown would be useless, if this were denied;
'Tis the power of the monarch, the people's defence,
It can win them to peace, or to madness incense.
It is silent; yet eloquence has at command;
'Tis the statesman's assistant, the pride of each land;

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It is voiceless, and yet from the South to the North,
To the ends of the earth has its language gone forth;
It familiar hath been with the learning of ages,
With the folly of fools, and the wisdom of sages;
More various its uses, in good, or in ill,
Than the changes in April, or Womankind's will;
Death oft hangs on its motions, or life on its gift,
It can sink to despair, or to ecstasy lift;
'Tis the aider of good, or promoter of evil,
The servant of God, or the tool of the Devil!

"It sounds very good and very difficult," was the general remark; and one or two guesses made proving incorrect, Miss Harrison continued, "I have a poetical answer here, but the author is anonymous; I will read it:—

From the barrenest soil, and the meanest of things,
Oft the wealth of the world and its luxury springs;
Thus the rude rocky caverns, the diamond may hold,
And the dull, dingy strata, the pure veins of gold:
Though the damp loathsome pit have no charms to our eyes,
Which the warmth-bearing fuel abundant supplies,
Yet our homes would seem wretched and dismal the while,
Were our hearths to continue uncheer'd by its smile.
The earth, though with bounteous provisions it teem'd,
To the glance superficial, a desert may seem;
The most worthless have each their fit object and end,
Whilst they all in unvarying harmony blend.
And thus means the most simple, results oft attain,
For which power and science have striven in vain;
Ancient Rome was preserv'd in its splendor and peace,
By the timely alarm of its patriot—Geese,

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And they still can conduce to the welfare of men,
For the safety of nations may rest on a—PEN.

"The reply is quite as clever as the enigma, I think," said Mrs. Beaumont, "and both are very *true*."

"Julia, my love," said her mother, "where are those two enigmas, by Schiller, which you copied, and our good Miss Chapman translated?"

"I will fetch them, mother," she replied, and leaving the room she quickly returned with the promised papers.

"Now, Miss Julia, have the kindness to give it us first in the original," said John; "I like to hear the 'rolling rumbling' from the '*fader land*,' although I cannot understand a word of it."

"On one condition," she replied, "which is, that you all drop the '*Miss*' in future; we must be Julia and Richard, Jessie and Mary, John and George, as if we were *still* young; so now pray attend, John," and she read from her paper

RAETHSEL.

Kennst du die Brücke ohne Bogen
Und ohne Joch, von Diamant,
Die über briete Ströme Wogen
Errichtet eines Greises Hand?

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Er baut sie auf in wenig Tagen
Geräuschlos, du bemerkst es kaum;
Doch kann sie schwere Lasten tragen
Und hat für hundert Wagen Raum
Doch Raum entfernt der Greis sich wieder,
So hüpft ein knabe froh daher,
Der reifst die Brücke edlig nieder,
Du seihst auch ihre Spur nicht mehr.

v. SCHILLER.

"Very fine indeed! I dare say," said John; "now please to tell us what it is all about."

"Miss Chapman has translated it thus," she replied:—

Do you know the bridge without arches
And without supports, formed out of diamond,
Which over the billows of the wide-spread stream
An ancient hand hath erected?
He built it even in a few days;
Silently, and scarce perceivable!
On its sparkling road it heavy loads can bear,
And room has for a hundred carriages!
Yet scarcely has the Ancient Hand moved far off,
Than a merry boy skips on the bridge,
Who quickly breaks it down;
And e'en his footsteps are no more beheld!"

"Tell us, dear Julia," said some of the juniors, and

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upon her giving the solution as "*Ice*," they all agreed that it was "very good indeed, and beautifully expressed in the translation."

"And as every thing loses by translation except a *Bishop*," said John, laughing, "no doubt it is much better in the original."

"Now for enigma the second," continued Julia. "Come George, give it us with the true *University* accent."

George took the paper, and read with much emphasis and animation the fine words of the German poet, which even to the uninitiated, conveyed a powerful impression.

RAETHSEL.

Ich wohne in einem steinern Haus,
Da lieg ich verbergen und schlafe,
Doch ich trete herver, ich eile heraus,
Gefördert mit eisener Waffe.
Erst bin ich unscheinbar und schwach, und, Klein,
Mich kann dein Athem bezwingen,
Ein Regentropfen schon sauget mich ein;
Doch mir wachsen im Siege die Schwingen,
Wenn die mächtige Schwester sich zu mir gesellt,
Erwachs ich zum fürchtbarn Gebieter der Welt.

v. SCHILLER.

"O! genius of the tongues! kind, clever Chapman!

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lend thy aid again!" spouted John in appeal to Julia, who laughingly handed the translation to Mary for perusal, thus,

I dwell securely in a house of stone,
There do I lie, concealed, and sleeping,
Till summoned forth by iron tool, alone
I hasten out, first often slily peeping;
At first I'm feeble, weak, and small;
Your breath, my strength can soon renew,
I can absorb all rainy drops that fall;
My pinions grow in Victory anew;
And if my powerful *sister* comes to me,
All people quail at my sovereignty!

After a few false guesses, this enigma was solved by Mrs. Maitland, as being the subtile element *Fire*, and *the powerful sister* alluded to, as being *Air* or *Wind*, and soon afterwards the party separated for the night.

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CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FETE.—BON MOT.—DEFINITIONS.

"We have a great deal to do this morning, my friends," exclaimed John, as soon as the breakfast things were removed; "our theatre had better be arranged to-day, instead of all being left until to-morrow."

"You don't want us all, John, do you?" inquired George, "because we *must* go to the *hills* again to-day, and I should like to take Miss Harrison down them."

"Jessie and I will stop with you, John," said Mary.

"And so will I," said Tom.

"I should enjoy taking your 'governor' down," said George, aside to Richard, "but I do not like to ask him."

"I am sure father will enjoy it too," he replied; and Mr. Maitland agreeing to his young friend's proposal, 'manager John' was left with his three assistants, and the rest departed to their *slippery* amusement. When the dinner hour re-assembled them, the party had been augmented by the arrival of Miss Chapman, whose return was hailed with genuine pleasure by her pupils as well as their brother, and the two elder ladies.

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"She is sure to have brought some new games, or something amusing," said Julia. "It was her idea, making the 'balloon' grandmother talked of."

"When shall we see it?" inquired the Fernwood girls, in a breath.

"Not until to-morrow," returned Julia, eujoying their impatience.

"There, girls, you are all wanted," cried George, to whom 'the manager' had been talking. "John says we must go and have a sort of rehearsal, and ask Miss Chapman to accompany you to the 'green room.'"

Arrived at this apartment, which was a small stone-paved room, leading out of the old hall, they proceeded in their arrangements.

"We *must* tell these friends all about the *balloon*, Julia," urged Mary; "or the plan you spoke of this morning cannot be well carried out without their assistance."

"True," replied Julia; "and the 'Fernwood troop,' as John called them, received the information requisite. And so John," concluded Julia, "you must write us the words we want before to-morrow evening."

"To hear is to obey," said John, with eastern salutation.

"Your eastern phrase has given me an idea for another of those 'little surprises,' which our dear Julia so delights

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in," said Miss Chapman. And she named an addition to their projected amusements for the morrow, which elicited great applause and admiration.

"What a funny little cell this is," said Agnes, glancing round their small apartment, with a mixture of amusement and fear.

"I shall call it a 'cell-aret,'" said John, "particularly as there are such 'choice spirits' in it," a witticism which procured him a hearty laugh, as the party returned to the oak parlor.

"Well, Miss Harrison," inquired Mrs. Maitland in the evening, "how did you enjoy your ride down les Montagnes Russes?"

"Extremely," she replied, "it is a most exhilarating amusement. The quick passage through the air seems to impart a peculiar lightness to the feelings. I think it must resemble flying, which I have always wished to do."

"And you, Mr. Maitland?" asked Mrs. Graham, "how did you like the coachmanship of my madcap son here?"

"He was merciful to an old chap like me," returned Mr. Maitland, smiling, "but I did not much relish it. I should define this northern amusement, a *perilous pleasure, perversely persevered in*, by *the rude Russian, the frivolous Frenchman, and the imitative Islander.*"

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"You would be an acquisition to a party playing definitions, sir," remarked Miss Chapman.

"What are they?" inquired he.

"We have often played at the game," said Mrs. Beaumont, "and very amusing it is; suppose we try a round to-night."

"The expression which Mr. Maitland made use of just now, about 'the rude Russian,'" said Mary, "reminds me of a witticism a German Count once told us of at Dresden. He asked me if I 'knew amongst whom Poland was now divided,' and upon my replying in the negative, he said; "les Rudes-chiens (les Russiens), les Preux-chiens (les Prussiens), et les Autres-chiens (les Autrichiens)."

"Ah!" said John, "Poor Poland is indeed 'gone to the dogs.'"

Mr. Harrison arrived to tea, and soon fell, with the ease of a well-bred man, into the innocent amusements of the evening.

Miss Chapman, as having been the first to name the game of 'definitions,' was requested to propose a 'word' for them, to be written on, and she accordingly gave *Truth*.

Pencils and paper were again in requisition, and ere very long, each person had written a short definition of this quality, and laid them folded and *anonymously* on the table.

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"Now, Mr. Harrison, you shall be the 'reader' to-night," said Mrs. Beaumont, and he accordingly begun the pithy little papers thus:—

"Truth," he said, "is defined to be,

A wholesome, but unpalatable medicine.

The best counsel to employ on a trial.

A sharp instrument, requiring a skilful hand to use it without hurting.

A looking-glass, held by the hand of friendship for the discovery of our faults.

Ithuriel's spear.

A tiara of brilliants upon the brow of the possessor.

The Pastor's privilege.

The shield of Innocence in the battle field of existence.

The corner stone of character.

Preserved ginger, pungent even when palatable.

Substance, not shadow.

A diving *belle*,
As casuists tell,
Content to dwell
At the foot of a well.

The pariah of Parliament.

"And what is this?" he continued, "a *blank* piece! is truth a blank? and here is another strange contribution,

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look!" and he exhibited the scrap bearing the marks as follows, "+ + + +."

"I should think," said Mr. Maitland, "that the possessor of that paper meant, wittily, to indicate that the course of truth was full of crosses; but are those all?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Harrison.

"Then we have some defaulters amongst us," resumed Mr. Maitland; "but we must ask no questions. I therefore now propose *Hope*, as an exercise for our imaginations."

Another pause, more 'pencillings by the way,' and again the 'reader's' task lay before him.

"The prose seems dictated in a poetic spirit," he observed, as he read the list of definitions of *Hope*, thus:—

The rainbow of existence.

The anchor of the soul in the storms of adversity and trouble.

An evergreen, planted in the soil of piety, nourished by the dew of cheerfulness, and warmed by the sun of the future.

A cork jacket on the rough waters of life.

The Christian's sunbeam.

A useful paint brush.

A mental prism.

The day-star of the storm-tost mariner.

Capital ballast in a *life* boat.

A light barque, floating gaily on the billows of existence.

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The bridge between doubt and reality.
The tree which blooms, but never bears fruit.
The enlightener of wretchedness.
An angel without wings.
An indwelling Atlas, bearing our world of cares.
A witch, who may practise spells without fear.
A tradesman practising two callings.

This latter requires explanation," said Mr. Harrison, as he concluded. "I must therefore call upon the author for one. Mr. Harper, is it you?"

"I suppose I must 'own the soft impeachment,'" said John, "and beg to defend my definition of *hope*, thus: She is of two callings—inasmuch as she is a *Weaver* of bright futurities, and a *Gilder* of sombre realities."

"Fairly made out," said Mrs. Beaumont. "And now, as a little variety to our amusement, let me give you a fair subject for banter. *A Bachelor*."

"O! we'll soon knock him off," laughed George, and pencils went vigorously to work.

"It will be too bad, to make Mr. Harrison pick out all the arrows which are sure to be shot into his *brother* bachelor," said Mrs. Graham, smiling. "I think, as my mother set up the target, she should have the task of collecting the shafts of wit."

"Very well, my dear," replied the cheerful old lady,

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"then pass your *missiles* over to me." The merry party soon handed all their flight of fun to their kind hostess, who thus gave aloud their definition of a 'Bachelor:'—

A voluntary victim on the altar of selfishness.

A realization of the line 'never *is*, but always *to be* blest.'

A cross old chap.

The envy of hen-pecked husbands.

A dear creature, if a solitary specimen in a village.

One who willingly walks blindfolded through the beauties of creation.

The drone of the human hive.

The *pet* of a party.

A bottle of port wine, the older it is, the more *crusty* it becomes, and the less flavor and zest it possesses.

A slippery fish, which is constantly angled for.

A human crab-apple.

A social, sensible fellow.

The moth who frequently singes its wings, when meaning only to play round the flame.

One who in arithmetic never advances beyond number one.

A rotten foundation, on which expectant heirs raise a tottering structure of hope.

A nice man, with his pockets full of presents.

The only real *Nobody*.

"Well, I think you have not hit the poor bachelor so

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hard as might have been expected," said Mr. Harrison. "'In the name of 'the brotherhood' I thank you."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FETE.—CHRISTMAS TREE.—THE BALLOON.—THE MAGIC CAVE.—THE SUPPER.

EARLY on the following morning the occupants of the 'omnibus,' were disturbed by George knocking at the door, and upon being admitted, he said, "Come, lads, get up, we must draw out our Programme for this evening."

"Ah!" said John, stretching himself rather lazily,

> The day has dawned, the eventful day,
> Big with the fate of *Dobson* and of me,

and so it is high time I got up to meet it!"

Shortly after, the 'corps dramatique' were again assembled in the 'Cellaret,' in eager consultation and employment, which continued nearly the whole day; Mr. Maitland being pressed into the service by his youthful friends; and between five and six o'clock in the evening, equipages of various kinds followed each other in rapid succession to

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the door, and the large saloon, only used on especial occasions, was soon filled by a gay and numerous company.

"We mean to keep '*old* Christmas-day' this year you see," said Mrs. Beaumont to a lady seated next to her, "but without the old English customs of *Twelfth night*. We have so many Queens amongst us, that *our* King George would have been puzzled in his choice, and so we have made him remain in regal 'single blessedness.'"

At this moment the two pretty children, Alice and Charley Maitland, entered the room, carrying fancy baskets adorned with ribbons, and filled with small pieces of paper, neatly folded up like notes, which they presented to each guest in turn, who selected a diminutive missive, and upon opening them, found each one bearing a number, and inscribed with the words,

Christmas Tree. Prize. No. —

As soon as all the guests had selected their ticket, the folding doors, at one end of the room, were thrown back, and the youthful party residing and staying at the Grange, were discovered, grouped in front of a most dazzling and beautiful German Christmas Tree, and at the same time a band of music commenced its strains, and their sweet and cheerful voices sung in harmonious concord the following 'Invitation:'—

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(AIR.—*O! Summer Night.*)

HAIL! Christmas tree!
So gay to see,
The gifts how rare,
Which deck thy branches fair.
Kind friends are here,
In gala suit,
From far, and near,
To pluck thy fruit.
When o'er thee bending,
Kind voices blending,
To praise thy dazzling light,
And trappings bright;
Our welcome shall invite them;
Friends, advance;
Your rich gifts shall delight them;
Friends, advance!

"Dear foreign tree!
Thy home shall be,
In happy hearts,
Where joy thy form imparts.
Each brilliant bough,
With offerings deck'd,
Is bending now,
In weight uncheck'd.

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Kind tributes bringing,
Sweet odors flinging,
To each dear guest around,
With missive found.
Our welcome shall invite them;
Friends, advance!
Your glittering gifts delight them;
Friends, advance!"

As the last notes died away, the group divided, and the guests advanced in succession to the tree. This was composed of a handsome, well-grown young fir, planted in a large tub, elevated upon a round platform, about five feet in diameter, which was covered with a scarlet cloth. The tree was hung with fruit, *bon-bons*, and nick-nacks of all descriptions, and profusely illuminated with colored-wax lights tied upon the numerous branches. The heavier presents were strown beneath and around the base, and each, being labelled with a corresponding number to those on the tickets, the visitors easily selected their prizes, in gratification and surprise, whilst anon the *bon-bons*, oranges, grapes, &c., all received a vigorous assault.

To make the lottery *amusing*, as well as satisfactory, some of the prizes were of a ludicrous character—thus, for instance, a stout gentleman, with an expensive white waistcoat, was decorated with a child's imitation gold

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watch. One of the belles of the neighborhood received a gilt gingerbread husband! and one of the grandmothers of the party dandled in her arms a waxen doll! Long ere the admiration produced by this beautiful 'exotic' (as Mrs. Beaumont had called it) had subsided, another surprise awaited the guests. At the back of the Christmas tree a dark curtain hung in massive folds to the ground, before which our young band of choristers again grouped themselves in graceful attitudes, and sung to a well-known lively Scotch air the following words:—

Come, come, friends of all ages come,
Enter the scene of our pleasing exertion,
Come, come, kindly and quickly come,
Come and assist at our novel diversion.
Girls with the flowing tress,
Boys in your gala dress,
Enter, and gaze on our circle of pleasure;
Ladies of riper years,
Beaux and gay cavaliers,
See us possessed of our sweet-tasting treasure.
Come, come, &c. &c.

Look! look! mark the dark curtain rise,
See our 'Balloon' swinging gaily before ye;
Look! look! how its bright pendant flies,
Telling of triumph, and promising glory:

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Enter, and take your stand,
Join in our welcome band,
Fortune sits smiling in glittering bower,
Use well our magic wand,
Strike with a fearless hand,
Gifts shall descend in a plentiful shower!
Come, come, friends of all ages come,
Enter the scene of our pleasing exertion;
Come, come, kindly and quickly come,
Come and assist at our novel diversion!

The curtain then drew up, and the much-talked of 'Balloon' appeared. Suspended about eight feet from the ground, by a rope of colored twist attached to a large hook in the ceiling, its quarters again and again divided by stripes of various hues, it "swung in mid air," an object of admiration and astonishment. Beneath it, on the floor, was spread a snowy covering, and at each corner stood a servant, holding light wands of peeled willow, whilst the flag, to which John's verses had alluded, floated from the top and bore the pithy command and promise,

"Strike, and receive thy guerdon!"

George now advanced, attended by his sisters, and requested a young boy to be blindfolded, that he might begin the game; and when the bandage was adjusted, the blind-

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ed knight was left alone, with one of the willow wands in his right hand.

"Advance, and strike," cried George, in a loud voice; and, in obedience to the word of command, the youth stepped forward, and raising his stick, struck forcibly at the balloon. Some of the thin paper which formed the covering of its many-hidden compartments was broken by the successful blow, and a shower of sweets, walnuts, and *bon-bons*, fell on the table cloth beneath. Merry and prolonged was the joyous shout with which the spoils were scrambled for by the more youthful spectators; and then another, and another of the guests of either sex was blindfolded, and tried their efforts on the swinging treasury. Some were successful in their first essay, others the reverse, but disappointment proved to the by-standers a source of as much amusement as success.

When this exercise had been continued for some time, 'king George' requested his youthful guests to rest awhile from their labors, whilst some refreshments were handed round.

"Well, Julia," said Mrs. Maitland, "your balloon was well worth keeping as a 'surprise;' for it is indeed a most pleasing one."

"I am so glad you like it," replied Julia; "but the *little* folks must now sit still a bit, whilst the misses and

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masters 'in their teens' are amused." She then spoke to Mary, and in a few minutes a smaller curtain, hitherto hanging before one of the old deep bay-windows, was withdrawn, and a brilliant transparency became visible over the recess, bearing the words—

Here Hamet dwells, the eastern sage,
Who reads the future's chequer'd page;
Advance, and learn thy varied lot,
He cheers, or warns, but harms thee not.

Within the recess sat a venerable-looking man, with flowing beard and locks, attired in an eastern costume, with a snowy turban on his head, and 'spectacles on nose.' An antique silver inkstand stood before him, on an old oak table, and a large open volume was spread beneath his hand. Beside him stood a youth in fanciful costume, with negro face and hands, who in good English, but with a thick muffled utterance, thus invited the approach of the gazing and wondering guests :—

'My master bids me say, that to the favored friends of her, the generous mistress of this noble house, he will unfold the mysteries of his art, and tell the knowledge culled in distant climes. Approach, and ask the sage thy future lot, nor doubt that Hamet can resolve thy fate!"

Some little hesitation prevailed amongst the company

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as to who should *first* try the sage's boasted art; and, to encourage her guests to the trial, Julia stepped forth, and said, "Ask of thy master what will be the future fate of her who now addresses thee."

The youth bowed low, and, turning to the sage, muttered some words, to those around unintelligible. Hamet fixed his eyes on the lively girl who sought his boasted skill, then slowly turned the pages of his book, and dipping his pen into the ancient inkstand, inscribed a card with sundry strange characters, which he delivered to his sable attendant. A glance appeared to make *him* acquainted with their meaning, for he instantly read with fluency and emphasis, as follows :—

Thy brow is bright, and glad thine eye,
Not e'en the memory of a sigh
Appears to dwell within thy breast;
And though some clouds may be in store
On thee slight drops of grief to pour,
Yet shalt thou soon again be blest;
Bright joys there are awaiting thee,
In the far-off fields of time;
And flow'rets gay shall strew thy way.

"Come," cried Julia, laughing and blushing, "I think that is pretty well; none of you need be disappointed by

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my fate. Now, Mr. Montague," turning to a young man near her, "suppose you tax the art of the eastern sage."

Mr. Montague accordingly stepped forward and asked his future fate, and the youth again received the mystic card, and read aloud:—

> Like light on the waters, thy destiny's star
> Now pointeth to honor and glory afar;
> The song of the minstrel shall honor thy name,
> Thy form be enshrined in the temple of fame.

This response from the Oracle caused great applause, for Mr. Montague was a young officer of great promise, and was shortly expecting to join his regiment, and embark for India.

"Now, Miss Chapman, try your fate," said king George, well knowing that this 'cave of destiny' had been her own clever and tasteful design.

"To oblige you, my dear boy, I will," she replied; "but at my age the fate is pretty well known. Now, then, dark youth! ask at your master's hands my future fortune."

As the magic card was placed in the youth's sable hand, a smile showed his white teeth, as he repeated the prediction—

> For many years thou'lt lead a single life,
> Then prove a happy, prized, and loving wife.

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"Bravo! friend Hamet," said George, shaking the blushing Miss Chapman affectionately by the hand. "You hit us all off, what will you say to me?"

After a very brief communication between the venerable man and his interpreter, the latter bent forward in an attitude of earnest meaning, and shaking his forefinger at George, read slowly and distinctly from his card, the warning words:—

I bid you beware the aspiring eye,
That eagle-like would soar beyond the sky.
Beware that in your learning's wanderings,
You are not dabbling in forbidden things;
You've wit, and talents, mind you're wise as well;
Remember, by ambition, angels fell.

"So much for a hard slap at my *German* education," said George, laughing, but yet wincing a little under the inuendo conveyed.

"Come, Miss Harrison, dare you ask your fortune from so hard-hitting an Oracle?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "and put as much faith in it as *you* do. Tell me my fate, good youth," she continued to the page, who, in reply, addressed her thus:—

Before the blushing rose of June
Shall bloom, and shed its rich perfume,

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A grave D. D. with living fair,
Will in your ear his love declare;
A rectory is no bad thing;
Pause—ere away you fortune fling.

A laugh followed this prediction to the curate's pretty sister, who took the joke good-humoredly, and advised Richard Maitland to consult the sage.

The reply to his obedience was couched in the brief but pithy sentence—

Pursue thy studies, honor and renown
Wait on thy toils, and will thy labors crown.

"Now, Mary, it is *your* turn," said he, not ill-pleased at the allusion to his own abilities.

The timid girl trembled slightly as she put the required question, and the youth bowed gallantly as he recited the reply;—

Gentle art thou, as the dove,
Pure thou art as wedded love,
Meek, and trusting is thy heart,
Within thy breast guile holds no part;
As thy character, shall be,
Fair maid, thy future destiny;
Gliding in serenity,
Through life's changeful scenery!

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Mary retired, blushing, but gratified from the plaudits of her friends, and a dandified youth next entered the charmed circle.

The master and his page consulted the magic book and the white teeth of the latter were again visible as he read—

You'll flirt and you'll flatter,
By word and by look,
Reach the wise age of fifty,
And marry your cook!

"It serves you quite right, Mr. Thorpe," said a young lady. "Tell me *my* fortune, good youth; you have good in store for me, I hope."

The book was turned, the card was written, and the words were read:—

Don't flirt any more,
Or I'm sadly afraid
You'll repent it at last,
And die an old maid.

"A very fair *tit* for *tat*, my dear, I think," said Mrs. Beaumont, who watched the amusement with great pleasure. "Now, Mr. Smithson, ask advice on *your* future career."

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"O! I mean to be Lord Chancellor of England," replied the young man, smiling; "shall I not be?" he asked the sable page.

"Listen," he replied:—

In foreign climes go seek for fortune's smile,
'Twould be denied thee in thy native Isle.

"Well, if I must go, I must," resumed the querist; "will *you* go with me, Miss Elliot?"

"I must ask the Oracle," replied the lady.

"No," replied the youth,

Resist all offers to forsake thy home,
A foreign land would prove thy early tomb.

"It matters little where we live, I think," remarked the stout gentleman who had obtained the incongruous prize of the child's gilt watch, "*home* is *home*. A pleasant circle and a cheerful fire, and *place* or climate signify but little. Have you such gifts in store for me, good youth?"

Who would have thought such cheerful aspirations would meet the chill response—

Alas for thee! thou'lt lead a joyless life.
Unblest by children or a loving wife;
Thy home uncheer'd by sweet domestic mirth,
Thou'lt sit beside 'a Bachelor's' cold hearth.

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"Never mind him, Mason," laughed a friend, "the sage is evidently getting crusty. I think he wants his supper."

"What! my dear girl," cried Mrs. Maitland, as her daughter Jessie advanced to the recess, "dare you risk some stern decree of Fate?"

"Yes, mother," she replied, "I am not afraid; Julia and Mary both beg I will follow their example. What is my fortune, youth of the mystic speech?"

"Your face is your fortune—pshaw! Pardon me, fair maiden, I will ask my master..... *He* bids me say:—

Red is the rose and beautiful,
Yet of prickly thorns is full.
The sunflower lifts its gaudy head,
As if applause it merited.
A modest violet thou; the flower
Man loves to place within his bower;
Humility its own best guard,
From harm to shield, from storms to ward!

"The reverend Hamet seems rather less irate than he was," remarked Mr. Barnes; "I think I may venture to inquire my fate; but if he declares that *I* am always to 'sit in silent solitude,' like my predecessor, I shall be ready to pull his beard."

A longer consultation than formerly followed his appeal

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to the sage, which, had it been intelligible to the company would have seemed rather out of keeping with the foreign books and habits of the pair within.

"I'll tell you what, uncle, I can't stand this any longer," said the *sable* youth. "I am nearly dead with heat, behind this detestable mask."

"And as for me, John, I must get rid of this beard and wig," said the *Eastern* sage. "*Time* may *not* 'thin my flowing locks,' unless we make a determination on the subject. Tell these good people 'Hamet is fatigued, and the Book of Fate shut up.'"

"We *must* give poor Barnes his answer," remarked the *page*.

"Well, he wants to be married, he says, so give him this card, to insure him a good appetite for his supper, and then shut up the shop."

Those who had witnessed this long colloquy, listened with more than common attention as the youth addressed Mr. Barnes:—

Hark! to the news I now can bring;
Horses, a carriage, and a wedding ring;
A fair, a lovely, and a virtuous bride;
Fortune is coming on, with rapid stride,
Amid her smiles, remember she may change,
She's like yourself, a *little* given to range.

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Before the laugh with which this was received had subsided, the messenger spoke again :—

> Hamet now bids you all a kind farewell,
> He seeks repose in hospitable cell.

And at a signal from the youth the curtain was drawn, and the recess veiled from the sight of the guests.

Supper was now announced, and the company descended to the old banqueting room, where plenty and elegance had combined to load the boards. The previous amusements of the evening formed fruitful topics of conversation; and Mr. Maitland and John being *at last* found amongst the guests, the impersonaters of the eastern sage and his interpreter, were recognised and applauded for their efforts.

"We grew *very warm* in your cause, I can assure you," said John, perpetrating an old joke; "but I could stand it no longer, otherwise we had some more 'caps' ready made 'to fit the heads' which presented themselves."

"Now, my dear, good lad, refresh yourself," said Mrs. Beaumont, "you have other labors to go through. My young folks," she continued, addressing her guests, "have kindly got up a dramatic representation, as the *finale* to our evening's entertainments, and after supper the theatre will be opened."

When the elegant and substantial repast had been done

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ample justice to, the company were conducted through the mazy windings of the old passages, now lighted by sconces and lamps, to the spacious hall, where rows of seats were ranged before a curtain of green baize, and a handsome pendant chandelier shed brilliancy upon the expectant throng.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FETE CONTINUED.—THE DRAMATISED PROVERB.—THE SUCCESSFUL GUESS.—GENERAL BON SOIR.

THE company being all seated in front of the green curtain, Tom, who according to his request had been made into a *supernumerary* of the dramatic corps (and was attired in the dress of a *stage* footman), went round the circle, and distributed some very neat play-bills, containing the following announcement:—

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Theatre Royal, Fernvale.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6TH, 1852,

WILL BE PRESENTED

AN ACTED PROVERB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Madam Dobson	Miss Harper.
The Countess Von Schlossinpoole	Miss Graham.
Martha Brown	Miss Susan Harper.
Nancy (her daughter)	Miss Maitland.
Justine (a French waiting maid)	Miss Mary Graham.
Count Von Schlossinpoole	Mr. Graham,
Squire Dobson	Mr. Harper.
William Brown	Mr. Richard Maitland.
Alexis	Miss Agnes Maitland.

Doors open at eleven o'clock—performance to commence at a quarter past eleven.

Soon after the distribution of these bills, a bell rang, and the curtain, slowly rising, discovered

SCENE I.—An apartment in the old Moat House.

The SQUIRE and his DAME, quaintly attired, seated on each side of the fire-place.

Squire. Well, Molly my love, this is a sad blow, hav-

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ing to part with our dear girl to a moustachioed, frog-eating foreigner!

Dame Dobson. Ah! I little thought it when he was brought here by Sir John Meadows, or I'd have seen him hanged before he should have slept in the best bed!

Squire. Well, "*what can't be cured*, must be *endured*;" let us hope our dear Mary has married a good husband, though he does live in such an outlandish place,

Dame D. Yes, I hope he'll be kind to her now they're gone to Germany, for Mary was a sweet, precious creature, that she was.

Squire. It was a curious thing that he should come at all; if it had not been for that tremendous storm, Sir John Meadows would have taken him straight up to the hall, and we should never have seen him.

Dame [*energetically*]. I wish we had *not;* perhaps I shall never see our Mary again!

Squire. Come, come, wife, this won't do; the Count said as plainly as he could in his broken English, that he should "*lub alvays de great shtorms of Inkerlandt*," so *he* did not regret our meeting.

Dame. Ah! but he got a beautiful young bride by the '*shtorm*' as he called it—*he* had no cause to grumble—*we* have.

Squire. Nay, nay, Dame, do not speak so rash, '*least*

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said, soonest mended; we had better not abuse our fine Countship of a son-in-law, he may be of use to us some day. If we cannot find your grandfather's will, and your uncle should die who has never disputed *your* right to the estate of Moat House, the next heir will be 'grasping Gregory,' as your cousin is well named, and he might turn us out at any time, and make us glad to live with Count Schlossinpoole, as he asked us to do.

Dame [*weeping*]. I hope that day will never come; there *must* be a will somewhere; my poor old grandfather always said he should leave the old house to me, and old Sharpe, the lawyer, said he had made a will, but could not tell what was done with it.

Squire. Well, my dear, we must hope on; dry your tears, and let us go out for a walk. [*Exeunt*].

SCENE II.—The interior of a Cottage—Martha discovered knitting a stocking—Nancy employed in household duties.

Enter WILLIAM, with a spade on his shoulder, which he lays down in a corner.

Will. Well, wife—well, Nancy, how are you both? eugh! but I'm tired, and that's truth! it's no joke tramping home four miles in such weather as this! [*sits down*].

Mar. No, poor soul, it isn't, indeed! it does blow,

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above a bit! It has been much such a day as when you and I were married, William; it is twelve years this very day.

Will. Bless me, Martha, why so it is! and our young lady was married the same day. Dear! dear! what changes there have been, to be sure, since then! To think that old Master and Missus should have had to turn out of their old house, just for want of her grandfather making a *Will.*

Nan. [*bringing her father some supper*]. How was it, father, that there ever was any dispute about Madam Dobson having the property?

Mar. *I* can't tell you child. I ben't no lawyer; but it was something about sonship, and heirship. Weren't it, William?

Will. It was this, you see, Martha; our missus's father died before *his* father (when she was quite a *little un*), and so unless the old master *willed* the Moat House to his granddaughter, it went to his eldest son and *his* children.

Mar. Ah! and as long as her uncle lived he left her peaceable, for he had plenty of money, and a fine estate, without turning his poor niece out of the house in which she was born and bred.

Nan. Then whose fault is it now?

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Will. Why, 'Grasping Gregory's,' as he is called; a Mr. Jenkins, who married the only daughter of this kind uncle; *he* has got a son, and won't give nothing away that he can keep. If there *was* but a *Will!*

Mar. Well, it's a shame, and so it is—of course Mr. Dobson meant to leave this property to his granddaughter. What did he marry her to her cousin for, but that the old family seat, and the old family name might go together? Why, it has been Dobson of the Moat House, time out of mind!

Nan. O! mother, mother, do listen to the wind and rain! is it not dreadful?

Will. Aye, Nancy, your mother, and our young lady at the Moat House, have both to thank such weather as this for getting them good husbands; so look out, my dear, who knows but you may have equal good luck.

Nan. You must have your joke, father, but I *have* heard mother say, that if you had not been so patient under the pain of the broken arm you got when that great tree fell, she would not have had you.

Will. Hark! is that only the wind howling? or is it any one calling! [*listens.*]

[*Voices without.* Help—holloa—holloa.]

[*William opens the door, which is almost driven in by the storm; shouts in reply; a party enter, consisting of a lady*

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and gentleman, a little boy, and a female attendant, all apparently half drenched with rain, and much fatigued. Martha and Nancy help them off with some of their cloaks, &c. Lady speaks aside to the gentleman, and then addresses Martha in a foreign accent.]

Lady. My good woman, we must on you intrude for room to sleep in to-night.

Mar. [*in alarm*]. Eh! Madam! we have not got a room for the likes of *you.*

Boy. Dear mother, we can lie down on the floor—any where but stop in the carriage.

Maid. Ah! Madame—quel horreur! to sleep in dis *littel chambre!*

[*Nancy whispers her mother, and goes up stairs. Gentleman again speaks to his wife, who turns to Martha.*]

Lady. Go you to your bed, we will sit down here till morning. [*Nancy comes down stairs and goes to Lady.*]

Nan. [*curtseying*]. If you please, ma'am, you and Miss here [*curtseying to the Maid, who curtsies in return*] can sleep in mother's bed, and the gentleman and the little boy can have mine.

Lady. Thank you *ver* much, we will not forget your kindness; [*they go up stairs.*]

Will. Why, Martha! that's our young lady, I do believe, and her husband and son!

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Mar. Heart alive! William, I do think you're right; but she spoke so *furrin* like, and would not raise her veil; and he has never spoke at all, and has kept up his fur collar, so that what with that and his moustachios, I could not make him out.

Nan. Is that a real German Count? Dear! he's very like an English Captain, only more hairy!

Mar. Well, come, child, and you, husband, let us go and lie down on the clean straw we've just got in to the back room, ready for thatching our old cottage anew.

Will. Ah! we should never have persuaded old Smith to have had it done, if it had been as mild a spring as last year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Part of the interior of a room at the old Moat House—some of the outer wall blown down—the wainscot torn down in places—fragments of broken furniture, &c., the whole looking ruinous and wretched.

Enter SQUIRE and MADAM DOBSON, each more aged—he with a stick, she wearing spectacles—they stand in sad grief and surprise.

Dame. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! to think that ever I should see this day! my grandfather's old room nearly knocked to pieces! his arm-chair broken! his picture fallen down! O dear! O dear! my heart will surely break. [*Cries, and wrings her hands.*

Squire. Come, Molly, my dear wife, cheer up. I would

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not have let you come, if I had thought you would have taken on so.

Dame. Ah! it is like our fortunes now! well may my kind grandfather's chair be broken, when a stranger to his heart and name is to sit in it. Well may his picture fall, when one whom he loved so well is to be thrust from his door by an upstart like that Gregory Jenkins!

Squire. [*looking round on hearing a noise*]. Dear! dear! who are all these people coming in with William, and Martha Brown, I wish they had not brought strangers to the old place, when they knew *we* were here!

[*Enter party of last night, William, &c. &c.*]

Will. [*bowing*]. I beg your pardon, Squire, but this lady and gentleman be *furriners*, and want just to look about this old place for a sight, like. [*Aside.*]—I wonder if he'll know 'em.

Squire. They have as much right here, William, as *we* have now, [*sighs*] but still I wish they had not come to-day.

Alexis [*goes up to Madam Dobson*]. If you please, ma'am, may I run about just where I like in this funny old place.

Dame. Bless your sweet face, child; yes, but come back, let me look at you again [*agitated*]. Dear, dear! how like he is to our darling Mary!

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Squire [*starting.*]—Eh! what! so he is! why, child—speak—whose little boy are you? [*Count and Countess advance to the old couple, and each seize a hand.*]

Countess. *Our* boy, dear father! *your* grandchild, my dearest mother!—we came from Germany on purpose to see you in the dear old house again; and to stay with you in happy England for some months.

Dame [*weeping and kissing her daughter*]. We have so longed to see you, my darling! and now you aré really come, we have no home to welcome you to.

Squire [*mournfully*]. It is too true, Mary, the Count and you have now two poor old outcasts for your parents!

Count. Den, *il faut que vous reviendrez avec nous.* You vil lib vid me and my vife, she is goot vife, she is goot moder, she sall be goot dochtor!

Alexis [*laughing and dancing about*]. O! yes, grandmother, I shall so like to have you, and this funny old gentleman in our old *Schloss.* I love England, and I always speak English; but I like Germany too. [*Dances about, and in so doing tumbles over a broken chair, and cries out. They all run to look for him, but he has disappeared.*]

Countess [*in alarm*]. Alexis, *mon cher fils*, darling, *mein leibling!* O! *ou êtes vous?* where are you? Speak! *Sprich ein mal!* I shall die if my boy is lost!

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Justine [*screams*]. *O! le mignon! le tres cher enfant! il est perdu!* vere you put yoursel, monsieur Alexis? *O! ma foi! mais c'est terrible!!*

Nancy. Don't stand crying and making a noise, Miss, but help to look for the young gentleman. [*Pulling the thing aside.*]

Count. Mein kind, 'mien sōhn,' sprich ein mal.

Countess. [*calls*]. Alexis! Alexis!

Alexis [*in a faint voice*]. I'm here, dear mother, all in the dark.

[*William, Martha, and the rest begin moving about the rubbish, find a large hole in the pannel of the wainscot, break more away, and all go through.*]

SCENE IV.—A small room like a closet, very dark; the people all grope about with their hands, until William calls out.

William. Stand still, all of you; I think I feel a shutter. There; hurra! there's some light for us; now we shall see what we are about. [*Pulls aside an old shutter, and discovers the inside of the room, in which stands an old oak chest, a rusty bunch of keys hanging in the lock.*]

Dame [*in amazement*]. I never knew of this room before in my life! what can it have been used for?

Squire. Let us open the chest. [*Turns the key with some difficulty.*]

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Alexis [*putting his hand in*]. O, grandfather! here is nothing in the chest but this old piece of parchment. [*holds it up.*]

Squire [*snatching it, and opening it hastily*]. Why, goodness! Molly, look here! it is *your grandfather's Will!*

Dame [*eagerly*]. O! read it, Richard, read it. Who *has* he left the old house to?

Squire [*murmurs over part to himself, then reads aloud*]. "I give and bequeath to my dear granddaughter, Mary, the child of my beloved son, John Dobson, the estate and manor of the Moat House, for herself and heirs for ever."

William. Hurra! hurra!

Dame [*crying with joy*]. Then, dear Mary, you and your darling boy *have* got an English home, after all.

Countess. Well, dearest mother, and we will gratefully share it with you sometimes, for if we had not brought this mischievous boy to see the tumble-down house of his ancestors, we should never have found the Will in this unheard-of place.

Count. It is always de great shtorms of Inkerlandt dat brings de good luck!

Martha [*curtseying*]. So say I, my lord, for they got my young lady a good husband, and me not a *bad* one.

Squire. Well, let us all go down to the Inn, in the village, and talk over our plans for the future. I think,

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from all that has happened, we may agree in the truth of the old proverb, which [*turning and bowing to the audience*] our friends here have most probably guessed ere this.

[*Curtain falls.*

"Admirable!" "very good!" "what can it be?" were some of the expressions heard on the conclusion of the piece.

"Come, come, Maitland, you know all about it, of course," remarked Mr. Mason of *the match;* "tell us what the proverb is."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Maitland, "I am as much in the dark as yourself; but I will give a guess. How must we summon one of the Dramatis Personæ?" turning to Miss Chapman.

"Thus," she answered, applying a small silver whistle to her lips, in obedience to whose shrill call, Squire Dobson stood again before the audience.

"I am requested to ask whether your Acted Proverb was that of 'Where there's a *will* there's a Way?'" observed Mr. Maitland, standing up and addressing John.

"It was *not*, sir," replied the Squire, with a bow, and again retired.

"I say, Cameron," said Mr. Barnes, in a low and half apologetic tone, to his young friend, "here's a pretty go·

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that stupid man of mine has brought my pony with the saddle on, instead of putting him in the gig. I fear you must walk home."

"No, no," said kind Mrs. Beaumont, who overheard the conversation, "your friend must stay here to-night. It will be but putting one more into the omnibus."

"If my man had not been so thoughtless and stupid, you would not have had the pleasure of being Mrs. Beaumont's guest, James," said Mr. Barnes; "you see, that must be an ill wind that blows no one any good.'"

"That's *it*, Barnes, that's *it*," cried Cameron, in delight, and hitting his friend a hearty slap on the back.

"That's *what*, James?" he asked, in amazement and slight *pain*, from his friend's enthusiasm.

"The proverb, the proverb, man. Here. Miss Chapman, call your friend the Squire—'Whistle, and *he'll* come to you,' or lend it to me, will you?" and receiving the tiny instrument from her hands, he blew it so long, so loud and shrilly, that the *curtain* rose again, and the whole of 'the company' stood arrayed before a pretty drop scene, to hear why they were thus summoned. Mr. Maitland spoke:—

"Noble Countess, gentle Dame, fair Count, and honest Squire, and you, good Yeoman, with your comely wife; we've called you here once more, before your sympathizing friends, to hear our hearty congratulations, and receive

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our thanks. The happy *denouement* to all your varied ills has proved to our satisfaction, as *you wished* it would, that

'It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.'

And for the admirable manner in which it has been represented, I beg, in the name of the whole *house*, to thank you most sincerely."

A hearty clapping of hands, and rounds of applause, followed this address; and 'the manager' then said, "In the name of myself and 'company,' I thank you for your indulgence and your praise. The happy results which have attended our efforts, prove that in performing *one* proverb we have realized another:—

'All's well that ends well.'"

The dramatic group then made a respectful obeisance, and the curtain *finally* feli for the evening.

The guests now began to depart, all highly pleased with the diversity and novelty of their evening's entertainment, and Mrs. Beaumont gave a *verbal* invitation to a few of her most intimate acquaintance, to come on Tuesday to a little party she contemplated, in *quite* a different style. As the last carriage drove from the door, her daughter and grandchildren insisted upon her immediately retiring to rest.

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"Kiss me, my darlings," said the amiable old lady. "Shake hands, my friends. It will be allowable to be half an hour later at breakfast to-morrow :—

'To each and all a fair good night,
And pleasant dreams, and slumbers light.'"

"Hollo! old chap," cried John, as James Cameron joined them; "what, you are for the *Bus*, are you? Well, 'King George,' here is *Monsieur le Conducteur*, so you must *tip* him to let you come in."

"Now, lads," said George, prudently, as they arrived at their *exalted* situation, "pray don't talk any more to-night. I am sure we have all done enough of that for *one* evening; and as for John, I should think he has not another 'word to throw at a dog.'"

"My dear fellow, I could not even 'say *bo* to a goose,'" replied John, yawning, "so pray *don't ask* me. Good night. Shut the door, Conductor, and drive on, Morpheus."

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CHAPTER X.

PERILOUS PLEASURES.—MISS CHAPMAN'S DIARY.—CHRISTMAS TREES IN SILESIA.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL AT ST. PETERSBURG.

A MERRY, talking, laughing, getting-up was that of the next morning! and in each room the occupants had so much to say, and to *do*, in their recapitulations of last night's amusements, that the breakfast-bell rung twice its cheerful summons ere the oak parlor received its complement of guests.

"Now, dear grandmother," said Mary, anxiously, "you must be very quiet to-day."

"I think a sledging down to Ferndale this bright morning would be quite refreshing," returned her grandmother. "You know I hope to have *another* party on Tuesday, but as some of my principal wished-for guests have not received their invitation, I wish to take it in person."

"Who is grandmother alluding to?" said Julia, wonderingly; "*I* have no idea!"

"All in good time," replied her grandmother, enjoying their astonishment; "when I know if my guests can come, I will consult with my young councillors as to the best mode of amusing them."

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After breakfast the parties divided, Mrs. Beaumont taking Mrs. Maitland, Miss Chapman, and Mr. Cameron with her.

"If you please, dear grandmother, not to be gone more than an hour and a half," pleaded George, "for we wish to take Cameron down the hills, and I want Ivān to help me to show off some of the 'perilous pleasures' which Mr. Maitland deprecates."

"We will do our best to oblige you," replied his indulgent relative; and she called to her northern coachman, as soon as they were all seated, "P'skerrai, Ivān, na zāt se chas," (Make haste, Ivān, come back very soon), in so lively a tone, that the Russian, who had learned to love his English mistress for her constant and thoughtful kindness, took off his picturesque cap with both his hands, and bowed his head with an almost reverential feeling at the cheerful spirit of his aged lady.

"Sloushi soudarina," (I hear, madam), he said, and, in obedience to her wishes, his beautiful horses started off at full speed, and bore them rapidly on their road towards Ferndale.

Until the return of the sledge party, all pursued different amusements; and when Ivān was at liberty to attend his young master's commands, a numerous section of the party accompanied 'King George,' to the scene of his intended

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exploits; and after he had acted as charioteer to some of the ladies, taken James Cameron down *properly* twice, and thus entrapped him into a third ride, in which he indulged his inclination of *victimizing* a novice, he called to Ivān to come and show off some of the modes in which this exilarating, but sometimes dangerous sport, may be pursued. The sledges being again placed side by side, George and the Russian took their station on them in the various postures of kneeling, lying flat on their back, and, going head-foremost; and, as a *finale* to their extraordinary and well-named "perilous pleasure," they descended *closely side by side*, with each an arm thrown over the other's back, and shooting off with great rapidity, maintained their curious *interlacement* to the end of their icy road. This feat called forth great admiration, but it was not unmixed with fear, and Mr. Maitland joined the frightened females in requesting it might not be repeated.

"This amusement must be particularly gay in St. Petersburg, I should think," observed Cameron.

"Yes," replied George, "the variety of costume gives an effect to the scene, which the mere coats and round hats of Englishmen never can, but yet, strange to say, the 'English' hills, as they are termed (meaning those belonging exclusively to the British residents in Petersburg) are always better made, and more thronged than any of the

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native ones, and more dangerous exploits performed at them."

"Except during 'the Butter week,' as it is called," said Mary, "when the shows are all erected on the fine Isaac's plain, and the 'Ice hills' are crowded from morning till night with the *mujiks* and the country women."

In the evening the conversation about the amusements of the previous day was resumed, and after the guests had reiterated their admiration at the appearance of the Christmas tree, Mrs. Graham said, "We saw one of these pretty devices each year that we were abroad; and my dear mother resolved the first winter we returned to England she would transplant the 'exotic' with her, but we have not followed our example in every respect. They are in Germany and other countries carried to a much greater extent."

"The first we attended, if you remember, dear madam, was at the Count Kiesselwasser's," said Miss Chapman, "near Breslaw."

"Yes, and I recollect, my good friend, that you made a copious entry in your amusing journal of the events of the evening," returned Mrs. Graham. "Suppose, as our minds really require some rest this evening, as well as our bodies, that you were to oblige us by reading it aloud.

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Some of our friends may not be familiar with the mode of keeping Christmas in Germany."

Miss Chapman, being eagerly pressed to comply with this request, went up stairs for the volume of manuscript desired, and on her return, the happy party drew closer round the cheerful fire, and listened to her entertaining narrative.

"Being one of the guests invited to celebrate Christmas Eve at B....., I went, resolved to make the best use of my eyes, in what I knew would be to me a perfectly novel scene. We found the whole of the family assembled at the Chateau; children, grandchildren, uncles, aunts, and cousins, of all ages, and from far and near. At six o'clock, the company were all requested to go down stairs, to the room in which the presents were to be given; to most of those present this move was productive of no surprise, whatever it might have been of pleasure, but on my mind it produced both, as the house is so large, and so old, that a mere walk through its rambling passages and ancient chambers seems to open whole pages of by-gone history to one's imagination. Down went the guests in 'orderly disorder.' The Count and his elder children; the Colonel of the eldest son's regiment; fathers and mothers; the nurses, with infants in their arms, with the seven little ones who could walk; uncles, aunts, and guests, *pêle mêle* down we

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went into a room reserved for such *fêtes*. The walls were painted light blue, with large figures on them, shaded to represent statues in relievo, with a handsome ceiling in stucco. Down the centre extended a table nearly the length of the room, on which were seven Christmas trees! these were hung with walnuts, apples, raisins, and sundry other eatables; bits of colored and white wax tapers, about the size of a little finger, were stuck in the branches, and on each side of the tree, lines were chalked on the table, dividing it into compartments. In this was also chalked the name of the grandchild for whom the tree was destined, and each division was filled with a profusion of toys; and a wax taper also burned in a little *tin* candlestick, for each child. Against the walls of the room were also ranged tables, and at one, near the entrance, sat the Countess. As we entered the room my eye fell with interest upon a fair girl whom I had previously observed up stairs; a sympathetic feeling evidently prevailed between us; she looked hard at me, and smiled: it touched a chord of *national* feeling. I spoke a few words at a venture in *English*, and to my delight found I was correct, and that she was my countrywoman! A few words explained all; she was the English governess in the family; from that moment she was my companion for the evening, and I enjoyed the scene with twofold zest and pleasure. As we stood close

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to the Countess, she said to my friend, '*à la droite*, Miss A.' but she did not hear her, and that side being much thronged by persons surrounding the children, we turned to the left instead. Here, against the wall, were all the presents arranged for the *sons*—stocks, waistcoats, gloves, perfumery, &c.; it was like a bazaar. At this moment the Count came up to my friend, and politely said 'Vous n' avez pas encore trouvée votre place, *Miss*.' Miss A. like myself, had been too much absorbed by the novelty of the scene to have thought of herself, but she now followed the kind Count round to the other side of the room. We paused in our progress to give another glance at the children; who, each seated in a chair at the table, were hugging their dolls, munching, crunching, feeding, and stuffing to their hearts' content. Arrived at the table on the right-hand side, we found the centre occupied by the Christmas tree of my friend's pupil, lighted up similarly to the others; whilst on each side were the presents intended for Miss A. and the *German* governess. It was not an elegant style of illumination which designated their possessions, being what is there termed a wax stock, in England a *twirl*, such as we see in the windows of oilmen; and their names being stuck on with a *pin*. The effect was extraordinary of all these wax lights illumined at once; the gay color of the walls, the varied number of the *cadeaux*, the sweet-

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meats, *bonbons*, and toys. Most of the party, when they had eaten enough, practised economy, and put out their lights. Not so my fair friend; she obliged both me and herself by allowing the huge wax taper to burn on, until her neighbor extinguished hers! Pretty, useful, and numerous, were the presents she had received, and when, following the example of her German companion, she wished to carry them off to her own room, a basket was requisite to hold them all. A goodly store there was of nick-nacks and eatables! and a choice candlestick, with the proper taper burning in it, to light them to her store. I helped to fill her basket with the cakes, apples, gingerbread, sweetmeats, almonds, raisins, *bonbons*, and chocolate. The trees were beginning to be stripped of their tempting fruit, the lights burnt down to the branches, and as my friend quitted the room with her basket on her arm, a gilt inkstand in one hand, and her china candlestick in the other, the beauty of the scene seemed all gone, and I exclaimed, with a sigh, *sic transit gloria mundi!*"

A unanimous burst of thanks and admiration ensued upon Miss Chapman here shutting her book, but Mrs. Beaumont said, "We have not *quite* satisfied our demands upon that entertaining volume, my dear; for, if I mistake not, there are some notes respecting the celebration of this interesting ceremony at the Imperial court of Russia."

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"The description of the *room* in which the Christmas trees are arranged, is from my personal survey, but the ceremonial itself from mere heresay," replied Miss Chapman.

"Well, give us the benefit of both, if you please," said Mrs. Maitland; and Miss Chapman, re-opening her MS., said, "I will not trouble you with the description of the whole of the magnificent suite of state rooms in 'the Winter Palace,' which we saw at the time of the splendid spectacle of 'blessing the water,' as it is called, but will read the few concluding remarks I made on the occasion:—

"From thence (the Salle de Marechaux, hung round with the portraits of the Marshals engaged in the allied army against France) our polite friends conducted us to the splendid 'Hall of St. George,' an apartment reserved expressly for state receptions, and not shown to casual visitors. The official character of Monsieur M., as one of the 'Aides-de-camps' at court, procured us this favor.

"This magnificent apartment has the beautiful white polished walls and pillars, similar to those we had previously admired in 'la salle *blanche*,' which are relieved by recesses lined with crimson velvet, in which stand exquisite statues; whilst splendid mirrors in alternate compartments, reflect and repeat the chaste elegance of the whole.

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"At one end of this apartment is raised a throne of elegant design and richly gilt workmanship, surmounted by a crimson velvet canopy, trimmed with deep gold fringe; on the same colored velvet, at the back, is a most exquisite small *alto relievo* of St. George and the dragon; the body of the monster is composed entirely of emeralds, some of them of enormous size, and its eyes are formed of diamonds. The white steed of the knight is made of dead silver, and his armor and the horse's accoutrements are profusely studded with precious stones. Madame M. told me that it was valued altogether at the large sum of £30,000 sterling!"

"So far for my own personal observation," continued Miss Chapman; "here," referring to another part of her book, "is what a friend told me about the use this splendid room is annually devoted to:—

"On Christmas eve separate small tables are arranged in the magnificent 'Hall of St. George,' bearing the different Christmas trees designed for the emperor's children, which are always adorned with a great variety of most elaborate French confectionary and *bonbons*, whilst around the base of each tree are laid the various *cadeaux*.

"Those from the Emperor to the *Nasledník*, or Czarivitch (as the eldest son is alternately called), consist prin-

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cipally of jewelry, and increase in value and brilliancy each year."

Miss Chapman here closed her book, and again received the thanks of the whole party, for the amusement and instruction it had afforded.

CHAPTER XI.

PROPOSAL FOR A SCHOOL TREAT.—THE TETE-A-TETE INTERRUPTED.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHARADES.—ENIGMATICAL DINNER.

"I MUST now request, my friends, that you will give me your attention first, and your advice afterwards upon a matter of some little importance," said Mrs. Beaumont, rising from the breakfast-table on Monday morning, and taking possession of her own *particular* arm-chair. "You have all been so politely observant of my desire for silence on the subject, that I mean now to reward you by a full disclosure of my plans and wishes."

The party, one and all, promised their attention and assistance.

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"I wish to give a treat to-morrow to the senior children of our Ferndale school," she resumed, "and having satisfactorily arranged with Mr. Randolph, the master, and Miss Capper, the mistress, for the required holiday being allowed, it only remains to decide what amusements will be best for the children to join in."

"The balloon might be required," suggested Mrs. Maitland, "if not to look quite so gay as on Friday evening."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Beaumont, "we will set some of our young ladies to work with gum and tissue paper; perhaps Susan will prove that her acquaintance with *Fraulien Nymbulhande*, has given her a right to the same designation."

Susan blushed and smiled, and promised to do her best.

"Miss Capper has taken a good deal of pains with the girls' singing, by my particular desire," continued Mrs. Beaumont, "and some of the boys also have good voices and some knowledge of music; so that if our clever friend John, here, will kindly arrange some new words to any popular air, in which a chorus will be effective, I think it will form a pleasing variety during the evening."

"I will retire into the *Cellaret*, and court the muses this afternoon," replied John, "and perhaps at the tea-table I may be able to tell you, dear madam, if my suit has been

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successful. But I must have something more encouraging than mere bare walls to recite my ditties to, so Mary, you must kindly come about half an hour hence, and bring the guitar with you, that we may try an *effect* or two."

Mary promised to oblige him, and then her grandmother continued her arrangements.

"You now see for what I wanted your theatre, my dears," she said; "it is to be turned into a regular play-room at one period of the evening, and converted into a '*salle à manger*' at another."

"We have been holding a council of six, grandmother, with Mrs. Maitland for our president," said George, advancing from one of the large bay windows, "and we have drawn up this *programme* for your inspection and sanction;" and he displayed a paper to Mrs. Beaumont, which she perused with much satisfaction.

"Now, where is Ivān and his axe?" cried George; "he is a clever fellow, and uses this *national* implement in a most extraordinary way. We must knock up a sort of *dais*, grandmother, for you and the other grandees to sit upon, whilst the 'little folks below' are running and tumbling about; so good-bye till dinner time. Come lads, leave the young ladies to their own devices for an hour or two."

The seniors found plenty of employment and entertain-

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ment, and the girls were busily engaged in repairing the balloon, and putting in a quantity of common nuts and walnuts, to supply the place of the more *rare* eatables, which had been abstracted and demolished.

"I wonder how John and Mary are getting on in the cellaret," said Julia. "I should like to take a peep at them, so stick this piece of paper on, and then come with me."

Passing quickly along the many windings of the long passages, the mirthful girls at length stole quietly into the old hall; but they almost feared their jesting errand would prove fruitless, when at the farther end they observed George and his three male companions busily directing and assisting Joseph and Ivān in the movement and arrangement of divers boards, which now and then fell on the floor with rather a startling noise, not propitious to the process of "composition," which they supposed was being carried on within the little cell. Thither, however, they crept quietly, as they saw the door was ajar, and Julia and Susan first approaching it, heard John in a most emphatic tone making the inquiry—

And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near?

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"He can never be going to arrange *those* words to music," whispered Julia, and peeping in, she saw John comfortably seated in an old arm-chair, with his feet upon the fender of the stove, whilst opposite to him sat Mary, the guitar hanging listlessly by her side, and her looks fastened upon John's face, who held a book in his left hand, and kept his right one waving and swaying in emphatic gesture.

"That is what you call 'courting the muses,' is it?" laughed Julia. "Pray which is the *chorus* we are all to sing?"

"O, we have written that, and sung it, and approved it," returned John, rallying his courage, "and thus having done our work, we thought it no harm to indulge in some of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' for the satisfactory conclusion to our trouble. But, I say, is not dinner ready? for I am getting voraciously hungry," and so saying, he put his book in his pocket, and ran off to prepare for the expected meal.

When the usual evening *gathering* took place, John and Mary were both quizzed for their sly method of procuring a *tête à tête*, but they defended themselves so cleverly and good-humoredly, that Mrs. Beaumont called "a *truce*," and proposed some species of amusement for the party.

"I should like a hit or two at backgammon," she said,

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'if Mr. Maitland will indulge an old woman. Miss Chapman, attack your friend Richard at chess; I hear he is an adept, Come, my friends, what will the rest of you do?"

"We have been very idle lately, grandmother," returned Julia, "so we will work a little, and make these young gentlemen amuse us by giving us some charades or puzzles."

"I have some very good charades, fair Julia," said John. "which I will fetch from my room;" and in a short time he had again seated himself by her side, with a *porte feuille* in his hand. "Now then," he said, "'lend me your ears,' as the Turks say. This is an easy one:—

When foreign nations leagued in fight
Our realm to overthrow;
Upon my *first* Britannia's might
Subdued the haughty foe.

In many a hall, where fashion reigns
And *ennui* holds her power,
Attention oft my *second* gains,
To wile the tedious hour.

My *whole* beheld a glorious fray,
That beat a hero down,
And won, on that eventful day,
Another's laurel-crown.

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"I have it, I have it," cried Julia; "it is Waterloo."

"Quite right, fair lady. Now for a bit of the tender and sentimental;—

Seated beneath the arching bough,
A fountain sparkling nigh,
With guardian Water-god below,
Sweet odors floating by,

Oft has my *first*, with blush and sighs,
Been sever'd from the fair;
Who to her lover, the rich prize
My *second* scarcely dare.

If whilst this blissful period flies
Some spy should do my *whole*,
They'd wish the Water-god to rise,
'And drown him in the bowl.'

"It is what you do even now on my good temper and patience, John," said his aunt, "by twisting up my netting silk into all sorts of knots, during your reading—*trespass*."

"Aye, aye, aunt, you have 'sat beneath the arching bough' yourself not so many years since," laughed John, "or you would not so quickly have found it out."

"Go on, you saucy lad, with your reading," said his uncle, from the backgammon table, "or I shall send one of my *men* at your head."

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"The next is in quite a different style; martial, yet melancholy; monitory and memorable:—

When to the field the hero goes,
For conquest wild, for fame athirst,
Feeble would fall his sabre's blows,
If forged without my *first*.

Without my *second* if we see,
One who would strive our love to win,
O! may we all his presence flee,
For he is false within.

And when upon the scaffold died,
One who had sat upon a throne,
My *whole* stood faithful by his side
Undaunted, though alone!

A few guesses were of course made upon the name of our own unfortunate monarch, Charles I. but unsuccessfully, until Mrs. Maitland again relieved their doubts, by saying, "Who has not read, and remembered, that memorable speech to the unfortunate Louis XVI. of 'Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!" made by the Abbé *Edgeworth!*"

"Here is a French charade for *you*, Julia," said John, archly; "you will be sure to guess it, for it is what all ladies are fond of:—

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Mon *premier* est un des éléments,
Mon *second* un mot souvent va,
Mon *troisieme*, tu le reçois en naissance
Et mon *tout* est une liqueur très forte."

"Really, John, you are enough to make one need your *eau-de-vie*, to keep one from fainting under your impertinences," she replied.

"I will make *l' amende honorable* :—

Mon *premier* est un metal precieux,
Mon *second* (*ton image*, qui), habite les cieux,
Et mon *tout* est un fruit délicieux.

"Your addition gives the key to it," she answered, with a smile. "When you want to puzzle any one, do not be so complimentary."

"Here is a French one for you, Mary," said he, "as you are such an admirer of 'la belle science;' tell us the reason for this strange reluctance on the part of your sable sisters."

"Pourquoi les négresses refusent elles d' apprendre la musique ?"

"Parcequ'on leur dit, qu'une blanche vaut deux noires,"* answered Mary, quickly.

"The next is one of my own," said John, "so be lenient :—

* A 'blanche,' in music signifies one minum, and a 'noire,' a crotchet.

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From Persia's royal head remove
One letter—that's my *first;*
From every spray, in every grove,
In spring my *next* will burst.

When 'Wakefield's Vicar' sent his son,
To sell his fav'rite nag,
He deem'd the spectacles he won,
My *whole*, bore in his bag.

But when the treach'rous fraud he found,
He burnt with rage and shame,
And felt a word of equal sound,
That is not *spelt* the same.

"That is to say," said John, when the party had given this up, "*his* was 'a case of chagrin,' instead of the *spectacles* each having a *shagreen* case."

"What have you got there, John?" asked Julia, eagerly, as she tried to take possession of a sheet of paper covered with strange-looking figures.

"Patience, patience, my fair friend, you shall see it in good time, but guess these charades first, my stock is all but exhausted:—

My *first* is a small preposition,
My *second* is part of a wheel,
My *whole*, in a *belle* of condition,
To the purse makes a frequent appeal.

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"'Proof required,' as they say in the schools," said Cameron.

"And *she* shall walk in silk *attire*," parodied John, in answer. "Now for my last to-night:—

My *first* is, when Irish, oftentimes relished,
My *second* in Cromwell we trace,
My *whole* is a House, whose last scion has perished,
And Victoria sits in their place.

"King George ought to answer that," said Jessie.

"Well, then," he replied, "the first is the *Stew* my sister Julia has long been in to look at John's hieroglyphical paper, and the second is the *art*, with which he has prevented her so doing."

"But which I now present to the fair lady, sincerely wishing her a good appetite and digestion," said John.

The paper was covered with large and small octagonal devices, varied with circles and ovals, and having four small figures, shaped like bottles, placed at the corners. In each of these devices were written some words, and Julia discovered, upon a nearer inspection, that what had so greatly excited her surprise and curiosity, was neither more nor less than an *Enigmatical Dinner*, whose rather heterogeneous dishes spoke more for the liberality of the spirit which dictated the repast, than for the elegance of the taste which arranged them in the following "admired disorder:"—

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The sailor's delight.

Melancholy soup, changing a letter.

An Island in the Atlantic.

Rustic employment, and the reverse of youth.

Part of a shoe, Fried.

Crooked Sarah, stewed.

The sixteenth letter and every one.

Musical Instruments.

A much esteemed Knight, roasted.

The food of Israel.

A province in France.

The soldier's habitation.

A sign in the zodiac.

A colored measurement.

Perpetual motion.

One of Noah's sons.

The Grand Seignor's dominions in chains.

An unruly member.

Advertisements.

The first temptation.

Running water.

A thing of no consequence.

A sum of money.

Wine in a skin.

The ornamental part of the head roasted.

A silly bird and wild fruit.

Little Marthas.

A field.

A high hill.

A blockhead bashed.

A lean wife roasted.

Troublesome people.

Married folks.

English earth apples.

A tailor's perquisite.

The roost of a bird broiled.

The capital of Portugal.

Tranquillity soup, adding a letter.

Counterfeit agony.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE FERNDALE SCHOOL.—THE PROCESSION.—HUNTING THE BELL.—MUFTI.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.—THE BALLOON RESTORED.—ROSE DANCE.—THE BUMPER AT PARTING.

THE last bright gleams of the declining sun shone through the leafless branches of the stately old elms, when the lively strains of the Ferndale band were heard approaching the Grange; and shortly afterwards the parties stationed at the windows of the oak parlor discerned the expected guests.

The procession which approached had a very pretty and peculiar effect. First walked a man supporting, with some difficulty, a royal standard, borrowed from 'the Club' for the occasion; next followed the 'Ferndale brass band,' arrayed in their smart uniform, and making 'the welkin ring' with their inspiring tones. After them came two of the senior boys, each carrying a large garland on a long pole, and composed of ivy and the red-berried holly. Mr. Harrison and the venerable parish clerk were the next in order, after whom came the thirty school girls, two and two, headed by their neat and pretty young mistress, who bore a white staff bedecked with colored streamers of rib-

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bon. The union jack, borne aloft by a pair of stalwart arms, next caught the frosty air, and then the school-boys in orderly array, with Mr. Biddulph, and his ward of office, closed the line.

The clock in the old Tower struck four, as the procession drew up at the entrance to the Grange, and the nail-studded door being flung wide open, the fine spacious hall became visible, nearly filled with the guests, children, and domestics of the venerable owner, who, advancing from the group, gave a kind and hearty welcome to the village throng. The 'cellaret' was soon converted into an *extempore* '*cloak* (or rather *tippet*) room,' and the youthful guests seated on forms around temporary tables, which exhibited a profusion of plumcake, platefuls of bread and butter, and other tempting accompaniments to the sweet and excellent tea, which soon threw its 'fragrant steam' over the well-spread board.

Julia, Mary, and George, were ably supported by their young guests in their duties as waiters upon the rustic company, and much amused at their feats in the consumption of the cakes and tea. But even the appetite of village-school children has a limit, and at length all were sufficiently satisfied to allow the tables to be cleared and removed.

A temporary absence into the housekeeper's room gave

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the required space for this movement, and then began the entertainments, as set forth in George's *programme*.

The *dais* had been duly raised, and prettily decorated with evergreens, holly-berries strung in chains, and festooned from one green garland to another, and interspersed with small paper banners and scrolls, bearing such appropriate mottoes as 'Merit meets its reward.'—'Be merry and wise.'—'Work well, play well,' *et cetera*. Two large staples had been driven into the wall to support the expected flags, which hung in very graceful folds behind Mrs. Beaumont's chair, who was seated in the centre of the platform with her *gentry* guests on either side, and the band was stationed at the other end of the large room, and some of the more noisy instruments dispensed with.

The junior Maitlands and their cousins again joined 'King George' and his sisters in arranging a vocal group, and the village scholars, forming side chorusses, commenced with the band accompaniment, John's new adaptation to the favorite air of

Auld Lang Syne.

Who has not heard the wide-spread fame
Of Beaumont's ancient line,
That earn'd a lov'd and honor'd name,
In days o' Auld Lang Syne?

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In arts, in arms, in peace, in war,
They ever foremost stood,
The Christian's purse, the hero's car,
Each aid their country's good.

Chorus.

Then help to sing the wide-spread fame
Of Beaumont's ancient line,
Who earn'd a lov'd and honor'd name,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

And she, who long has fill'd their place,
And borne that honor'd name,
For gen'rous deeds, for kindly grace,
Our love and homage claim.
She aids the poor with heart and hand,
Content and toil to blend;
Is lib'ral, courteous, pitying, bland,
To every rank a friend.

Chorus.

Then help to sing the wide-spread fame
Of Beaumont's ancient line,
Our hostress well becomes the name,
Belov'd in Auld Lang Syne.

The amiable old lady was much gratified by this unex-

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pected tribute, and the chorus, which was given with right good will.

And now began a merry scene—two boys and two girls were selected from the rest, and their eyes tightly bandaged. They were then led into the middle of the room, and the rest formed a circle round them at the extent of their joined hands. Into this circle one more was now admitted, no other than our friend John, who, after his fortnight's rest, and careful tending of his ancle, seemed to have regained all his wonted activity. His eyes were as active and untrammelled as his limbs, and in his right hand he carried a small silver bell; stationing himself close behind one of the blindfolded girls, he rang a sharp peal in her startled ear, and before she, or her companions could turn to the spot with outstretched arms, he had run to the other si le of the circle and repeated his alarum, which again drew them towards the part he instantly quitted. The rapidity of John's movement, the cautious steps and sudden turns of the blinded searchers, the extraordinary manner in which he contrived to escape from their grasp, and the awkward astonishment exhibited in the wondering gestures of his pursuers, produced shouts of laughter from the circle round, to the majority of whom this game of 'hunting the bell' was a complete novelty. John's faithless ancle at length gave him a most desperate twinge as

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he was turning sharp round (after darting under the arms of two of his male pursuers, who had joined hands), and the pause he was compelled to make, to recover from the pain, made him an easy prey to the bewildered children, who now had to guess the name of their prisoner.

Jane, anxious to prevent her brother from resuming his exertions at present, whispered the required information to one of the girls, who thereupon with great glee emancipated herself from her bandage, by proclaiming, in a loud voice, "It is Mr. Harper from London."

Mrs. Beaumont now insisted upon it, that John should not again take an active part in the amusement he had so successfully begun, and one of the boys who had been blindfolded, becoming the bell-ringer, Julia and Richard took the place of him and John's captor.

The less practised, and *heavier shod* rustic, could not compete in activity with his predecessor, but he contrived to keep the bell in pretty good play, and was at length captured by Julia, who, by dint of a sly push of her bandage, was able to identify him as 'William Jones.' One most amusing part of the game was exhibited when Julia thus became the '*belle*' of the circle, for being as light and active as John, she eluded all efforts to secure her, and in so doing the eagerly extended arms frequently embraced

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one another, and it was with the greatest difficulty tell-tale mirth could be repressed, whilst the muffled ones were feeling over the hands and faces of their supposed captive, until the *bandaged* forehead told of their fruitless toil.

"There's sympathy embodied," cried John, as he watched with much amusement a scene like the above.

"*Sympathy!* Mr. Harper; I do not comprehend you," said a middle-aged lady, wearing rather a *severe* looking head-dress; "explain, if you please."

"It is a '*fellow feeling*' for a *fellow creature*, ma'am," said John, demurely; and the laugh with which his answer was greeted, proved that the joke had *told*.

After some period of perseverance in this new game, 'King George' referred to his *programme*, and thirteen chairs were ordered into the room, for the accessaries to a game of 'Mufti.' Fourteen youthful guests being selected in *couples*, the band was desired to play, and, selecting a tune at once lively and martial, the game began. Most people know that it consists in this—The chairs are placed close together, alternately back and front; the players walk, or rather glide, round them, keeping tune to the music; after three or four times pacing the dizzy round, the well-tutored band stopt suddenly, and each boy and girl dropt as soon as possible into the chair nearest them. As there was one less chair than persons to fill them, it

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followed, as a thing of course, that some one must remain unseated, and the excitement and amazement of the game, consists in the desire and efforts of each party to secure a chair. It was one of the boys who in this first struggle was unsuccessful; and he having retired, another chair was removed, to continue the excitement. The leader of the band entered into the spirit of the scene, and after each sudden stop in the music, and consequent decrease in the candidates for *chairing*, he played more and more lively airs, and in quicker time, so that by the time the seven couples had been reduced to two, in the persons of Jessie and George, and only one chair remained for occupancy, their merry chase round and round the coveted seat was a perfect *whirl* of excitement. In another moment the tune ceased. Jessie sunk down in the chair with a laugh of delight, and George was left *minus;* whilst acclamations and clapping of hands followed the young lady's triumph! John then spoke to Mr. Biddulph, and as, in obedience to Mrs. Beaumont's wishes, the boys had come provided with their slates and pencils, they were now drawn from their receptacle amongst the caps and bonnets, and slung in the true school fashion round their neck; they then stood in front of the platform, and Mrs. Graham, by her mother's request, put some Arithmetical puzzles before them, as a relief to the more active sports.

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Mrs. Graham's first query was the following: "What is the least number that can be divided by each of the nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, without leaving a remainder?"

Away went the busy pencils to work, and in less time than could possibly have been expected, three boys out of the selected twelve held forth their slates for inspection; and Mr. Maitland, who had the solution to the several riddles committed to his care, pronounced that the '2520,' thereon placed, gave the correct answer.

Mrs. Beaumont then called the successful respondents nearer to her, and gave them each a small book, as a prize for their quickness.

Mrs. Graham proceeded in her puzzling questions:—"How long a time would it take to count a million of sovereigns, supposing a man could count sixty in a minute, and worked ten hours a day?"

Several of the youthful gentry hazarded a guess, varying from two days to fourteen; but the school-boys went systematically to work with their slates and pencils, and in a short time several of the former were again presented to Mr. Maitland, with the correct solution of, 27 days, 7 hours, 46 minutes, 40 seconds.

"Well, they do you vast credit, Mr. Biddulph," said

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John, admiringly. "I know *we* could not have come that so quickly at our school!"

"It is *practice* makes perfect, sir," returned Mr. Biddulph, making an unintentional pun.

Prizes were again awarded to the clever lads, and another puzzle proposed:—

"A hundred hurdles may be so placed as to enclose two hundred sheep. How many will it require to hold four hundred sheep?"

Julia here observed a little girl whispering earnestly to Miss Capper, who smiled and nodded in return, and upon inquiry, found that Eliza Green "thought *she* could answer *that*."

The child was therefore brought forward, and dropping a courtsey to Mrs. Beaumont, said: "If you please, ma'am, I should put forty-nine hurdles at each side, and one at each end, to hold the two hundred sheep; and then I should only want *two* more hurdles, one at the top, and one at the bottom, to make it *twice as many*."

Eliza Green felt amply rewarded for her ingenuity by the present of a pretty and entertaining little book.

"How many different hands can be held at the game of Whist?" continued Mrs. Graham.

Mr. Biddulph explained to his boys of how many cards a pack consisted, and that thirteen constituted a hand; and

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then, after a longer calculation than heretofore, the head boy of the school, James Thompson, gave the enormous product of 63,501,055,960, which Mr. Maitland said, "according to his *paper*, was correct, and he was sure he could not gainsay it."

James Thompson was accordingly presented with a very nice book, and Mrs. Beaumont then said, "You must now have some more play, or you will think yourselves still at school."

They then formed a ring again, and Susan introduced the graceful and pretty dance of 'the Rose' to the notice of the well-pleased children, who were all delighted when their own turn came to exhibit the preference and innocent flirting this dance permits to the holder of the 'flower.' When they had rested awhile, after this exercise, John called his choristers together again, and they sung the following animating parody, or imitation of 'Here's a health to all good lasses.'

Raise your voices, lads and lasses,
Come, arrange yourselves in classes,
Not for learning, but for play.
Here we take our fill of pleasure,
Without checking, without measure,
For 'tis New Year's holiday.

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Some are dancing,
Cornets blowing;
Bright eyes glancing,
Cheeks are glowing.
We are merry lads and lasses,
We'll divide ourselves in classes
Not for learning, but for play.

The door now opened, and Joseph and Ivān bore in the renovated balloon, which was regarded by the school-children with great astonishment. Willing hands were speedily found to hold it in an upright position, until a ladder could be procured to rest against the large beams of the ancient ceiling, into one of which a hook had been already fixed to hold 'the swinging treasury,' which was speedily hoisted to its destination. In obedience to John's advice, two 'classes,' or companies, were now formed to attack this 'Castle of comfits,' from which one of each side were selected for the purpose of beginning the onset, and a merry scene immediately ensued. The blinded champions quite as frequently clashed their sticks together, as aimed a successful blow at the balloon, and even now and then received a smart rap on their own shoulders, which had been intended for a very different purpose.

Still *some* blows told, and the showers of nuts and comfits were eagerly appropriated by the surrounding children.

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The duration of each attack was to be regulated by the the music of the band, who had inspired the pair by playing a martial air, and upon this stopping, the first two ceased their attacks, removed their bandages, and were succeeded by another couple of aspirants. When the once gay balloon was nearly denuded of its outward covering, and the inner compartments laid bare like the interior of a beehive, George cried, Halt! and the exciting exercise was discontinued. The children were then *marched* in order, to the housekeeper's room, with the band at their head, to give the opportunity of arranging and spreading the upper tables, and numerous and willing hands soon accomplishing this alteration, the juvenile guests speedily re-entered the room in orderly array, to the appropriate air, of 'The roast beef of old England.'

After Mr. Harrison had said grace, the guests all did justice to the feast. Mrs. Beaumont, her daughter, and all the party, were seated at the tables amongst the children, and by their kind attention and affability, made them each as happy as possible. Home-made wines were distributed along the tables, from which they were moderately helped, and it were difficult to conceive a happier scene.

At the conclusion of the feast, Mr. Harrison rose, and said, "My dear friends and children, *one* health must be drunk before we separate. After such bountiful favors as

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have been heaped upon us all this evening, we should be very ungrateful, did we not all most heartily join in wishing "health and happiness to our dear, kind friend and benefactress—Mrs. Beaumont!"

Ere even a shout of joyful acquiescence could respond to this appeal, John was mounted, glass in hand, upon the form, where he had been seated, and one wave of his hand gave the signal to the musicians for their accompaniment to his extemporaneous song of,

A bumper of gooseberry, fill, fill for me,
'Tis as good as your foreign champagne,
Take ginger or currant, a bumper 't must be,
If we ne'er drink a bumper again;
Now, now, when our hostess wins love from each class,
With gratitude let us address her,
Upstanding, uncover'd, round, round, let it pass,
Here's the health of our friend—God bless her.
Hurra! hurra! God bless her.

Hearty and unanimous was the cheering with which this appropriate burst of feeling was chorused, the children's voices in *alto* being predominant. When the acclamations had subsided, 'King George' rose and said, "My grandmother begs me to thank you all for your good

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wishes, and should she be spared another year, will be very happy for you to have the same opportunity of repeating them." This speech obtained a repetition of joyful shouts, and then Mr. Harrison gave the signal for the national Anthem, after the singing of which the guests departed, most thoroughly delighted with their evening's entertainment, which furnished them with discourse on their moonlight walk homewards.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VISIT PROLONGED.—THE SCHOOLMASTER'S REQUEST.—PUZZLES FOR THE PERSEVERING.—INVESTIGATION—THE YOUNG AUTHORS.—TERSEY.—FOREIGN RIDDLES.

At breakfast the next day George introduced a request for a prolonged stay from his friends, and after some little demur from Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, it was agreed to upon certain conditions. *They* were to drive home as soon as the meal was finished, to see the younger children, and make arrangements for remaining until the following Monday, when the three junior Grahams were to accompany

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their friends home, and stay until the whole party dispersed, upon John and his sisters returning to London, and Mr. and Mrs. Maitland proceeding to pay a long promised visit to his brother in Berkshire.

"Here comes Biddulph, I see; what news does he bring, I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont.

Upon the schoolmaster being introduced, he first repeated his thanks for the delightful entertainment of the previous evening, and then said, "The arithmetical puzzles kindly put before my boys last night, madam, were talked over with much pleasure amongst the seniors, and James Thompson, who won the prize for solving the difficult one about the changes in a pack of cards, having observed that the paper held by Mr. Maitland contained several more, made it his particular request to me this morning, that I would endeavor to procure them for himself and his schoolfellows, to work at in their play hours."

Mrs. Graham was the owner of the wished-for document, which she immediately took from her writing case, and was about to give it to the schoolmaster, when George said, "O! mother, let us just read what these wise lads of Ferndale are going to exercise their brains upon," and taking the paper from his mother's hand, he read as follows:—

"The eldest of four sisters having seventy eggs to dis-

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pose of, the next fifty, the third thirty, and the youngest ten, agreed to sell them at the same rate. By this arrangement they each brought home the same sum of money. How was this done?"

"I know that answer," said Mr. Biddulph; "they must have sold their eggs at seven for a cent, and three cents each for all beyond that proportion, by which means they would bring home ten cents a-piece. My boys do not know it; so it will be a good puzzle."

"Place the nine digits in two different lines," continued George, "so that in one case the sum may be seventeen, and in the other thirty-one."

"That sounds easy," said Richard, "although I do not know how to do it."

"This seems a poser," cried George. "Just listen. What would be the length of a golden causeway, ten sovereigns in breadth, and laid as closely as possible, if eight hundred millions of sovereigns (the amount of the national debt) were employed, and each sovereign measured seven-eighths of an inch in diameter?"

"Whew!" whistled John, in astonishment. "I would not try to find that out, to obtain the sovereigns necessary to form the 'golden road to learning' here indicated."

"This last seems comparatively easy," concluded George. "Place four nines, so that their sum will be one hundred,"

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and he folded the paper, and gave it to the worthy schoolmaster, who thereupon took a respectful leave, and departed.

"Now, my dear madam," said Mr. Maitland, in the evening, addressing Mrs. Beaumont, "you must give me my revenge at backgammon for a little while, and then we can vary your amusements."

"What are you thinking of so intently, mother?" cried Jessie, laughing, as she watched her mother's fixed gaze at the fire, whilst her netting lay idly in her lap.

Mrs. Maitland roused herself with a smile, and replied, "Guess the *subject* of my thoughts, my dear, and it will fulfil the very purpose for which I was so much absorbed."

"You are talking riddles, dear mother," returned Jessie, "were *they* the subject of your thoughts?"

"No," she answered. "Guess again."

"Were they animal or mineral, aunt?" asked John, jocosely.

"I was endeavoring to arrange a new game for you," she replied, "a sort of adaptation of the old one of 'what is my thought like,' and your expression, John, came most *apropos*, as it was one of the very forms in which I meant to tell you the questions must be asked, to arrive at the desired solution of my new game of 'Investigation.' I have never yet seen it played, but I think it will exercise

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your ingenuity and talents, and be a little variety to those which require pencil and paper. I shall think of an object, and you, by dint of ingeniously framed questions, must divine that object in *twenty* guesses, or own yourselves defeated, and then the penalty of such defeat I leave it to you to decide upon."

"In what form must we put the questions?" asked George.

"Indirectly, but pithily," answered Mrs. Maitland. "For instance, ask if it be *tangible*? An affirmative does away with all idea that the thing thought of is a merely *mental* subject. A negative to the question, is it compound? in the same way greatly simplifies its nature, and so on; but you will best understand it by playing it. So now guess what is the subject of my thought."

A little hesitation took place as to the precedence of querists, and then they proceeded as follows:—

Mrs. Graham. Is it tangible?

Mrs. Maitland. Yes.

Susan. Is it compound?

Mrs. M. Yes. Stop. I must tell you that it will be part of the rules, that the answers must always be *monosyllables*, or at any rate in one *word*. Now proceed.

George. Is it animal and mineral?

Mrs. M. Yes.

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Jessie. Is it vegetable also?

Mrs. M. Yes.

Mary. Is it soft or hard?

Mrs. M. Both.

Jane. Is it stationary?

Mrs. M. Sometimes.

Richard. Has it a head?

Mrs. M. No.

Julia. Has it arms?

Mrs. M. Yes.

Agnes. Has it legs too?

Mrs. M. No.

Miss Chapman. Is it vocal?

Mrs. M. No.

Cameron. Has it the power of motion?

Mrs. M. No.

Tom. Why, mother, you said that it was only stationary *sometimes*, so it must be capable of moving.

Mrs. M. That does not follow; it certainly is not always stationary, and yet it has not the power of moving.

Tom. O! then can it be *moved?*

Mrs. M. Yes.

John. What color is it?

Mrs. M. I hardly know whether that question is quite fairly put, but I answer, *various.*

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The querists here consulted together, Mrs. Graham 'summing up the evidence.' She then asked, "How many guesses may we make before owning ourselves defeated?"

"I think we had better limit ourselves to the customary number of three," replied Mrs. Maitland.

"Is it an easy chair?" inquired Susan.

"No," replied her aunt, "that *has* legs as well as arms, which is one reason against it."

"One of the banners in the hall?" suggested John, "that has silk for the animal compound, gold for the mineral, and a wooden pole for the vegetable, and has the *arms* upon it."

"No, John, *I* do not condescend to puns," returned his aunt, smiling.

"We did not take our allowed number of questions in the first instance," said Mary. "May I now ask whether it be foreign or domestic?"

Mrs. Maitland smiled very archly as she replied, rather emphatically, "*Both.*"

"Then, dear madam," returned Mary, "I think it is grandmother's *sledge.*"

"You are quite right, my dear," she replied; "and I think, if you will reconsider your questions and my answers, you will find the description tallies very well with my thoughts."

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"This first round of your new game has been tolerably successful, I think," observed Mrs. Graham; "and there must of course be a great variety of subjects for *thought* in it. The only part which I imagine would make it rather wearisome for a continuance, is the monotony which seems likely to arise in the questions."

"I fancy they might be sufficiently varied to prevent that," returned Mrs. Maitland; "it would not do to make this the sole amusement of an evening, nor to persevere in it too long; but still I think it will exercise both thought and ingenuity as a variety."

"Let us try another round," said John.

Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Beaumont here joined the circle, and requested to know the subject of their discourse, and when informed, Mrs. Graham proposed that one of the new comers should give them a subject to guess at, as likely to possess novelty. Her mother preferred being a listener, so Mr. Maitland in a short time professed himself "willing to hear and answer any questions they might think fit to address to him."

"Can I use it?" began his wife.

Mr. M. Yes.

Jane. Is it compound? as that seems to be a usual question.

Mr. M. No.

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Julia. Is it animal, mineral, or vegetable?

Mr. M. Neither.

John. O! ho! then it is an ideality. Can I measure it?

Mr. M. Yes.

John looked very significant as he said to his fellow-questioners, "I thought so. I believe it is '*time*,'" and was surprised to meet a denial of its accuracy.

"Go on," said Mr. Maitland, "that was a good guess for the present answers, but perhaps future ones will show its fallacy."

Jessie. I am half afraid to ask, is it visible?

Mr. M. Yes.

George. In the same way, I do not know whether to inquire, is it tangible?

Mr. M. Yes.

Mary. Could we do without it?

Mr. M. No.

Mrs. Graham. Is it opaque or clear?

Mr. M. Clear.

Richard. Does it ever form a barrier?

Mr. M. Yes.

Jane. Does it sometimes disdain one?

Mr. M. Sometimes.

Susan. We are getting on the right scent, I think. Does it offer an abode to many living creatures?

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Mr. M. Yes.

Agnes. Now, mother, you sum up *this* evidence, and let us debate upon it before we go any further, Jessie thinks we have guessed it.

Upon recapitulating the questions and answers, Mrs. Maitland agreed with the others, and proclaimed to her husband that they thought his word was 'Water,' which he acknowledged to be true.

"You pressed me very hard," he said; "I had intended the subject of my thoughts to have been '*thought*,' itself; but to disappoint John's idea of an *ideality*, I changed it to one of the elements."

"You were very quick and clever to do so, father," said Richard. "But a few evenings ago you promised us an idea for a variety in our '*pencil* sketches;' will you tell us now?"

"You are again too late, my boy," returned his father; "John has just reminded us that *time* can be *measured*, and upon referring to my *pocket-rule*, in the shape of a watch, I find it is getting towards Mrs. Beaumont's retiring hour."

"Oblige us then to-morrow evening, my dear sir," said that lady, "when we will not spend so much time at the backgammon board."

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"I do not *promise*," answered he, "it depends upon letters in the morning."

The driving sleet and snow which obscured the outdoor prospect the next morning, rendered the comforts within still more enjoyable; and Mrs. Maitland regretted extremely that the arrival of the anticipated letters obliged her husband to brave the inclement weather, and proceed in his magisterial capacity, to the neighboring town of N——, promising, however, to rejoin the party again on the Thursday morning, if not before.

As his wife and children, with the Grahams, stood around him in the hall, to bid him good bye, Jessie exclaimed, "What, father, are you going to wear that shabby old cap again! really, I must work you a new one, for I am quite ashamed of that."

"Never be ashamed of old friends, my child," replied her father. "I shall be very happy to receive a specimen of your handywork, but this old cap has been my companion in too many pleasing scenes, to be lightly thrown aside. By-the-by," he continued, addressing the whole group, "there's an idea for you. You will want something to amuse yourselves with this morning, as you can neither walk, nor go 'over the *hills*, and far away' in George's tiny sledge; so sit down, two or three of you, and write 'the Adventures of a Travelling Cap,' or any other sub-

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ject you think may have passed through a variety of places and scenes, and save them for my perusal; but here is the gig, so good bye,"

"I think there are one or two articles of dress or furniture, that could tell as good a tale of 'sayings and doings,' as ever have been yet chronicled, either as 'the history of a feather,' or 'the adventures of a shilling,'" said John, as they returned to the sitting-room.

"But *our* compilations must not be quite so voluminous as those are," remarked George, laughing, "or we shall not have finished them by the time Mr. Maitland returns."

"No, certainly not," replied John, "those were histories, ours must be *historiettes;* and now let us beat up for recruits to this honorable Society of Scribblers."

Upon informing the rest of the party of their wishes, to their great vexation they were met by a refusal from one and all. 'We are not capable of it.' 'You will do it much better than we shall,' were some of the excuses.

"We will not entirely disappoint Mr. Maitland," said Mrs. Graham, "so I will write the names on a slip of paper, and draw three out, and whether clever or stupid, seniors or juniors, the bearers of those names must be the authors."

This being agreed to, the lottery took place, and to the amusement of their companions and their own chagrin,

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Mary and Agnes were associated with John as the writers of the proposed histories.

"Look, Jessie," exclaimed Julia from the bay-window, "here comes our new piano, upon one of the railway wagons."

"O! come away, Mary, come, Agnes," cried John, let us go into the quiet library, and shut ourselves up to the pleasures or labors of composition. Here there will be so much noise and confusion, directly."

"Do give me an idea, cousin John," said Agnes, as they proceeded along the passage; "what *shall* I write about?"

"Have you no old carpet bag, or box, in your possession," he replied, "that has seen service in the family?"

"Ah! I think I know what will do now," she returned, in a cheerful voice, "if Mary does not think of the same."

"I intend to make Miss Chapman's old watch the subject of my adventures," answered Mary, "as the appearance of it is sufficiently ancient to warrant the supposition that it must have been in scenes of by-gone years."

"Come, let us sit comfortably round this library table," said John, arranging some chairs as he spoke, "here are two inkstands, and lots of pens."

The business of composition proceeded very pleasantly. and the task of each was completed before the dinner-hour arrived.

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Upon rejoining the rest of the party, they found that the new piano had been successfully unpacked, and arranged in a recess in the small drawing-room, and the tone having already been tested and approved by each of the girls in turn, it was resolved to give a further proof of its powers in the evening.

When the dinner was over, as the weather presented so few inducements to go out in it, Julia proposed that they should proceed to the old hall, and amuse themselves for an hour or two with a game at 'les Graces,' and upon adjourning thither, James Cameron inquired whether they also knew the game commonly called 'Tersey.'

On receiving a reply in the negative, and finding that this large room gave space to play it in, he instructed them in couples, one person close in front of the other, thus forming a large double circle, as it might be called, with a space between each pair. Two others were left unplaced, one of whom then commenced the game, by running after, and endeavoring to catch the other, whose endeavor it was to place him or herself *before* one of the couples, thus forming one line of *three*, the last of whom now became '*il terzo*' (the *third*, from which word the game is derived), must instantly start off, and be pursued by the 'odd' one; as soon as this 'odd' player has touched or caught the other, he or she must get possession of a place in *front* of

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another couple, whose *third* line then starts off, again to be pursued by the last caught person, with the same efforts, and similar results. This game gives occasion for constant exercise and activity, as the runners are continually changing, and in the present instance, the youth and agility of the parties rendered it most exciting and amusing.

They were at length fairly exhausted, and obliged to pause.

"Well, Cameron," said John, panting from exertion, "you have found out something to keep the blood from stagnating in our veins."

"It is capital exercise, and good fun," returned Cameron, "especially on the grass, because then if one chances to have a fall, no great damage can be done. About eight or ten couples, and a good field, or lawn, to form a large circle on, and I know few games more exciting, in which *both* sexes can join."

"Thank you, Mr. Cameron, for your anglicized version of 'il terzo,'" said Miss Chapman, "which I hope we shall have an opportunity of trying in the park some time in the approaching spring."

They then returned to the senior ladies, and after tea, Jane and Susan, at the particular request of their friends, opened the new instrument, and gave ample proof of its excellence, and their own capabilities.

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During an interval in the music, Miss Chapman, addressing John, said, "Mary told me the other evening that my stock of French, and other foreign riddles, had been much wished for, I have now brought down the book into which they are copied, if you would like to look them over."

John received the little volume with polite acknowledgments, and bespeaking attention, read the following French charade :—

Sans mon chief, je suis un oiseau de passage, rendez-moi mon chef, et je ne vaux rien apres diner.

"Ah! maintenant, je le comprends," he added, after a few minutes' pause, "la premiere est une *outarde* et avec son chef, elle deviendra la *moutarde*."

"En voila une autre," he continued, "devinez la." "Avec mon chef, je ne crains pas les dangers; mais si sans pitie, vous me coupez la tête, je me trouve dans un potager."

"That sounds queer," said Richard; "we should go in a body, I think, and consult Mrs. Markham what she orders as the components of a stew."

"Onions, carrots," mused Julia, "neither of those, as French words, will give any light on the subject."

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"I have it," cried Richard, "it is 'un *brave*, et une *rave*.'"

"Ecoutez donc, demoiselles," resumed the reader, "la prochaine est extrememement poetique dans son genre, on l'a fait pour les dames, je crois."

Je brule d'ardeur extreme, même en versant des larmes,
Si je les ai versées c'est pour porter vos armes;
Je parcours tout l'univers
En protégeant vos mystères!

"Good!" said George, but I know that one, it is *cire à cacheter*."

"Now I come to one in *la bella lingua*," said John:

Toglimi il capo, e quel che ha vita e estinto,
Toglimi un altro membro, e il tempo segno;
Siegui a toglimi ancor, e avrai dipinto,
Chi fra i mortali stimasi il piu degno
Colla testa e coi pudi indico i lochi
Ove ardevano un di i sacri fochi;
E finallemente genera il mio tutto,
Or gioja, or pace, or guerra e lutto.

"That is a very pretty one," said Mrs. Graham. "It was told us by La Marchesa della Pompeii, when we met at Baden Baden."

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"Tell it to us, dear madam," said Jessie, "I know very little of Italian."

"Perhaps you would then understand it better," said Mrs. Graham, "if I wrote the translation in English first, and showed you how it applies in the original. The translation is literally this :—

Take away my head, and that which has life is dead.
Take away another member, and I denote time.
Go on to subtract again from me, and you will depict
He who esteems himself the highest among mortals.
With my head, and feet, I indicate the spots
Where once burnt the sacred fires.
Finally, my whole gives rise to
Joy, and peace, or war, and grief.

When Jessie had perused this, Mrs. Graham proceeded, "The word is the Italian '*amore*,' the English '*love*;' and now, if you read it again, you will see the different significations."

"Thank you," said Jessie, "I quite comprehend it now, with your kind elucidation."

"Have you any foreign riddles in that book?" asked Susan of her brother.

"Here is one written in German, which I cannot read," replied John, "but Miss Chapman has kindly appended

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an English translation, which I will give you; it seems pretty :—

Over the bosom of the deep blue wave,
Without a bridge, a vessel, mast, or sail,
Gracefully I bear thy weight, but crave
Thy own assistance, that I may not fail.
For not for postures of repose, or rest,
Nor yet for sitting, is my vessel plann'd;
Thou must glide swiftly o'er the river's breast,
Beware thy head—advance—nor idly stand!

"I do not know what it is," said Jane, "and yet it sounds rather easy."

"It is very much better in the original," said Miss Chapman, "but it is difficult to write an enigma which will answer for more than one language."

"I have been reading it over again to myself," said John, "and assisted by certain rather unpleasant recollections of *Burton lake*, fancy this curiously formed vessel must be intended for a '*pair of skates.*'"

"You are right in your conjecture," replied Miss Chapman, "although in German the solution stands in the *singular* number as 'a skate.'"

"Come, aunt Maitland," continued John, "you are a good geographer, as well as many other clever things

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tell us where this country is situated, described so enigmatically—

Mes mers n' eut jamais d'eau
Mes champs sont infertiles,
Je n'ai point de maisons,
Mais j'ai des grandes villes.
Je reduis en un point,
Mille objets divers;
Je ne suis presque rien,
Et je suis l'univers.

"Vraiment, c'est une enigme plus difficile que toutes les autres," said his aunt, smiling, "je ne puis pas la deviner."

"Let me help you out of the difficulty," said a familiar voice behind her chair. "The solution to John's charade is, I think, *mappemonde*."

Mrs. Maitland turned round with a joyful exclamation of surprise, and joined the rest of the party in a hearty greeting at her husband's unexpected return.

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CHAPTER XIV.

HISTORIETTES.--ADVENTURES OF A PORTMANTEAU.—HISTORY OF A WATCH.—NOTE BOOK OF A BENEDICT.—SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW GAME.

"Did any of you take advantage of my hint about 'Adventures,'" inquired Mr. Maitland, after breakfast, "and commence authors in a small way, during my absence?"

"O, yes, father," answered Jessie, "your daughter Agnes is about to figure in that character, in company with Mary Graham and cousin John."

"Agnes!" said her father, in a tone of surprise, "I had no idea that she was ever troubled with '*cacoethes scribendi.*' I shall be quite curious to read the results of her efforts."

"Suppose we have the MSS. read aloud this morning," said Mrs. Beaumont; "there is nothing very tempting in the weather to induce outdoor occupations. Will you kindly undertake the office of reader, Mr. Maitland?"

"I will do my best to give effect to these *debutantes* in 'light literature,'" he replied, "and shall begin with Agnes's first attempt, entitled—

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Adventures of a Portmanteau.

I am not conceited, but still I should like to give some account of my life, and a few adventures which have befallen me. I took a long time to be made, being very large and complete. I was covered with the best Russian leather, and had also rows of bright brass nails on my lid and sides; indeed, I was a great beauty, and felt sure of meeting with a purchaser.

I was soon sent to London, along with a great many others, and we were deposited in a shop in Regent-street, and had not been there more than two days, when a lady entered with her son, and asked for some good portmanteaus. My master immediately pulled me out, rightly considering me one of the best of his stock, and the lady, after inquiring very minutely into my capabilities, bought me, and I was carried to her house, where the business of packing was going on, for my young master was going to leave town the following day to go to school.

He was not much delighted at the thought of going there, but his mother, Mrs. Featherstone Haugh, tried to comfort him by filling my upper compartment with all sorts of good things, bulls-eyes, plum-cakes, and tarts. At last we set off, and after rather a pleasant journey on the roof of a coach, arrived at the school late in the evening. Little or nothing occurred during my stay here; and I

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should have been very dull, passing my days in the school dormitory, had it not been for occasional nocturnal visits from my young master, who, whenever he received a sound thrashing from Mr. Birch, which he richly deserved, consoled himself by eating my contents, and I often heard him muttering between his teeth that he should pass a miserable life without me.

'At length the time arrived for us to return home for the holidays, and I was very glad to be pulled from under the bed, and once more to breathe the fresh air.

'I thought I should have had a pleasant time during my master's holidays, but it was not so, I again occupied the old garret, and for some years saw no variety but the periodical journeys to and from the school, which became quite monotonous. I often thought I should like to change my situation, but had no idea my wishes were soon about to be realized.

'My master was now of a proper age to go to college, and I was not deemed smart enough to accompany him, and Mrs. Featherstone Haugh being very economical (perhaps too much so for her station in life), determined to make a good penny of me, by selling me to any old Jew she might meet with.

'I thought this was but an ill return for long and faithful service, where the flower of my youth and beauty had

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faded into comparative old age; but such ingratitude took away all regretful feelings at the idea of leaving the house, when I was carried off by a kind looking old man to a shabby little shop, in a narrow, dirty lane. At the end of two days the old man succeeded, by dint of washing, scrubbing, and varnishing, in restoring me to a portion of my former beauty, and soon after I was thus touched up, I was purchased by a young gentleman of the name of Oliver Brown, who was going abroad. With him I resided many years, travelling about from place to place, during which time my bones were terribly shaken, and at one time I was quite *unhinged.*

'I began to wish for rest and quietness, and was, soon after our return to England, able to effect this object; for my master, in consideration of my services, granted me the use of an upper room in his house, and made me the keeper of some old papers, in which quiet retirement I am at present living, my only companions the gnats and spiders, and my only occupation musing on the past events of my long and busy life.'

"Bravo! my little girl," cried Mr. Maitland, as he concluded Agnes's performance. "I think your first attempt is quite a credit to a young lady of only thirteen years of age."

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The rest of the party having praised this *first* paper, requested Mr. Maitland to proceed.

"Well, then," he said, "as I know that John, as a gallant young man, will wish to give 'place aux dames,' I shall proceed with Mary's contribution; who thus narrates—

'THE HISTORY OF A WATCH.'

'My neighbor, the French clock in the drawing-room, having requested me to recount my history, I *lose no time* in commencing, though it will certainly not be so *striking* as his own. The different pieces of mechanism that compose me, were first put together in the year 1762, though they might have been fabricated a long time previously, but of course that I do not pretend to know, as I only undertake to recount my adventures from the time when I first began *to go*, which is more than any of the race of man can do.

'I am, as you will see from what I have just said, now ninety years old, but I do not (though a little the worse for wear) look so battered as an old gentleman of that age, although my face, which was very handsome, is, to be sure, a little marked by time.

'I was fashioned, both externally and internally, with the greatest care, so much so, that I almost fancied I was intended for royalty itself; but my master sought not to gratify pride, nor to gain money; affection alone influ-

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enced him in his extreme anxiety to make me perfect, as a present for his young wife. It was the fashion then for watches to have two coats, and I was not inferior to my contemporaries in that respect. I had a green one, edged with gold, to wear in common, and a very rich gold one for best.

'Thus equipped, I was presented to the lady, who did not (like the modern dames) scorn to wear me on account of my bulk. I was always corpulent, but that was deemed no defect in those days.

'My master's name was Mills, an alderman of the city of London, and one of the worshipful company of clock-makers. The first occasion on which his lady introduced me into company was at the Guild-hall feast, on Lord Mayor's day, when, for a wonder, she was ready to step into the coach directly the worthy alderman summoned her; for this she had to thank *me*, and I have my suspicions that I was given to her, in a great measure, to coax her into punctuality. I was attached by a handsome chain to her neck, and had a servant, named *key*, to wait upon my movements, stir me up when I went too slow, and check me if I went too fast.

'At this distance of time I cannot recall the magnificence and abundance of the civic feast, nor any circumstance that passed. I only know my mistress stayed till

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she was fatigued, when she looked at me, and I gave her a hint to depart.

'London was very gay at that time, it being just after the accession of George III.; I was therefore present at many city festivities, which I will pass over, as well as the rest of my existence with the alderman's wife, who died young, and I became the property of her daughter. This lady was married when very young to a Mr. Ball Jenkins, a merchant of London, very rich at the time of his marriage, but of so speculative a disposition, that in a few years he became a bankrupt, and his wife was obliged to give up her jewels—myself amongst them. I was purchased by a Jew, who conveyed me in the course of his dealings to one of his brethren in Portugal, with great encomiums upon my excellence and good *marks*. As regards *looks*, when my best dress was on, I was as fresh as ever; and as the Jew took good care not to tell my age, I was looked upon as quite juvenile, and was bought by the king's jeweller, and afterwards by the king himself, who took a fancy to me for my steadiness and accuracy. The only fault that was found with me, was that when I first went over, I kept, from habit, London time; I have since found it not at all unusual for what is considered right in one place, to be looked upon as quite wrong in another. In 1807, the French army, commanded by Junot, pene-

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trated into Portugal, and the royal family fled from Lisbon to their South American possessions. I was left behind in the flight, and was disposed of to a jeweller by some page about the court, from whom I was soon again purchased by a servant about to leave the family of Mr. Beckford, the wealthy Englishman.

'My new owner brought me back to England, and disposed of me to great advantage, to an elderly lady residing at Camberwell. On her death, two years afterwards, I became the property of her daughter, who was a great invalid, and went into the country for change of air, taking me with her. She was an excellent woman, and I have frequently been a witness to the friendly admonitions and instructions she gave to two little girls, the daughters of the friend with whom she lived. To the elder of these girls I was consigned soon after, on my poor mistress's death, upon her mother's promise that I should never be parted with. I was by her immediately put into a dark drawer, and have no idea how long a period elapsed (as I could *keep* no *time* in my imprisonment), but upon my owner leaving school I was again given into her care with injunctions to be careful of me, and think upon my late mistress.

'I cannot say that my young lady ever ill-used me, but she frequently neglected to give me the necessary attend-

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ance of a servant, and I was more frequently under a physician's hands than formerly. Geneva watches had become the mode, and my mistress was frequently urged to change me away for one of those, but she always replied, 'my mother promised in my name that I never would.' I have sometimes wondered whether she remembered *other* things promised in her name as well. This has been when I have heard little girls repeating their catechism, for I now adorn a governess's room, and I hear there is some chance of my revisiting Portugal. I care very little about it, though I think a warm climate suits me better than a cold one, as I am apt to grow torpid in the latter, and my circulation becomes sluggish. Perhaps you will say this is the effect of old age; but no, my hands are as busy as ever, night and day, and I think I attract more attention now than I did thirty years ago; youth and beauty extort admiration, and old age respect and veneration, while neither are accorded to the transition state.

'But, bless me, Pendule, did you say that it was twelve o'clock? it is time for me to *wind up*. I never heeded how time was passing. Good night.'

"You have managed to keep the interest up extremely well, my dear Mary," said her grandmother, "and I for one, thank you for the amusement your little *historiette* has afforded me."

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"I had made it rather longer, grandmother," she answered, "but I thought you would all be tired of it, and so I burnt the rest."

"You have nicely 'taken the shine' out of me," said John. "I shall be quite ashamed to have my production read aloud, after your clever composition; but hark! there is positively the clock striking one; we shall have the dressing bell ringing in ten minutes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Maitland, "we are like Mary's *watch*, quite unaware how time steals away. I think, John, it will be better to defer reading your story until after dinner." This being agreed to, the party separated to their rooms, and were soon reassembled round Mrs. Beaumont's hospitable board.

Before the winter's light had quite withdrawn, the social group again drew round the fire, and, in accordance with their request, Mr. Maitland then read them,

'AN EXTRACT FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A BENEDICT.'

'I walked the other day up to Hampstead, to see my friend Miles Meredith, and not finding him at home sat down to await his momentarily expected return, both hot and tired, after my dusty walk. A bachelor's room, when *tidied up*, presents but few things to amuse the eye. The book-case was closed and locked; there was no air of *com-*

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fortable litter and *untidiness;* no lady's open work-box, tempting one to explore its mysteries; no 'card-basket,' with its amusing variety of names, leading one on to interminable guesses as to the character, or appearance of the originals of these 'paper representatives.' The very stillness of the room became oppressive, as I sat in friend Miles's easy chair, and found nothing around me to disturb my meditations.

'As my eyes roamed round the small space, they were suddenly caught by a varied-colored object upon the side-table; I rose to look at it, and taking it up, discovered it was a travelling cap, which, although bearing marks of age and wear, had evidently been the work of some fair hand, and had boasted considerable beauty. I instinctively placed it on my head, and sat down again to muse. 'Ah! ha!' quoth I to myself, 'I wonder which of the fair cousins friend Miles boasts of, gave him this *souvenir;* I warrant it could not only "unfold" *one* "tale," but *many* of the scenes it has been taken to.' Just after this there was a strange buzzing in my ear, and at length I distinctly heard these words,' I have no objection to tell you a few anecdotes of my career; but I will not violate my master's confidence by narrating *all* the scenes we have entered together. To begin, then: Well do I remember the triumphant shake of my gold tassel, when, completed by the fair

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hands of a certain young lady, she placed me on the top of her dark ringlets, and for the first time my form was reflected in a looking-glass over the dressing-table in her *own* room. With a blush, and a smile, she then took me off, and wrapped me carefully in a sheet of soft white paper, and then I was, to my terror and astonishment, placed in a dark receptacle, tied round and round, and hurried off, I knew not whither. Presently I felt I was thrust by a strong arm into a conveyance of some sort. Shrieks and groans seemed now and then to penetrate into my prison, especially when for a few moments we paused in our journey; but at length it was brought to an end, and I was emancipated from my confinement by the eager hands of a gentleman, who viewed me with great pleasure, pressed me to his heart, and even k. . . . but no, I won't tell *that*. *He*, too, placed me on his head, and surveyed me in the glass, but somehow I thought I looked better on the lady's dark curls than on his; however, I fitted him to a *t*, and arriving opportunely on the eve of a tour, began my travels and adventures the next day.

'Far away on the wide ocean was to be our destination; but first we had a railroad journey, and very cosey my master found me, as I propped his head in the corner of the carriage. When we arrived at the end of our *land* progress, and commenced that by water, I was still sported

with much satisfaction on the deck of a steamer, and many admiring looks were directed to *me*, which I half fancy my wearer took to himself. When we got out of the *river*, however, he was obliged very soon to quit the deck, and gladly exchange me for head-gear of a very different appearance; whilst he hung me up within sight, that I might not be ill-treated. After a few days' seclusion, my services were again in requisition, and both my master and I were complimented upon our re-appearance. There was one young lady, who seemed to take an especial interest in *both;* and after a day or two's association on shipboard, she and Mr. Meredith became more intimate and confidential than I at all approved; the scarlet wool of my border seemed to assume a deeper hue with vexation, and my very tassel trembled with indignation when I heard him saying soft words to a comparative stranger, when *I* was on his head; but when, in answer to some coquettish question of this new favorite, he dared to speak in a derisive tone of the fair creature from whom he had received *me*, I was so provoked, that I positively felt delighted when a stiff breeze, which had not long before sprung up, suddenly lifted me from his head, and flung me into the sea! For some little time I was supported by my own buoyancy, and drifted away by the swell of the steamer to some distance, but soon I should have been at the bottom of the

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ocean, when just as I was sinking under the combined weight of terror and sea water, a dark object appeared close to me, it was one of the ship's boats; my master's voice was heard exclaiming eagerly, "there it is! pull away, boys!" and in another moment I was snatched from a watery grave, and gratefully squeezed (to get the water out of me), and pressed in my master's hands. His better feel ngs had been aroused at my loss, and what with those, and his drenched and dabbled appearance, he would not agai face the fair cause of my disaster. Having caught a cold from this exploit (for he came bareheaded to my rescue), he did not leave his berth the next day; and during those few hours, the vessel stopped at an intermediate port, and this dangerous young lady there landed. When we reached *our* destination, I had another narrow escape of losing my owner. Much confusion prevailed on quitting the vessel, increased by our having arrived late in the evening. I was lying very comfortably on a carpet-bag, when the support was suddenly withdrawn by a foreign servant, as I imagined him to be, who, by his hasty movement, not only threw me on the ground, but remorselessly set his foot upon me, which accident gave me that crook in the bottom of my tassel, which I carry to this day. Away went the *laquais de place*, as I found he was, and left poor me on the dirty floor of the cabin; several other

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persons entered at intervals, and carried away boxes, baskets, coats, or cloaks, but no one picked me up. Darkness and silence succeeded to light and bustle. I was alone—lost. How long I remained thus, I know not. but one morning I was agreeably surprised to hear a well-known voice, saying, "I tell you I know it is here somewhere, for I had put it on my carpet-bag ready to wear it ashore, when that rascally Frenchman brought the one, without the other," and here began a search, which terminated in my being once more restored to my owner, although my beauty had been sadly spoilt by the ill-treatment I had received.

'We now passed a week or two pleasantly enough. Mr. Meredith was domesticated in the house of a very nice *French Englishman*, in the beautiful environs of the famed city of Bordeaux, and many a pleasant ramble we had together about the vine-clad summits. Mr. G. (excuse the initials) was a widower with three children, two of whom were daughters, and to the eldest of these my master again talked more nonsense than *I* liked to hear; however, it soon came to an end, for *my* lady's name was once uttered before the whole party in connexion with some other gentleman's, and my master's ears burnt so with rage, that it nearly turned the color of my lining, and he quitted the place the next day. I will not trouble you with particu-

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ıars of our continental progress, but merely mention, *en passant*, that I have accompanied my owner to balls and theatres, where I contentedly remained in his great coat pocket until the gay scene terminated, and I was wanted to protect him from the night air. I have propped his head in French *diligences*, in German *eil wagens*, in Rhine steamers, in Russian *kabitka's*, and in English *bus's;* and except for short journeys, have never been left at home. Our last tour, however, very nearly did for me. We were travelling by railway, and had come a long distance that day. The journey and the daylight were both coming to a close, *we* were comfortably arranged in our favorite seat, *back* to the engine, face to the window, when suddenly there came a crash and a smash! my master was thrown forward by a sudden shock, and with the force out I flew at the open window, and was flung many yards on to the ground, amongst broken carriages, screaming women, and swearing men!

'Amidst the din I distinctly heard Mr. Meredith's voice, exclaiming, '*Hollo! old chap, who would have thought of finding you half asleep in my arm chair, with my old travelling cap covering your pate!*' The voice ceased, the vision fled, and starting up to greet Miles Meredith, who had roused me from my amusing dream, I soon after made

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him laugh heartily, in narrating the supposed Adventures of a Travelling Cap.'

A hearty burst of merry laughter greeted the termination of John's *characteristic* 'dream,' which every body pronounced as a *probable* sketch of the progress of a gay bachelor.

"Indeed, John," said Julia, "it will be a useful hint to *me*, never to work travelling caps, or slippers, or in fact *any* '*gages d'amitie*,' for your fickle sex; for 'Miles Meredith' is but a type of the tribe he represents. Half of you only *laugh* at the *giver*, even when making use of the *gift*."

"A libel, a libel," cried John; "it is only in a *dream* such fickleness exists, and even there you see *constancy* prevailed. My hero was always 'Miles the miserable,' until his *much-loved* cap was in his possession."

"You acknowledge that *constancy* is a *dream* also." laughed Julia; "so as the scales of justice are thus poised equally again, we will drop the subject."

"But now, Mr. Maitland," said Julia, when the party were arranging themselves for the evening's amusements, "I hope you will remember your promise, and enlighten us as to your new game. What do you call it?"

"I really do not know what to call it," he replied, "we will try a round at it, and then determine its name."

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Some of the party wishing to look on, he arranged the rest with pen or pencils in hand, and strips of writing paper before each, and said, "We will now divide our forces and our labors, thus—five shall each write a question in verse, the others must answer that question also in rhyme, and for an observation or moral to be appended, we will draw from the whole party." He here took a piece of paper, wrote some lines on it, and passed to his wife, saying, "Now, my dear, just answer that, it will show what I mean better than half an hour's talk. Thank you," he continued, taking it from her hand again, "now I will add a moral, or whatever you may call it—there, now listen:—

Question.

Do those your censure or approval share
Who take an active part at Fancy Fair?

Answer.

How can I say I do not quite approve
Of what is often done by those I love;
Hard and ungenerous it were to blame
Those whose sole, earnest, steadfast aim
Is to do good. Although, I own,
I think more wisdom might be shown,
And more good done in other ways,
In these enlightened, active days.

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Observation or Moral.

Let those who approve 'em go hither and buy,
Another's kind feeling may contrary tend;
To help a good cause we should each of us try,
If our *roads* are diverse, we all seek the same *end.*

"Thank you for the illustration, uncle," said Jane, "we shall be able to understand now. Who are to be the five querists?"

Before the question could be answered, Joseph opened the door, and announced "Mr. Barnes," and that gentleman's appearance caused a little interruption to the matter in hand; he had come by agreement to spend the evening, and Cameron was to return home with him.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MAITLAND'S 'MORALS.'—VARIATIONS.—RECAPITULATION.

MUTUAL inquiries after health having ceased, Mr. Barnes expressed a hope that his arrival would not disturb the amusement in which he found them engaged.

"We are about to try a new version of an old game," said Mr. Maitland, "to be something in the style of

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'nouns and questions;' but perhaps not quite so difficult—will you join us?"

The circle again formed round the table, and their names having been written on slips of paper, five were drawn out to form the querists, who thus appeared as Mr. Maitland, John, George, Susan, and Miss Chapman. The remaining five patiently awaited the result of their appeal to the Muses, which proved very successful, as but a short period elapsed before the folded questions lay before them for their choice. Each person was bound in honor not to divulge the name of the writer, even if recognizing the hand-writing; and after contributing the required answers to the questions (some of which on perusing raised a smile on the lips of the silent reader), another lottery of names took place for the *moralists*, and the papers were soon refolded and replaced before Mrs. Graham. She promulgated their contents as follows:—

Question.

Come tell me, ye youths, or ye maidens so gay,
Which pleases you most in the course of a day;
The morn which awakes you, with sun brightly shining,
Or twilight's soft hue, when that sun is declining?

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Answer.

Bright is the dawn of day
To the earth's beloved and blest,
But brighter still is the 'twilight grey'
That whispers of coming rest!

Moral.

In dawn of life, or dawn of day,
Grateful rise to work or play,
Youth enjoying,
Time employing,
Cheerful pass life's early way.

Age creeps on, the sun descending,
Life and light to evening tending;
Useful doing,
Still pursuing,
Each will radiant hues be blending.

"That is a very pretty one," said the *listeners;* but no guess was allowed as to the writers.

"Here is one not *quite* so sentimental," said Mrs. Graham, and she read:—

Question.

On which do you prefer to rest your head,
A mattress, or a feather bed?

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Answer.

In summer time, not liking too much heat,
I choose a mattress, covered by one sheet;
But when the winter comes, delighting to be snug,
A feather bed for me, two blankets, and a rug.

Observation.

Goose down or wool,
Feathers or hair;
If one *sleeps*, warm or cool,
Not a *straw* should one care!

"Now that's what I call real philosophy," said Cameron; "I beg leave to cordially join in the sentiments of the 'Moralist.'"

"You used to be very fond of the spot to which the next question refers, my dear mother," observed Mrs. Graham, "so pray listen to the reply, and the observation thereon:—

Question.

Has nature such charms,
That defying alarms
Of waves and of wind,
You could make up your mind
To cross the wide ocean,
With paddles in motion;
And all for the sake
Of 'Killarney's' famed 'Lake?'

Answer.

I'm no enthusiast, and despise all blarney,
But much would give to visit sweet 'Killarney.'

Observation.

Hope and wait patiently awhile,
Perchance you'll see the "sister Isle;"
Science advances with so swift a pace,
As to "annihilate both time and space;"
Scenes inaccessible before,
Tourist and author now explore;
Friends from far distant hemisphere,
Oft suddenly our vision cheer,
And morn finds dear ones by our side,
Whom eve saw Ocean's foam divide—
Steam! to thy mighty power we owe
Many a comfort here below!

"Very good, and very true," observed Mrs. Beaumont; "we begin now to look upon swift transit, both by sea and land, as a mere thing of course; and are so accustomed to the convenience of expedition, as to feel ourselves perfectly aggrieved if any delay occurs by which our progress is reduced to that *moderate* speed, which in our ancestors' days would have been esteemed a most *dangerous* pace to travel."

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"It is a 'go-ahead' age, my dear madam," said John, "on both sides of the Atlantic; nothing short of flying will suit the progressing spirit."

"But to return to the matter in hand," said Mrs. Graham. "I will now read you some very amusing lines:—

Question.

Do you think as *some* do, that an Englishman's face
By a foreign *moustache* is improved?

Answer.

Except in the army, 'tis quite a disgrace,
And I hope will ere long be removed.

Moral.

Pray spare the poor *moustache*, your ruthless razor stay,
It but proclaims an ass, before we hear him bray.

"Really," said George, reddening, "that is rather a sweeping conclusion, and being an *anonymous* attack, not a very liberal one; but I dare say," he continued, laughing away his brief vexation. "that the observation was penned by some 'beardless boy,' who thereby expressed more envy than sincere judgment."

"Much the wisest decision to arrive at," said his mother, smiling. "Now follow some very pretty verses not obnoxious to any one," and she read as follows:—

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Question.

Which season of this changing clime,
Tell me in language clear, but brief,
You most prefer—the bright spring time
Or autumn's 'sere and yellow leaf?'

Answer

Beautiful each in turn
Are the green and the changing bough;
Like the bloom on a fair young cheek,
And the grey on an honor'd brow!

Moral.

'Tis truly so, if viewed with grateful hearts,
But thankless ones to all a gloom imparts,
'Tis the *mind's* sunshine, and the *spirit's* glow,
Tinges our prospects in this world below.

"We really have some poets as well as moralists amongst us," said Mrs. Beaumont. "I am quite sorry that the stock is exhausted."

"We will get up a few more for you, Grandmother," said George, laughing, "when we begin the *bouts rimés* I have promised to these poor creatures, who just now professed their inability to write verses."

"I think you are all getting so well into this game," said Mrs. Beaumont, "that it seems a pity not to continue

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it a little longer, instead of commencing any other. *Bouts rimés* will do to-morrow night."

"As Mrs. Beaumont wishes for another poetic specimen or two," said Mr. Barnes, "suppose we write a few *prose* questions, and choose three out of the number to put into a versified form, it will cause much diversity of idea and metre, all writing and moralizing on the same subject."

Out of this curious collection Mrs. Maitland took possession of a few, to retain as specimens for any future novices. The first of these ran as follows:—

Question.

What do you think of love in a cottage?

Answer.

Bran in the bread, and leeks in the pottage.
Thank you, I'd rather
See your love farther.

Moral.

Such fancies are pretty in youth, p'raps, but not age.

on which was a variation to this effect: —

Question.

How would you like the lowly lot,
Affection's dream, of 'love in a cot?'

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Answer.

Affection's *dream* it well may seem,
For half asleep the pair I deem,
Who this cottage of love,
Suppose, as a glove,
Can be made to stretch to any extreme.
I, for one, would rather not
Try the chance of 'love in a cot.'

Moral.

If love be really worth its name,
A cot or palace were the same;
For *love* makes any place 'sweet home,'
From which its counterfeit would roam.
So when in life you wish to settle,
Be sure you choose the sterling metal!

Another of these specimens gave the following good rules against the prevailing foible of gossiping, or talking too fast, at which some of the young ladies inveighed highly:—

Question.

What's the best way to govern the tongue?

Answer.

To be well whipp'd for chattering, when you are young.

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Moral.

Discreetly put, and I could name
A few adults to whom the same
Would do a world of good;
Scandal would lose its poison'd zest,
Heart's love uncheck'd, and nature rest,
If this were understood.

Upon which prolific theme another moralist thus expressed an opinion:—

Question.

Can you advise, and say what *must* be done,
To govern tongues that will too glibly run?

Answer.

If a male gossip—scorn his tittle tattle;
If a dear female (bless her prittle prattle),
Believe just half she's '*certain* is quite true,'
Laugh at her foible, but avoid it too.

Moral.

With stolen goods, or stolen reputation,
Both need receivers to support the trade;
Be *honest*, disappoint their expectation,
Slander and theft alike will be dismayed;
No custom found for 'home, or exportation,'
To keep on business each will be afraid.

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"I quite congratulate you, Mr. Maitland," said Mrs. Beaumont; "your pupils do ample justice to the teaching of their master. It is a very interesting diversity in our attempts as *feeling* poets."

"Yes, I think so myself," he replied; "and friend Barnes's *variations* on the original '*Theme*,' gives an opportunity for much luxuriance of thought and opinion."

"One evening before we go home," said Susan, "*I* mean to propose a game to be called 'Recapitulation,' and to consist of a short example of each of the novel amusements which we have learnt in the country."

"Not a bad idea, Susan," said her uncle, "for some *extra additionals* may suggest themselves during repetition, which will prove improvements also."

Mr. Barnes and his young friend then took leave, with a promise of joining the party on Wednesday evening, after their return to Fernwood.

"I think, my dear children," said Mrs. Beaumont, before she retired, "that Mr. Maitland's idea of filling up an interval in the evening by the composition of a tale, is most excellent."

"It is one that may be very easily carried out," remarked that gentleman, "by way of a variety in home amusements; it exercises imagination and industry, and is only

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an *English* version of the 'time-honored custom' of story-telling, still practised in eastern climes."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LETTER-BAG.—TING TANG IMPROVED.—BEN BLACK'S SALMAGUNDI.

Ever since the Maitlands had been domesticated at the Grange, the postman had brought their bag there each morning, instead of delivering it at Fernwood; and upon opening it on the Saturday at the breakfast table, a larger number of letters than usual were produced from its leathern compartments by Mr. Maitland: "Here are two letters for you, John," he said, "two for my wife, and even one for Jessie; surely all the people must have been seized at once with a *pen-and-ink-mania*, for my own letters are more numerous than usual!"

"There is nothing I enjoy more than the receipt of letters during the breakfast-hour," said Mrs. Beaumont; "it seems as if one's friends were partakers of that social meal when their thoughts are thus brought before us."

"'Heaven sent letters to some wretches aid,'" replied

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Mr. Maitland, "so sings the poet; and Rowland Hill completed the bounty when he thought of the penny post. Well, John," he continued, "*you* seem to have received two good pennyworths. Are any of those closely written pages *pro bono publico?*"

"Quite intended for it," replied John. "My friends, young Black and White, knowing the clever circle I am domesticated with, have sent me some new charades, enigmas, et cetera."

"Are those *really* your friends' names?" asked Mary, doubtfully.

"Decidedly so," said John, "they were schoolfellows of mine, and from my staid appearance, we used to go by the names of Black, White, and *Grey*."

The idea of which *sobriquet* quite overset the gravity of the company.

* * * * *

"Well, what are we to do with ourselves this evening?" asked Mr. Maitland, after tea, music having agreeably filled up a portion of the previous twilight.

"Let us have one round at your 'Ting tang,'" said John. "Our friends here have never tried it, and I fancy we might introduce a variety into it."

Mr. Maitland was then requested to begin the game, and

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gave the word "by" for them to rhyme to; the guesses as to his *thought-of* word proceeded thus:—

Mrs. Beaumont. Is it what all the world must do at some period of their lives?

Mr. Maitland. You begin, dear madam, where others end; but it is not *die.*

George. Is it what we read was once put before a king?

Mr. M. No, there's not a *pie* to open.

Jane. Is it seven feet above the ground?

Mr. M. Sometimes more, but it is never *high.*

Richard. Does a Scotch lassie sometimes go through it, and meet a body?

Mr. M. So sings the ballad; but it is not *rye.*

Susan. Does it betoken thirst?

Mr. M. No, it is sometimes in a burning heat, but never *dry.*

Mary. Is it what finishes the boy, and begins the youth?

Mr. M. No, lady fair, it is not so far down in the alphabet as *y.*

John. You say the word will rhyme with 'by,'
No doubt the sound is right,
If so, I think, 'twixt you and I,
'Tis what produces sight.

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Mr. M. Thus varying the query throws quite a new light,
'Tis a pity your *eye* should be wrong, and not right.

Mrs. M. John's hint to take, a word I'll find,
Although produced from pain,
In bearing absent friends in mind,
I long to meet again.

Mr. M. Your ready wit such funds supply,
I gladly say—breathe not a *sigh*.

Mrs. Graham. I must come back to humble prose, thinking your word is what I ought not to attempt with such clever competitors.

Mr. M. Although not very wrong to do it, it would be so to say it; it is not *vie*.

Jessie. Is it what Cardinal Wolsey once put before the king?

Mr. M. That is a mere variation upon George's question, I think.

Jessie. No, indeed, father, it is to show my *historical* knowledge, not my acquaintance with the 'nursery rhymes.'

Mr. M. Well, Jessie, then you have puzzled me; tell me what the Cardinal's dish was?

Jessie. It was '*I*,' father; do not you remember the expression, '*I* and the king,' which gave such offence?

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Mr. M. Very fair, Jessie; but I am not quite so egotistical as you seem to fancy; I did not think of '*I* by myself *I*.'

Julia. Is it a word to be found in almost every conundrum?

Mr. M. Very frequently, but I cannot say *why*.

Miss Chapman. 'Tis not guessed yet—I'll soar on high,
But do not think me proud;
With reverence I cast my eye
On *it* beyond the cloud.

Mr. M. Shame on my earthly feelings—fye!
I never thought about the *sky*

Tom. I can't manage poetry without thinking such a while; so I hope it is what I don't mean to do.

Mr. M. *Nil desperandum*, Tom; but this time you would be wrong in your *try*.

Agnes. Is it what Miss Harrison wishes to do?

Mr. M. Ah! I remember her wish; no, not *fly*.

"I cannot make verses *impromptu*," said Julia; "but I should like to inquire if it is what Mr. Harrison is always particularly anxious to have neat and clean?

Mr. M. Is Mr. Harrison a pig fancier, and you feel interested in the arrangement of the pig's domicile—*vulgo*, a *sty*?

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Julia [*laughing*]. O! dear no, I was thinking of his nice white *tie*.

Mr. M. That is not the only *tie* that clergymen are particular about; but I had not thought of such a *knotty* point.

John. Another word—these being wrong—
I beg to offer you,
Though small, it still is very strong,
T' express a word untrue.

Mr. M. Truth and politeness mix in my reply,
I should quite blush to say it is a *lie*.

Mrs. Beaumont. Is it close to us?
Mr. M. No, it is not *nigh*.

Mrs. M. Fair Julia surely looked the word
When her last lively guess we heard.

Mr. M. No, dearest wife, I must deny
That Julia or my word are *sly*.

Miss C. Remember, remember, the fifth of November,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot;
I think there's no doubt
Your word I've found out,
And you can deny it not.

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Mr. M. It would be treason
To truth and to reason
For me to deny
You have guessed my *Guy*.

When Mr. Maitland thus acknowledged that Miss Chapman had guessed his thought, the approbation was general as to John's clever variety; but Mrs. Graham expressed a doubt as to whether it would be generally adopted.

"It is not every one who has the happy facility of forming rhymes *impromptu*," she said, "which has been displayed by our friends this evening; but every one may play at 'Ting Tang' in its original form, and find it very amusing.'"

"In a large party I should think there is very little doubt but what one or two *rhymesters* (I will not say *poets*) may be found," observed Mr. Maitland; "and if requested beforehand, to vary the game in this way when it came to their turn, a slight preparation would enable them to do it, by merely apprizing the other players that they intended to use such and such a word, therefore it must not be appropriated by any one else."

"And even if the proposer of the word to be rhymed to were not as clever and quick at *repartee* as yourself," remarked Mrs. Beaumont, "still he or she would have to

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exercise an extra degree of thought and ingenuity in divining the meaning of this versified answer."

"Well then," replied Mr. Maitland, "we will say *chacun à son goût*, with my personal thanks to John for his suggestion."

His nephew here pulled a letter from his pocket, and unfolding it, said, "Let me now read you a few trifles from Ben Black's budget, which he truly designates as "a Salmagundi;" and first, young ladies, listen to

THE NINE QUALIFICATIONS OF A BRIDE.

Piety — Purity — Probity — Prudence — Patience — Placidity — Politeness — Punctuality — and Portion.

"If any lady possessed all those qualities without any *set-off's*, I should think she might add a tenth *P*, and call herself Perfection," observed Mr. Maitland.

"And I was about to say," continued his wife, "that in the scale of precedence, the first and last very frequently change places."

"Aunt Maitland, you are very severe," said John. "I must resume my reading to prevent your further remarks. Here is a charade for you, short and pithy, pungent and poetical:—

My first makes my second,
And then my whole is reckoned.

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"A decided case of mystification," exclaimed Julia; "pray enlighten us."

"Uncle Maitland will be pleased at the answer," said John; "for he thinks that *Pat riot* are well put together.'

"And too often obtain the *misnomer* contained in the word when complete," said his uncle.

"Try and guess this Anagram," said John:—

Take a simple appellation,
Turn its form quite round-about,
A horse's handsome decoration
You will quickly then find out.
See, how strange, in change the third
A disposition not to spend;
And stranger still, one little word
In which our prayers should always end.

"That last expression gives the clue to the whole," said his aunt, "as 'Amen' may be easily turned into 'name,' 'mane,' and 'mean.'"

"Black sends a French sentimentality next," said John, "which I must write down, for you to understand and elucidate, *le voici.*"

Pir	vent	venir
un	vient	d'un.

Each of the party tried their powers of divination on

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this enigmatical phrase, and at length Mary successfully elucidated it by reading it thus.

Un *sou*pir, vient *sou*vent, d'un *sou*venir.

"Here is a versified conundrum, without an answer appended," said John, "and I have puzzled for a solution in vain; try your best endeavors: —

When from the ark's protecting bound,
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it first that heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

"That *is* a puzzler," said George. "Who knows when boots were first invented? not I, for one."

All consideration and guesses proving fruitless, the solution was postponed *sine die*.

"*Con* the second, interesting 'to all England,'" resumed the querist. "Why is Trafalgar-square like a grand review on a rainy day? D'ye give it up? Because it is a fine *site* spoilt!"

"Very true in both cases," said Mr. Maitland, laughing.

"Now, uncle, the next charade, my friend observes, 'gives a grand opportunity for the display of Romaic erudition,' so rub up your classics and give a guess:—

My first is known to every nation
That treads the shores of Hindostan.

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My second is a fair creation,
But only of the mind of man.
When Greek meets Greek in nuptial rite,
My whole rejoices in the sight.

Mr. Maitland thought for a few minutes, and then said, "I have found it out, but it is not quite correct, I believe, in the pronunciation of the *first* part. It means 'paranymph,' the Greek word for 'the friend of the bridegroom,' but I have always seen the outcast Hindoo spelt either *Paria* or *Pariah;* however, it will pass."

"Ben seems to have rather a *penchant* for the *ark*," continued John, "at least I conjecture that first essay in ship building is here alluded to :—

My first was the stay of a drowning world;
My next its maker must surely have been;
My whole is a name, which will hold its fame,
While steam can labor or jennies can spin.

"We can all guess that," said Mr. Maitland, "for—

Who has not heard of *Arkwright's* fruitless toil,
Until his little son applied the *oil*.

"So ends Ben Black's collection," said John, refolding his letter, "with the compliments of the season to my talented companions."

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"And very amusing it has been," said Mrs. Beaumont, "but before we withdraw I wish to introduce a very pretty conundrum of Dr. Whewell's, in reply to a lady who requested his autograph or cipher—

You 0 my 0, but I 0 thee—
Then 0 no 0, but ah! 0 me—
Let not my 0 a 0 go—
Give back 0 0 I love thee so.

"Let us first give Dr. Whewell's lines literally:

You *cipher* my *cipher*, but I *cipher* thee—
Then *cipher* no *cipher*, but ah! *cipher* me—
Let not my *cipher* a *cipher* go—
Give back *cipher cipher* I love thee so.

"Now let us take a little of the poet's license:

You sigh for my cipher, but I sigh for thee—
Then sigh for no cipher, but ah! sigh for me—
Let not my sigh for a cipher go—
Give back sigh for sigh for I love thee so,

"Your other friend's contribution, John," resumed Mrs. Beaumont, "we shall be glad of on Monday."

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CHAPTER XVII.

NEW DRAWING LESSON.—BOOK OF FATE.—THE EXPECTED DINNER GUESTS.—THE BLUE BELLE.—DISHING.—AMERICAN GAME.

"No one who looks in upon our group of this morning can call this 'the castle of indolence,' I am sure," said Mrs. Beaumont, looking with benign satisfaction on the busy hands and cheerful faces around her, after breakfast on Monday morning. "It is more like a school of industry. But what are *you* doing, Richard?" she continued, as she observed him turning a piece of paper in various directions, and at last beginning to sketch upon it.

"I am about to try and form a figure of a man from the five spots you see here, dear madam," he answered, "which are to indicate the head, the two hands, and the two feet."

"But why did you place these points in such very extraordinary and almost unnatural positions?" asked the old lady.

"I did not place them," he replied; "but it is a tax upon my ingenuity Miss Chapman has just put in force.

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I will turn the paper, and you, Mrs. Beaumont, shall practise her experiment, and see the result."

He then picked up five little pieces of paper, which had been rolled up somewhat to the size and shape of peas, and placing them in Mrs. Beaumont's hand, requested her to scatter them on the paper. At each spot on which they fell he then made a small pencil mark, and although they had again assumed a most unpromising form, he laughingly assured Mrs. Beaumont that he hoped in a short time to "present her with a very respectable-looking young man," from her accidental hints.

Waving back the curious group which pressed around his cousin, John said, "I will keep the ladies quiet for you by producing 'the book of fate,' which my friend Will White, has sent down for the amusement and enlightenment of my fair friends. Come, then, young ladies, and, by choosing certain numbers, you shall hear divers secrets revealed, as to your character, your wishes, and your destiny."

Much amusement was afforded by this little book; and after all had had their fortune told from it, John undertook, at Julia's request, to make a copy of it, to leave for her especial benefit when he should have carried off his friend's original to London.

When he had proceeded a line or two, he protested

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against the employment, as being of too quiet a nature. "If one of you would read it aloud," he said, "I could get on twice as fast, and not be obliged to stop my ears to all the agreeable *prittle prattle* around me. Come, Mary, be good-natured for *once*, and act as my dictator. It is not every one I would allow to assume that character," he added, as she prepared to comply with his request—and so was compiled the following

BOOK OF FATE.

What is your disposition?

1. Obstinate.
2. Satirical.
3. Gay.
4. Amiable.
5. Extravagant.
6. Capricious.
7. Enthusiastic.
8. Constant.
9. Indolent.
10. Romantic.
11. Sincere.
12. Modest.
13. Obliging.
14. Impatient.
15. Prudent.
16. Jealous.

What quality do you wish your husband (or wife) to possess?

1. Economy.
2. Affability.
3. Firmness.
4. Wit.
5. Benevolence.
6. Placidity.
7. Goodness.
8. Caution.

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'y.
'ence.
veness.
uper.

13. Humility.
14. Candor.
15. Charity.
16. Industry.

'ently love?

9. Horse exercise.
10. Admiration.
11. Money.
12. Poetry.
13. London.

Ae
alkn
6. Dancin
7. Your c
8. E

Wha

1. To be admired.
2. To go to France.
3. To hear yourself praised.
4. To be rich.
5. To be accomplished.
6. To set the fashion.
7. To be married.
8. To keep a carriage.
9. To gain a title.

11. To travel.
12. To have (or make) an offer.
13. To build a church.
14. To be at the sea-side.
15. To have your lover's picture.
16. To be buried in Westminster Abbey.

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For what are you beloved?

1. For your money.
2. For your excellence.
3. For your tenderness.—
4. For the graces of your mind.
5. For your own sake.
6. For your candor.
7. Because no one can help it.
8. For your beauty.
9. For your brilliant talents.
10. I cannot imagine.
11. For your artlessness.
12. For your generosity.
13. For your wit.
14. For your worth.
15. For your accomplishments.
16. Because you are a good listener.

Will you ever marry?

1. Yes, when old. –
2. No, you know better.
3. Yes, to make some one happy.
4. You have no objection.
5. Yes, to please your friends.
6. To be sure you will.
7. No, no one will have you.
8. You will repent if you do.
9. Yes, if you can.
10. Before long I hope.
11. When you have time.
12. A disappointment will deter you.
13. Better late than never.
14. No.
15. Most assuredly.
16. Perhaps, it is a chance.

"Happily accomplished," cried John, as he finished the last line as above. "Now, Julia, you shall have the pleasure of asking me the questions first by way of experiment, and let me hope I may obtain a good fortune as a reward for my exertions in your cause, so now begin."

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Julia. What is your disposition?

John. Number six.

Julia. '*Capricious!*' What quality do you wish your wife to possess?

John. Bless her heart, number eleven.

Julia. I very much question it. '*Talkativeness.*'

John. Defend me from it!—go on.

Julia. What do you ardently love?

John. Number three.

Julia [*laughing*]. '*Yourself.*'

John. Now, really it is too bad, I don't believe you tell truly.

Julia. Indeed I do. What are your present most anxious wishes?

John. Thirteen.

Julia. '*To build a church.*'

John. 'Some *have* honors thrust upon them.' I never thought of such a thing before.

Julia. For what are you beloved?

John. Come, give me a cheerer. I will try number thirteen again.

Julia. *I* ought to cry out now that it is not fair, the answer is so likely to be true. '*For your wit.*'

John. Spare my blushes, and proceed.

Julia. Will you ever marry?

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John. I hope so, when I have arrived at years of discretion, but what says the oracle? I choose number seven.

Julia. Then the oracle crushes your hopes; for it replies, '*No; no one will have you.*'

"I will be judged by every body present," said John, "whether this book of fate has not given an ungrateful return for all the trouble I have taken in compiling it."

"My dear cousin, I have felt your wrongs so deeply," said Richard, laughing, "that, being unable to avenge them myself, I have sketched a champion from Mrs. Beaumont's scattered indicators, who stands sword in hand, to fight your battles, if any one can be found to meet him in the combat—look! dear madam," he continued, handing the paper to his hostess, "I have contrived to form a tolerable figure, and have left the spots distinct, to prove that I have abided by the rules Miss Chapman prescribed."

Mrs. Beaumont took the drawing, and expressed much pleasure and surprise at the skill and ingenuity displayed in the formation of the figure, which in an easy but animated posture, represented a soldier engaged in an apparent attack upon an *unseen* enemy.

Every one joined in the praises bestowed upon his clever sketch; and Mr. Maitland said, "You do great credit to Mr. Day's instructions, my dear boy; persevere, and you

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will make a clever artist. You ought to thank Miss Chapman for her hint, and although every one may not be able to make such *telling* sketches from such strange beginnings, they may amuse every one and assist many."

"Are we all to play at being good little children, grandmother dear, and come into dessert, as we dine be-



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fore the seniors to-day?" interrogated Julia, alluding to an intended dinner-party.

"It would be rather a formidable accession to our numbers if you did," returned her grandmother, smiling; "and as you are *all* rather too big to sit upon the knees of my dinner guests, and extra chairs would cause a great confusion, you must be kind enough to remember you have not yet *left the school-room;* and so your governess will have you all awaiting our return to the drawing-room."

"It is quite delightful to feel oneself reckoned amongst the *young* people still," said John, laughing.

The juniors were already assembled in the drawing-room, according to Mrs. Beaumont's request, when she re-entered it after dinner, accompanied by her lady guests, but the very speedy re-enforcement of the gentlemen, gave but short time for the inspection or individual notice of any of the party.

One of the ladies was a Mrs. Bell, an authoress of some repute, whom John accordingly designated as a "Blue belle," and the sight of her dress, of cerulean hue, made him now laugh at her *double* right to his *sobriquet.*

Her husband was very short, very thin, and very quiet, and some of his male friends had been heard to call him the "dumb bell."

After tea and coffee had been served, the Misses Harper

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were called upon for some music, the performance of which was, as usual, the signal for conversation to begin with great vivacity after the first six or eight bars, and only to conclude with the last chords of the overture, thence merging into a murmur of thanks and approbation, almost amusing to hear uttered.

Mrs. Graham then began to find various amusements for the rather numerous party, by getting up a rubber for an M. P. and a J. P. with their respective ladies, and a backgammon-board, chess-table, and "Tactics," were also furnished with their *vis-à-vis* couples. The piano received a performer or two at intervals, but still several remained unoccupied, and amongst them Madame la Clocke (the publishing title of the authoress).

"Shall we try a round at some of the paper verses you used to be so famous at?" said Mrs. Graham, addressing this lady, "Mrs. Maitland, and her nephew Mr. Harper, are very quick at them, and will be most proud to be joined with you in the game of 'Wit.'"

"I have never attempted any thing but the American game of "Nouns and Questions," replied Mrs. Bell, "but shall be very happy to try whether I have lost my art even at that, for it is some time since I made the attempt."

A circle was then formed round the loo-table, some as active, others as mere *honorary* members of the "Wit

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club," and the writers were soon busily engaged concocting their questions, and afterwards supplying the single word at the foot of such question which the rules of the game require to be woven into the poetical reply to the question. Whilst all were thus occupied, poor little Mr. Bell sat silently by the fireside, apparently as much "the world forgetting," as he was evidently "by the world forgot," until Julia happening to turn round, observed his listless inactivity, and good naturedly resolved to try and arouse him. So tripping up to the little man, she inquired, "Will you play a game of chess with me, Mr. Bell, for want of a better partner?"

"Thank you, I don't play chess," was the reply.

"Shall we try draughts?"

"I would rather not play them, thank you."

"Backgammon?"

"I don't understand it."

Julia ran through the list of all the *tête-à-tête* games she could think of (some of which she could not play herself), but all in vain. At last, as a desperate resource, she said, "Will you try *dishing?*"

"I never heard of the game, but I will try to learn it, if it is not too difficult."

Her good-natured point thus gained, Julia flew off to

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obtain a draught-board, four of the black men, and one of the white. The former of these she placed on squares of their corresponding color, at one end of the board, as at draughts, and the single white man at the opposite end, also on a black square.

"Now, Mr. Bell," cried she, sitting down opposite him, "which will you choose, the single champion or his four opponents?"

"Whichever you please," replied the meek little man.

"Then I will take the single man," said Julia, laughing, "and now, this is the way we must play. The men move one square at a time, just as at draughts; the object of my man is to get past your four men, so as to be enabled to reach the other end of the board, and your endeavor must be to keep the line so completely, that I cannot pass it. If I do not do so, but you contrive to hem me in so that I cannot move, you '*dish*' me, to use the elegant phrase which gives the game its name; but if I *do* pass your line, if you once leave an opening that I can get through, I '*dish*' you. So now let us see which of us will be first to be dished."

Who shall say that there is any one living but what possesses some hidden spring of interest and sympathy, if one did but know how to touch it! Julia most unconsciously had awakened this interest in the little "dumb Bell," who

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became quite excited over this apparently trivial game, and rubbed his hands most gleefully, and quite laughed aloud, when at the third trial he was able to exclaim, "There, Miss Graham, you are *dished*."

Satisfied with having taught her quiet little friend something to amuse him, both for the present and future evenings, Julia now rose and joined the party at the loo table, from whence she sent Agnes to be Mr. Bell's partner.

"Have you finished your witty contribution?" she inquired of Richard.

"We have not all been writing," he replied. "There is sometimes more amusement to be derived as a spectator of other people's labors than as a fellow workman, but hush! the papers are about to be unfolded."

"It is a thing of course, that you are to be the reader, Mrs. Graham," said John, addressing that lady, "you give all the emphasis so well, and as I know by grateful experience, sometimes supply both sense and sound."

Mrs. Graham bowed and smiled for the compliment, and then read paper the first:—

Question. Is emigration a blessing or not?
Word—Neglect.

'Yes, better o'er the seas to roam,
Than see your children perish here;

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Hope, love, and health, can build a home,
E'en in a distant hemisphere,
But woe to those whose cold "*neglect*"
Has snapt the ties of brotherhood,
To Dives, in his purple decked,
While Lazarus sighed for daily food.'

It is not allowable to guess at the authors, I believe," said the reader, as she concluded, "but those are exceedingly pretty lines, whoever wrote them. The next question and word are—

What is the difference between wit and humor?
Ruby.

Wit is like the lightning flash,
Humor like the moonbeam's ray;
Wit is like the torrent's dash,
Humor like the fountain's play.
Wit is like the "*ruby*" rare,
Humor like the sterling metal;
Wit, the geyser of the north,
Humor, the domestic kettle!

"That is a very good description," said Mr. Maitland, who had joined them from the backgammon table, "and good poetry too, only (to be hypercritical), the last line but one should have rhymed with *rare*."

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"O! but such poetic licences are quite allowable at this sort of game, I think," said Mrs. Bell. "We have great authority for such a departure from set rules in the concluding stanza of Campbell's beautiful ballad of 'Lord Ullin's daughter.'"

"I remember what you allude to," replied Mr. Maitland, "and bow to the example. Proceed, Mrs. Graham, if you please."

"Here is an inquiry which has been often answered in the affirmative," she continued, "and had the parties possessed the 'word,' it would have been a blessing:—

Will you join a party to '*the diggings*?'
Contentment.

The thirst of gold in man is strong,
It lures him o'er the seas to roam;
To dare the pangs of parting long,
From friends, and country, health, and home.
On California's golden shore,
Hundreds pursue wealth-seeking toil,
But whilst "*contentment*" gilds my store,
I'll envy not their shining spoil.

"A very good resolve, whoever made it," remarked Mrs. Beaumont. "What follows, Georgina?"

"Rather a *favorite* inquiry," replied her daughter:—

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Which is preferable, spring or autumn?
Noun.—Wisdom.

Each has its charms, yet must it be confessed,
The hope of summer lends to spring a zest
Denied to autumn; for its beauties past,
Our minds with coming gloom are overcast.
Though "*wisdom*" teaches in the sunny hour,
Blithe to rejoice, nor dread the future show'r.

"That's the true principle of enjoying life," said Mr. Maitland, "both as men and Christians."

"I have only one more paper to read," continued Mrs. Graham, "which seems both witty and true—

Question. What is the use of a pen?
Noun.—Quaker.

Use of a pen? how very strange!
What is there *not* within its range?
'Tis used to flatter, and to blame;
To eulogize, and bring to shame;
To chronicle some village news,
Accept a dinner, or refuse.
Congratulate a married friend,
Condolence to a widow send;
Form treaties, too, with Indian men,
As did the "*quaker*," WILLIAM PENN.'

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By the time these "readings" were finished, the tray was brought in, and the company soon afterwards departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RETURN TO FERNWOOD.—THE DOUBLE DROSHKI—THE HOUSE—INVITATIONS.—CONGLOMERATION REVISED.—THE WALK.—ENGLISH VERSUS FOREIGN HILLS.—SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

"FAREWELL! a long farewell to this old mansion," cried John, as on the following morning the preparations commenced for their return to Fernwood. "I do not remember ever having passed so thoroughly happy a fortnight as the last has been."

By Mrs. Beaumont's kind and thoughtful arrangement, the party partook of an early dinner, before returning home; and about three o'clock the old coach, with its strong pair of bays, drew up at the arched doorway, and was speedily followed by Mr. Maitland's pretty double bodied pony phaeton.

"Here comes *my* carriage, in which I hope Miss Mait-

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land will become my companion and guide to Fernwood," said George, gaily.

The vehicle to which he thus drew attention was a well appointed handsome-looking Russian double *droshky*, in front of which sat our old friend Ivān, skilfully guiding with his rein in each hand, one of his sleek and beautiful black steeds. Although not quite so striking a conveyance as the sledge, yet it possessed so much of attractive novelty in its apprearance as to elicit much admiration. The bow over the horse's head which is fastened on each side to the shafts, and to which the bearing rein is attached by a silver hook, was furnished with several small bells, 'more for ornament than use designed,' as fortunately the necessity for scaring wolves (their object in the 'far north') is not now needed in our happy land.

Obtaining her mother's permission, Jessie yielded a willing assent to George's proposal, and the cavalcade prepared to start.

Kind wishes and adieus were again and again exchanged; but Mrs. Beaumont checked the more serious farewells offered by the Harpers, by saying: "No, no, my dears, you have not done with the old woman yet. I shall come to Fernwood before you leave, and then we will say good-bye."

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And now the carriages being all ready, amidst smiles and tears, nods and bows, the party drove away.

"I hope, George, you have not quite forgotten Fernwood during your absence?" asked Jessie of her companion.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I have always carried a perfect recollection of its noble proportions and elegant design, as a guide to my own taste, if I should ever build a house."

The carriages here turned into the drive, the numerous large hollies, Portugal laurels, rhododendrons, and clumps of mountain ash in which, formed a thicket of verdure and variety even at this inclement season of the year. There was not much space between the arrival of the respective equipages, and their occupants were soon transferred to the comforts of a thorough English home.

"Here are some letters awaiting our return, I observe," said Mr. Maitland, walking up to the centre table; "these delicate pink-tinted notes are invitations, I presume; take yours, Susan and Julia."

"Invitations to a friendly party at the Pembertons, on Thursday evening, aunt," said Susan.

"Having no previous engagement, we will of course go," observed her aunt. "Mrs. Pemberton is the widow of our late incumbent, and they are very nice people, but very

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quiet; they have no piano, so you will have neither music nor singing at the Mount."

After tea, John proposed a carpet quadrille in the small drawing-room, to celebrate their return to Fernwood, which concluded, his uncle said, "Now, young folks, a truce to active sports for a while, and let me tell you of an idea that occurred to me this morning, for a different way of playing Jane's game of Conglomeration." The young folks sat down as he requested, and prepared to listen and obey. "It strikes me," he resumed, "that it would cause more amusement if each party was obliged to write upon the same words. The chief entertainment arises from the clever, humorous, or even bungling introduction of the specified nouns, and I think it will show more variety of style and character, if we are each obliged to use the same. At any rate let us try."

The proposition was adopted forthwith, but as some of the party drew back, and declared they did not feel "*up*" to composition that evening, the authors were finally settled, as Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, John, Mary, Susan, and Richard, who immediately gave forth in turn, a "noun" for insertion at the head of each paper, which stood thus in order:—

Trouble—Grief—Silver—Curiosity—Mushroom catsup—Polka.

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"King George shall be our monarch of the game, and read our productions aloud," said John; "so now, good folks, get something else to do besides looking at us, or you will find the time required for composition appear very long."

This hint produced chess-men, backgammon-boards, and work-baskets, until in about twenty minutes "the King" was called to receive the contributions of his willing subjects, who had not however produced them without many murmurs at the extraordinary word of "mushroom catsup," which John had mischievously introduced, without knowing more about it, than that sundry bottles in the oilman's shop windows bore that title. The whole party drew round to listen, and George thus begun :—

'Tis hard with "*trouble*" to commence,
And p'rhaps find no relief,
Though if we are possess'd of sense,
'Twill help to conquer "*grief*;"
Take "*silver*" pencil-case in hand,
Write verses with velocity,
I warrant some from out our band
Will prove a "*curiosity*."
That "*mushroom catsup*," what a word
A poet's line to fill!

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The "*Polka*" is much less absurd,
Or elegant quadrille.
But as my "lotted task" is done,
I'll not add any more,
Except record, that I for *one*,
Rejoice the task is o'er.

"The next paper," he continued, "professes to set forth the feelings of—

AN ANGRY MISTRESS.

Here's scolding and anger, here's "*trouble*" and "*grief*;"
Nancy's mistress declares she can prove her a thief:—
"I gave you some '*silver*' to go with to town,
Various articles thence, ma'am, to buy and bring down,
And now it appears you have had the *owdocity*
To spend it instead on your own '*curiosity*.'
The nice '*Mushroom Catsup*' I yesterday boiled,
For want of the corks will be probably spoiled.
You have not brought the shoes for my daughter, Miss Mary,
Nor yet the new milk pans, to put in the dairy.
Mary can't dance the '*Polka*' to-night in thick shoes;
These troubles have come because you, ma'am, must choose
To spend all my money at Darlington fair!
Get away, you bad girl! I shall scream, I declare!

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"Poor woman!" said George, "what a pack of troubles her naughty Nancy caused her. What are you doing, Mary? nay, that is too bad," he continued, trying to take out of his sister's hand the papers she had begun to tear up; but she was too quick for him, and the fragments lay upon the table.

"Indeed, George, we could not manage anything at all readable," she said in excuse; "that extraordinary word of John's, and Mrs. Maitland's '*silver*,' to which every one knows there is no rhyme, so completely puzzled us, that Richard, Susan, and I, gave up the attempt in despair; but you have another paper to read, have you not?"

"One more," replied her brother, "called—

THE SATISFIED BACHELOR.

What causes us the greatest '*troubles*,'
 What the most poignant '*grief*,'
Love or marriage? bubbles! bubbles!
 For these there's no relief.
Yea! '*silver*' oft our cares decreases,
 And gives to love a charm;
For poverty, the proverb teaches,
 Sends love off in alarm.
 * * * *
Pondering thus some weeks ago,
 I had the '*curiosity*,'

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To an old married man I know,
To say, with some pomposity:
"Just let me at some items look
In your good lady's diary."
He smiled, and brought a well fill'd book,
Suffieient for a Friary.
I glanc'd it o'er, how queer did mix
The things I saw therein,
To '*Mushroom Catsup*,' one and six,
"One pound for Pelerine,"
"Gingerbread three-pence," "Cab to town,
"Mercer (an old account)
Six pounds," "new '*Polka*' half a crown,"
"Sundries to *bal* account."
I shut the book with mute disdain,
Content a Bach'lor to remain!

"I really think we have all managed tolerably well to get over John's *stickler*, as he would himself call it," said his aunt. "And your idea of its being more *amusing* to play the game this way, my dear," addressing her husband, "is quite correct, for as the intention of the game is to furnish amusement, rather than *edification* or improvement, the more ludicrous the examples, perhaps the better."

"Being a decided encouragement to my 'Mushroom

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Catsup,' or any other *sauce* I may choose to give you, aunt," said the inveterate punster, John.

The next morning was bright and clear, and the youthful party enjoyed a long walk in the exhilarating neighborhood of Fernwood, where the diversity of hill and dale furnished beauty to the eye, and required activityin the limb.

"This is rather different from our prescribed walk in London," said Jane, laughing, as she ran down a steep green declivity in one of the fields; "some of our friends there would stare to see us in such full chase."

"Yes, we shall miss the country exercise, as well as the country air," sighed John; "but we must make the best of it. It is a pity that we cannot have ice hills in a *house*, for then one might manage that novel diversion without the outdoor space, which is so seldom to be found in a *town* residence."

"You *might* have it within doors," said Mary, "if you had a room high enough to give a good descent. We used to see them at the emperor's country palaces round St. Petersburg."

"Do you mean that?" asked John, in surprise; "how were they made?"

"O! George can tell you all about it," she replied, "for he superintended the commencement of a *hill* for my uncle, Sir Thomas Graham, before we left Devonshire."

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"Hollo! George," cried John to his friend in advance, "come back here, that's a good fellow, and tell us something about these indoor icehills, which Mary says you gave your uncle the idea for. What are they like, and where did you put them?"

"To answer your questions in order," replied George, "in the first place they are not *ice* hills at all; and secondly, they are *like* those erections in *form*, but not in material; and thirdly, they were put up by my uncle in a large granary or barn, standing next to his stables and coach-house, which he had cleared out and whitewashed for the purpose."

"Ah! we have nothing of that sort in London," said John, "and so your description will not profit us much, individually; but tell us more about it, that we may enlighten others, who possess the *means* as well as inclination to apply them."

"The hill is formed of planks of wood, about four feet wide," continued George, "and it depends upon the height of your building what length your slide is. At the emperor's small palace at Tzarsco Celo, near Petersburg, the frame and wooden road are formed of mahogany, beautifully polished, and the height at which the slide begins is perhaps eighteen or twenty feet from the ground, to which you mount by a most elegant little spiral staircase at the

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side. We did not do things quite in such style at Combe Hall, but our framework and planks were of good strong deal, painted oak color, with steps attached to one side, like a ladder, but not left open between. The road for the sledge to travel on is marked out something like a railway, only that there are two pieces of narrow iron stand up instead of *one*, which thus forms a *groove* for the sledge, and it cannot but travel in safety to the ground, where the same guides are continued for a few yards, that the *impetus* may be checked before the sledge finally stops; too sudden a stop would be apt to overset this small vehicle."

"I dare say it is very good fun," remarked John, "but not so exhilarating as the *real* Russian hills."

"But it is a very good substitute," said George, "and I think ought to be added to the *gymnasium* of every large school."

The end of this conversation found them nearly at home, where their long and pleasant walk made the announcement of dinner very acceptable.

As they drew round the fire in the afternoon, Mrs. Maitland said, "Whilst you were absent this morning I employed part of my time in sorting and looking over some of the miscellaneous contents of my 'Omnium Gatherum,' and amongst other 'curiosities for the ingenious' I found

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this specimen of 'secret correspondence,' which I thought might serve both to amuse and inspire some of us. This letter is supposed to have been addressed to an intimate friend, by a young lady, whose husband always read her correspondence before he allowed it to proceed to its destination."

She then read the letter, which gave a glowing picture of the young lady's happy matrimonal life, quite cheering to all hymeneal aspirants; but when she explained the *double entendre*, by only reading every alternate line, the exact reverse of the previous description, was quite as much calculated to damp all wishes of entering the state of wedlock; and raised both the surprise and mirth of the uninitiated.

"I agree with you, aunt, that it would be possible to appropriate and act upon that idea," said John; "come, let's have a try now, before the light quite fades away." All the rest, however, declined his challenge, and John withdrew alone to a small writing table at the window, where, resolutely shutting his ears to the conversation near the fire, he collected his thoughts, and soon threw them on paper, in an amusing form. "Now, good folks," he said, "be lenient in your criticisms, and hear me read a very pleasant letter my friend old Mr. Lovepenny had from his son, whom he had placed at a cheap Yorkshire school:

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'My dear Father,

'I avail myself of your permission to write to you, and do not hesitate to open my whole heart to you, well knowing you will wish for my account of school, where I have now been long enough to form an opinion, I hasten to tell you what I really think of my master. I find him kind and considerate, but others say that he is exceedingly harsh, cruel, exacting, and unjust. Perhaps they call him so who deserve severity, but to me, it would be difficult to find one more kind and attentive, so unlike some men, who are capricious, tyrannical, selfish, and severe.

'Some of the boys complain most unjustly, that we have not good food, nor even enough of it; but, indeed, my dear father, it is not true that we either have bad meat, or are half starved. My tasks are easy, and although it is natural that I long for the holidays, to see those who love me, yet school is more like home to me than otherwise, and I shall be nearly wild to return here.

'Letters from you are, of course, always welcome, so pray do write to me immediately, and tell me if you are not delighted with my abode here, and whether you are not thoroughly disgusted to find boys capable of so falsely, and wilfully representing that such deceit, wickedness, and cruelty can exist in my dear and respected master, Mr. Whackem, who is a man who only requires to be really known to disprove these statements, and show his accusers to be despicable in the eyes of all good men.

'Your affectionate, but never

'your unhappy son,

'LAUNCELOT LOVEPENNY.'"

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"A very good imitation, John," said his uncle, when his nephew had read the letter in its two different significations; "but just let me look at it. "O! yes," he continued, glancing it over, "it is all right, you *each* time read the top line, and in your *double entendre*, skip the alternate one, I see; I suppose that the *key* to this 'secret correspondence' had been agreed upon before young Lovepenny was sent to this establishment; a sort of *Dotheboys Hall*, I should imagine, by some of the allusions; but here are Barnes and Cameron, so now let us have tea."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONCERT.—LES BOUTS RIMES.—A COUNTRY VISIT.—PRACTICAL PUZZLES.—HINTS FOR DIPLOMATISTS.—CONUNDRUMS.—NEW CIPHER.

THE absence of their elder play-fellows from home had been a great source of grief to Alice and Charley, and their joy at their return was proportionably great. The Grahams were particularly fond of children, and had a happy knack of entertaining them, and winning their regard.

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"Let us have a game at something this evening in which these little folks can join before they go to bed," said Julia, good-naturedly. "Come George, Richard, all of you, what shall we play at?"

"There is so little room in *modern* drawing-rooms for active amusements," said Mr. Maitland; "can you not think of a merry sitting down game?"

"Have you ever tried 'a concert?'" asked Jane, "where each one chooses an instrument, and is *supposed* to play upon it at the command of the leader? It makes it much more amusing for it to be *vocal*, instead of silent. John makes a capital leader, and I think Alice and Charley would enjoy this fun."

The *performers* were then requested to choose their instruments, and John, moving a music-stool from the piano, placed himself on it, as the leader and conductor of the proposed concert. In so large a party it required some ingenuity to remember the names of a sufficient number of instruments, but at length all were *supposed* to be supplied, and John, clapping his hands, as the pre-concerted signal for the *whole* orchestra, commenced singing the well-known huntsman's chorus in "Der Freitschutz," to which the *band* responded, all *apparently* playing their several instruments of harp, piano, flute, violin, trumpet, violincello, *et cetera*. In the midst of which the *conductor* held

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forth his outspread palms, and ere the silence which succeeded this signal had endured a *second*, his quick imitation of the violin, succeeded almost instantaneously by the piano, thence flying to the ophicliede back to the *whole* band, and thus keeping them all in the greatest state of exercise and excitement, caused the chorus of voices more frequently to be a ringing laugh of merriment, than the intended tones of Weber's composition. A quarter of an hour's *hard work* at this amusement found almost all the party quite tired with their exertions, and Alice and Charley laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks at "cousin John's funny way."

Their mother therefore begged the 'concert' might terminate for the evening, and when, soon after these youngsters said 'good night,' she reminded her husband that "Mr. Barnes and his friend had promised to join the 'children of a larger growth' in a trial at the game of 'bouts rimés,' proposed by George before they left the Grange."

Some of the party then commenced their literary labors, and in a short time George having 'gammoned' poor Susan most unmercifully at the Polish game of backgammon, came forwards to receive and read their efforts.

"Must I read the given rhymes *alone* first?" he asked.

"No," replied Mrs. Maitland; "only keep each to-

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gether that are written on the same rhymes, it will show the design of the game better than by reading first from one set and then from another."

George then took up the papers which laid together, and read them in the following order :—

THE BACHELOR UNCLE.

Now the baby's brought in to exhibit her *charms*,
And dances, and crows in the old nurse's *arms*,
It is really amusing to note their *delight*,
As nurse and mamma, all her doings *recite*;
Martha's visage lights up with a wintry *ray*,
As she tells how her darling will fondle and *play*;
'She's sure to be beautiful, sure to be *wise*,
All doubts on the subject, Sir, *I* should *despise*,'
But 'the bachelor uncle' dislikes this *display*,
And crossly exclaims, 'that's enough for *to-day*.'

"Poor Martha!" laughed George, "how unkindly her pleasing prognostications were snubbed. But what have we here?—

THE AMOROUS USHER.

Aid me, O! muse, to sing my Sophy's *charms*,
(Be quiet boys) her lovely rounded *arms*;
Her ruby lips, her voice, my heart's *delight*,
(Sir, I've my Latin verses to *recite*).

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Her azure eye, that beams with softest *ray*,
(Boys will you learn, and not leave off to *play*);
She is not only beautiful, but *wise*,
(It seems that all my threat'nings you *despise*):
Modest, she shrinks from all unmeet *display*,
(Confound you, boys, I'll flog you all *to-day*)!

A hearty laugh chorussed this last poetic effort, which, from the arch looks directed to John, was evidently supposed to have emanated from him. He, however, really looked *innocently* unconscious, and, glancing round the group, detected such a tell-tale blush upon his sister Jane's cheek, that although he *kept* her secret, he felt certain that he had discovered it.

"I pass now to my second edition," said George—

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

I'll watch them! see! he leads her quite *apart*,
A coxcomb! can *he* hope to touch and win her *heart*?
If she be faithful, all his arts are *vain*,
To shake her truth, and her affections *gain*.
But who can tell the chances of an *hour*?
Who count of wealth, and rank, the tempting *pow'r*,
When placed in bright array before her *view*,
Will she to poverty, and love, be *true*?
I'm half distracted by my doubt and *fear*,
I fain would fly, and yet must linger *here*.

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Again I see them—ah! hope buds *a-new*,
She coldly bends—*he* bows a vex'd *adieu*.

"That seems as if it came from the heart," said George, jokingly. "Did *you* write these moving lines, Cameron?"

"Our motto is 'sub silentio,'" replied his friend, "so ask no questions, but read on."

George obeyed, by commencing—

THE GIDDY SCHOOL-GIRL.

Nay, Charlotte, I must sit *apart*,
I cannot get these lines by *heart*,
You talk so much, it is in *vain*,
I must recite them o'er *again*.
Pray can you tell me what's the *hour*?
Twelve! then it is not in my *pow'r*.
What is it in the square I *view*?
My dearest uncle? it is *true*;
My governess I need not *fear*,
I shall not stay much longer *here*.
How I do long for something *new*!
Hark! I am called; dear girl, *adieu*.

"Just like a school-girl," said George, mischievously; "always wanting to do something different to what she is told to do! But these last lines, on the same rhymes,

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seem quite touching. They appear to have been suggested by that beautiful picture of Cromwell sitting by the bedside of his dying daughter, and are entitled—

MRS. CLAYPOLE.

With heaving chest, and lips *apart*,
(For death is busy at her *heart*)
Lies one who strives (alas! in *vain*)
A father's confidence to *gain*;
To win him in this awful *hour*,
Back from ambition's iron *pow'r*.
She bids him all his deeds *review*,
Be to his God and country *true*,
'Father,' she says, 'repent and *fear*,'
Not long do mortals sojourn *here*;
Soon we are called, where all is *new*,
Where kingdoms profit not. *Adieu!*

"Now that is really poetry!" continued George, admiringly, "and I see others appreciate it as well as myself. But I hope the remaining couplets are not quite in such a lachrymose strain. The first seems promising:—

Bless me! I fear we shall begin to *tire*,
This taxes too much our poetic *fire!*
We must be surely quite a rhyming *party*,
Our zeal, too, in the cause, appears most *hearty*.

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But I will ask, if I may be so *bold*,
Is there not fear that zeal will soon grow *cold?*
Each thinks the other beats his efforts *hollow*,
Disgust, and weariness, will shortly *follow!*
I must confess I wish no person *harm*,
But hope they'll stumble at that odious *farm*.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed George. "I am sure I should have stumbled at that 'odious farm;' how has the writer of these *last* lines got over the difficulty?—

In making verses we don't seem to *tire*,
But keep up steadily a good brisk *fire;*
As round the table our small social *party*
Begin to work with energy most *hearty*.
Some write with trembling nerves, and others *bold*,
Some rather idle, perhaps lukewarm, or *cold*.
But Mrs. Maitland always beats us *hollow*,
I wish we all may in her footsteps *follow;*
For then, perchance, we shall not come to *harm*,
But if we do, retire to our *farm!*

"I am very glad that the writer of this effusion has the opportunity of enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*,' said George, as he concluded the perusal; "in case he should fail as a poet, he may try the agriculturist."

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"Well, what do you think of *bouts rimés*, Barnes, now you have tried them?" asked Mr. Maitland.

"I am quite astonished at myself," he replied. "I had no idea that I could have tacked anything like sense to ready-made rhymes."

"And since I have heard some really good poetry made out of such materials," said Mrs. Maitland, "where genius seems at first 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' I am less sceptical than I used to be, at the sincerity of the sorrow expressed by Monsieur Dulot at the loss of his 'blank sonnets,' as he called them, the imitation of whose curious practice of writing the *end* of his verses first, gave rise to this amusing entertainment."

* * * * * *

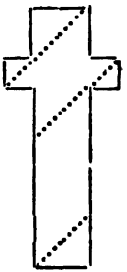
After a morning spent in pleasant employment and exercise, our young friends agreed to follow country fashions, and *walk* up to 'The Mount,' which was only a short mile across the fields.

In the drawing-room they found, besides the amiable hostess and her son and daughter, Mr. and Miss Harrison, Mr. Barnes and young Cameron, and a middle-aged gentleman of the name of Webster, who resided in London, and was spending a week with his late friend's widow.

Soon after tea, ,the amusements of the evening began, which consisted principally of puzzles and riddles. Some of

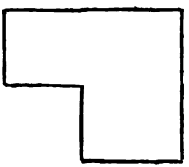
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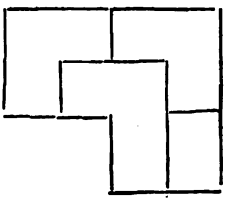
the former were very good practical ones. One given by James Cameron consisted of a piece of paper in the shape of a cross, which he then divided by only *three* cuts of the



scissors (although it thereby formed six pieces of paper), and the puzzle was to place them together again in their original form. John took an illustration of this in his pocket-book, and also of several others given by Mr. Webster and Mr. Harrison.

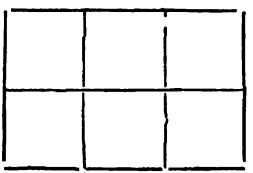
There was one which represented three-fourths of a



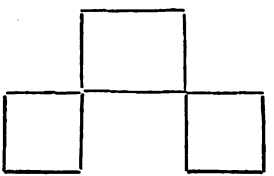


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square, cut in a peculiar way, which caused much puzzling as to how four pieces, all of the same shape and size, were to be formed out of it. Mr. Webster also showed them one in which he arranged six hollow squares upon the ta-

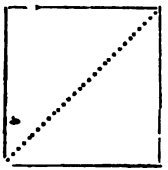


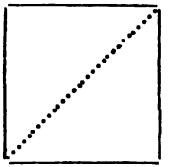
ble (formed ingeniously from cedar spills cut in half), and then desired them, by removing five pieces, to leave three whole squares; and another of two exact squares of pa-



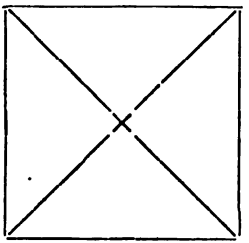
per, which it was required to cut into two such parts,

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that, when all four parts were joined together, they should make *one* square.



The boxes of bone alphabets were also called into requisition very amusingly, and enabled the Pembertons to show some clever (but to the majority of the party well known) anagrams, which proved very satisfactorily that 'moonstarers' and 'no more stars' equally represented 'Astronomers;' that 'new door' literally made 'one word;' that 'great helps' truly designated 'Telegraphs;

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that 'sly ware' wittily described 'lawyers; that 'Johnny the bear' was another term for 'John Abernethy;' and that 'Golden land' applied not to California but to 'Old England.'

"One might make out another mode of 'secret correspondence,' John, from these suggestions," said his uncle; and then turning to Mr. Webster, he recounted the performance of his nephew in that art, which he had shown for their amusement the previous day.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Webster, "I was much interested by the cipher said to have been used by Bonaparte during his eventful campaigns, the key to which was changed each time; that appended to the foot of one dispatch, always referring to another which had been sent previously."

"That was a most ingenious idea for a cipher," remarked Mr. Maitland, "I never saw it."

"I made one or two of my own upon the same plan," resumed Mr. Webster, "and, indeed, in writing to my brother-in-law, who is consul general at ——, I always use them alternately for any *official* communication. I have them up-stairs in my writing-case at this moment, and will show them to you." In a few minutes these curious accessories to diplomacy were placed before the party, and caused them great amusement. "Now, I cannot let you

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have *my* keys," said Mr. Webster, laughing, "or you will perhaps unlock some state secrets, which ought to be kept quite strictly; but I will tell you how you may form ciphers for yourselves, if such a wish occurs to you."

"*I* shall be much obliged for your instructions," said John.

"You must, then, choose some short pithy sentence for your 'key,' which will have all the letters of the alphabet contained in it," said Mr. Webster, "and I will show you how to arrange them."

"You will not have time to do it *secundum artem* to-night, so come to Fernwood in the morning, and make our early dinner your luncheon," said Mr. Maitland, which his new acquaintance agreed to do; and then turning to Miss Harrison, he said, "Do you know this conundrum?—

'What ladies with a grace may do;
What without art, looks well on *you;*
What every man who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life!'

"Being an old married man myself I can answer for the latter part, and with such a fair bevy before me, the first is equally clear."

Many were the unsuccessful guesses at his conundrum, which he at length told consisted in the simple word '*anything*."

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"Is it true that you and your sisters leave Fernwood on Saturday?" inquired Miss Harrison of John.

"Unfortunately too true," he replied. "My mother has written to remind us of our promise, and made engagements conditional on its fulfilment, so we *must* go. *Apropos*," he continued, turning to Julia, "do you know what oil is the best to apply to locomotive engines?"

"You could not have asked a worse person," she answered; "I know nothing whatever of mechanics."

"I will put it to the company generally, then," said John, but not getting any satisfactory answer, was found out in its being a conundrum of his own making, when he gave the solution as "*Train oil*," and ended his witty contributions by answering the request for another, in the words—

My first *is* a company,
My next shuns a company,
My third calls a company,
And my whole amuses a company.

Miss Harrison guessed this 'co-nun-drum,' and the party soon afterwards broke up.

True to his promise, Mr. Webster was at Fernwood by an early hour, and he and John soon sat down to the compilation of a Cipher Alphabet.

"I have tried one or two sentences to contain all the

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letters," said the latter, "and think this one will answer for you to show me the plan."

Mr. Webster assented, and drew out the following tables, writing the key at foot:—

Alphabet.	Cipher.
A	A
B	D
C	Z
D	E
E	S
F	M
G	L
H	K
I, J	I, J
K	N
L	O
M	F
N	C
O	R
P	X
Q	Q
R	U, V
S	Y
T	B
U, V	H
W	P
X	W
Y	G
Z	T

Cipher.	Alphabet.
A	A
B	T
C	N
D	B
E	D
F	M
G	Y
H	U, V
I, J	I, J
K	H
L	G
M	F
N	K
O	L
P	W
Q	Q
R	O
S	E
T	Z
U, V	R
W	X
X	P
Y	S
Z	C

Adze, a small kind of crooked axe, equally used by ship-wrights and coopers.

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"And now, to make use of your cipher," continued his instructer, "let us write a sentence, such as would be likely to occur in a letter, and then put it into cipher; now for instance, 'write immediately you receive this;' now look to your cipher, and see how the letters stand which compose this; *w* in the alphabet is *p* in the cipher; write it on your paper; *r* is *u*, *i* is *i*, *t* is *b*, *e* is *s*, and so on;" he then added all the other words in the same way, and the sentence appeared in the unpronounceable form of '*puibs iffseiabsog grh vszsihs bkiy.*' "I hope you understand it now," he said; "in composing fresh keys you have only to follow the same rule of finding a sentence comprising *all* the letters of the alphabet, and in forming your cipher you of course exclude any that occur twice over."

"You have made it quite clear to me now," said John; "I am to look in the *alphabet* for composition, which shows me what the letters become in cipher, and I am to use the cipher column for translation, which gives me the alphabetical letter back again."

"Quite right," said Mr. Webster, rising from the table, and approaching that where the ladies of the party were seated at work; "and now I must be saying good morning."

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CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST EVENING AT FERNWOOD.—MRS. GRAHAM'S VERSES.—ENCOURAGEMENT TO ARTISTS.—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW GAMES.—THE LAST SONG.—A FRIENDLY FAREWELL.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Beaumont's coach was discerned coming up the drive, and in a few minutes she and her daughter, accompanied by Miss Chapman, had been added to the social group. "You see, my dears," said the cheerful old lady, "I have fulfilled my promise of coming to say good bye; is it still determined that you leave to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear madam," said Susan, "we must not disappoint mother; we shall quit dear Fernwood, and the Grange, with much regret, but the remembrance of the pleasure experienced at each will endure beyond the pain of parting."

"The parting *must* come," said John, "and therefore our only endeavor ought to be, to render these last hours as happy as our previous ones have been."

"And to hope that we may all meet together again for a renewal of our intercourse and amusement," added Mrs.

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Graham, "'hope on, hope ever,' should always be the motto of the young."

"You made it your *own* motto last evening, Georgina," said her mother, then addressing her grandchildren; "what will you say to we three old folks amusing ourselves last evening with attempting 'les bouts rimés,' after the Johnsons had left us?"

"I hope, grandmother, you have brought your productions for us to criticise," said the lively Julia.

"Only the one written by your mother," said Miss Chapman, "which I have in my pocket-book;" and she drew forth the paper, and presented it to Mrs. Maitland, requesting her to read it aloud; it was entitled

ADDRESS TO A DESPONDING FRIEND.

Cheer up! 'hope on, hope ever,' cast away thy *sorrow*,
If clouds obscure to-day, they may disperse to-*morrow*;
Life proffers many blessings, why off those blessings *fling*?
Shall *man* alone be ingrate? hark! how the sweet birds *sing*;
Mark with what brilliant hues the woodland scene is *glowing*,
List with what magic sound the mountain stream is *flowing*,
Why all this blush of beauty? why tuneful stream and *grove*?
'Tis nature's hymn of duty; they praise their Maker's *love*?

"Never say again, mother, that you cannot write poetry,"

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said Mary, kissing her mother affectionately. "I shall copy those lines."

"It occurs to me," said Mrs. Maitland, "that it would be a very good way of trying this game, to choose those rhymes composing any well-known piece of poetry; it would make one value the original more than ever, when one found how very rarely any fresh couplets exceeded them in beauty."

"To ensure fair competition, then," said her husband, "the piece selected should be unknown to those playing the game, otherwise their verses might degenerate into *bad imitations*, instead of tolerably good originals."

"We will try some evening," said his wife. Then turning to Miss Chapman, she added, "Richard was practising your new method of drawing this morning, and from the five pieces of paper I dropped on his card-board, he will make quite a capital sketch of a peasant girl carrying a basket on her head!"

"With perseverance, and talent such as Richard manifests," returned Miss Chapman, "I shall not be surprised to hear of his equalling the young man who first told me of this aid to composition. He had attained to such perfection, that he would allow you to *make* the dots or points in any position you please, and however oddly and difficultly arranged, you could not puzzle or defeat him, so go

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on," she continued, addressing Richard, "and I have little doubt but what you may obtain equal facility of design."

After tea, Susan came up, and said, "As this is to be our last happy evening at Fernwood for some time, dear aunt, we wish to perpetuate its recollection by concluding our varied amusements with the same game which commenced them. May we initiate our dear friends from the Grange in your 'pleasing paradoxes?'"

Her aunt gave a willing assent, and the circle being formed, an introductory round was gone through in the *two* line style of—

A

It is in Arrow, not in bow,
It is in hail, but not in snow,

when just as they had arrived at 'W,' and Mr. Maitland was commencing the couplet,

It is in Writing, not in print,
It is in Wadding, not in lint,

the door opened, and Peter announced "Mr. Barnes and Mr. Cameron."

"Most *apropos*," said their host, laughing, as he shook them by the hand; "the very name of *lint* produced the doctor!"

"You have often expressed a wish to play at mother's

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game," said Jessie, addressing Cameron, "and now you will have the opportunity."

"I shall prove but a bungler, I dare say," he answered, "but I will make the attempt."

The game was then recommenced with the more elaborate paradoxes, and the majority of the party being now pretty well accustomed to versification, made but short pauses in them, and thus went the merry round; towards the end, the more expert supplying the place of the hesitating few.

Mr. Maitland.—A

You can place it in an Arbor,
But not in covered bower,
In leafy shades, or gardens,
But not in tree nor flower.

Susan.—B

In Beauties and Belles I've a prominent place,
Yet lend no assistance to form or to face;
In the Bride and the Bridegroom am equally seen,
But in wife or in spouse have never yet been.

Mrs. Graham.—C

Though in a Corner it will perch,
With holes and nooks it's naught to do;
It precedence expects in Church,
Yet never enters seat or pew.

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Jane.—D

It gives to each Daughter a portion,
Yet never spares aught to a son;
It is seen in each Dance and Diversion,
But never in frolic nor fun.

Richard.—E

Foremost in Evil it is shown,
Yet shuns iniquity;
And though 'tis found in every one,
Both you and I are free;

Julia.—F

It is always in the Fashion,
Yet never in the mode;
You may meet it in a Footpath,
But never in the road.

Miss Chapman.—G

Though first and last in Gambling,
Ne'er seen with cards or dice;
Found in the midst of roguery,
But never shares in vice.

Mrs. Maitland.—H

No Home without me is complete,
And yet with friends I never meet;
Get plung'd in thought, but not reflection,
Share sympathy, but not affection.

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Jessie.—I

Where Influence is wanted, 'tis foremost in place,
Yet on rank or on wealth has no claim;
It stands in a niche, like a Muse or a Grace,
But not in the Temple of Fame!

George.—J

Though both in Judge and Jury seen,
In court or box it's never been,
A part of every morning Journal,
But never mix'd with things diurnal.

Agnes.—K

Possessed by every Kingdom,
Yet unknown in any nation;
Gives a portion to one's Kindred,
But shuns a near relation.

Mrs. Beaumont.—L

I'm heard in Loud Laughter,
But never in mirth;
I'm part of each Land,
But no claim on the earth.

Cameron.—M

Foremost in every Mob,
And in midst of numbers seen;
In rows it never mingles,
And in crowds has never been.

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Mary.—N

Shared in by many, yet possessed by None,
Not given to all, though part of every one.

John.—O

I'm seen in every Officer,
In every soldier too,
Yet Generals, Captains, Privates, Subs,
With me have naught to do;
Both horse and foot require me,
In every shot I'm heard,
Yet cavalry and infantry,
Without me are preferred.

Tom.—P

Although in a Passion I daily get,
No anger have I to crush;
In Pride I indulge I own, and yet,
For conceit have not to blush.

Mr. Barnes.—Q

'Tis true I live in Quiet,
But not in calm repose,
For I'm mixed in every Quarrel,
Though I never come to blows.

Mr. Maitland.—R

Where Railroads are I 'go ahead,'
Though shunning noise and fuss;

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I get in third class carriages,
But enter not a *bus.*

Susan.—S

I'm always used in Sculptured Stone,
Though not in monument nor tomb;
In Statuary I stand alone,
Yet enter not an artist's room.

Miss Chapman.—T

It is heard in the trumpet's Tone,
But not in the bugle or horn;
It is seen in the light alone,
But not in the day or morn.

John.—U

Though required by each Umpire,
When parties disagree,
I've no claim to style or title,
Of a special referee.
You can't buy an Umbrella
Without I give my aid,
Yet I'm never in a shower,
And ne'er get in the shade.

Mary.—V

Though foremost in the Valiant,
In the hero have no lot,

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It is seen in every Village,
But enters not a cot.

Richard.—W

It is heard in the Wailing Wind,
But not in the tempest's roar;
It is seen in the dash of the Wave,
But not in the surge on the shore.

Mrs. Maitland.—X

If Knox had not possess'd me,
His name had ne'er been known,
And yet no Scotch reformer
Can claim me for his own;
Though seen in all the excellent,
In goodness has no share,
It joins each one's anxiety,
And yet is free from care.

Jessie.—Y

It is seen at the op'ning of every Year,
Yet never in spring is displayed;
Its figure in Yellow does always appear,
But ne'er is in colors array'd.

Mr. Barnes.—Z

'Tis found wherever Zig-Zags are,
But not where paths are winding;
'Tis part of every sort of Zone,
Yet naught to do with binding.

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When the alphabet was thus concluded, the newly initiated expressed their thanks to Mrs. Maitland for the amusement of the game, and Cameron said, "I am afraid there are few circles where it would be kept up with so much spirit as in this."

"It was John's idea to make it more elaborate," said Mrs. Maitland; "but with the *two lines*, I think most people would get through very respectably."

Supper being soon after announced, Mr. Maitland led Mrs. Beaumont to the dining-room, where the usual cheerfulness prevailed.

"Come, John," said his uncle, when the meal was concluded, "you ought to give us one parting song; have you nothing appropriate in your mental portfolio?"

John considered for a few seconds, and then said, "Nothing perfectly so, but one of my own adaptations, if you will grant me your indulgence;" he then, in very good style, sung—

Here's to the month that's awa',
We'll drink it in strong and in sma',
And to each happy scene that we all have passed through,
In the hours of the month that's awa'.
Here's to our relatives dear,
To Beaumont, the honor'd of a',
To friends lately made, now surrounding us here,
Whose smiles cheer'd the month that's awa'.

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Here's to that time-honor'd ha',
Where feasted the great and the sma',
Where plenty and wealth pour'd with generous hand,
Made pleasures of cold and of sna'.
Here's to the on-coming spring,
When again we shall meet, one and a',
May no voices be mute, whilst we cheerfully sing,
Of the joys of the month that's awa'.

John's *impromptu* was chorussed with genuine feeling, and when Mrs. Beaumont, her daughter, and grandchildren, rose to take leave, the regret at parting was most sincere on all sides.

The last words of the kind mistress of the Grange were a pressing request for the Harpers to visit them again in the summer, which they gratefully promised to do.

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APPENDIX.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

FIRESIDE GAMES—A SKETCH FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

Who does not love the hour between daylight and candlelight, the best of the twenty-four? the hour of ruddy dusk round the fire, when the sense of home and its comforts is borne in most strongly upon the mind, when the business of the day is ended, and the pleasures of the evening begin. This hour, which is neither day nor night, when people can no longer see to work, and yet are reluctant to ring for light, is a sort of overture to the full concert of family harmony at and after tea. The curtains are not yet drawn, perhaps, and the last streak of day lingers about the windows; or perhaps it is frosty weather, and the shutters are already shut, and the ample curtains drawn close. The father of the family, tired with the toils of the day, leans back in his easy chair on one side of the fire, and the mother sits opposite to him. The little

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ones toddle or run down from nursery and school room; a shuffling of tiny feet is heard outside, and they peep in at the drawing room door to know if they may come in. In they come, of course; and father and mother are assailed with caresses and questions; and then comes a heap of mighty trifles that have befallen the small fry during the day. Elder sons or daughters crouch down on ottomans close before the fire, book in hand, to catch the flickering light from a noisy coal. Mother conjures them not to try their eyes by reading at firelight. O, they have only a few more words to finish that paragraph, &c. No, no; it cannot be allowed; they must shut up their books, and make themselves sociable and agreeable to the cadets of the family. "Yes, certainly!" exclaimed one of these last; "put away your tiresome books, and let us all sit round the fire and play. Shall we, mother? Do let us, father!"

Father and mother are very willing to consent; and the family circle is quickly formed. They begin with—"Cross questions and crooked answers," "I carry a basket;" or "I love my Love with an A." But these games are not sufficiently interesting to keep up attention long, and one of the company, and in a kind of desperation, "Forces a laugh." "Ha!" cries he, looking into his neighbor's face; "Ha!" answers she instantaneously; "Ha!" says the next as quickly; "Ha! ha! ha!" say

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they all, one after another, like lightning, till the merriment, instead of artificial, becomes natural, and the forced laugh ends in a general roar.

Encouraged by this successful effort of genius, a little boy starts up from a footstool, and looking down upon an imaginary drum, seizes a couple of visionary drumsticks, and begins to beat the tattoo upon nothing. Another, darting out his left hand, moves his right swiftly across it, and thus discourses most eloquent no-music upon the violin; another converts his two hands into a trumpet which he blows with all his might; a young girl plays the Polka upon a phantom piano, while her sister strum-strums the back of a chair for a guitar; and even the father, fired with the enthusiasm of art, but choosing an easy instrument, for fear of marring the concert, turns round a fictitious hurdy-gurdy *con spiritu*. And all the while each of the band sings out while he plays—"Row-de-dow goes the drum; twang, twang, goes the harp; toot, too, hoo, goes the horn; tweedle dee, tweedle dee, goes the violin," &c, till mother stops her ears and the music.

These games are too uproarious to last; and so, as they are sitting quietly down to recover themselves, the youngest child picks up a very light feather from the carpet, and blows it to his neighbor. The latter in turn, blows it from him; and although some are indignant at the trifling na-

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ture of the amusement, not one can refrain from giving the feather a puff as it passes; and at last, when a stronger breath makes it mount into the air, it is wonderful to see the keen eyes and pursed-up lips that await its descent, and the eager competition that at last sets the whole circle puff-puffing at the same time.

———"Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while"—

but yet that feather, that enticing spirit of imitation, that puff-puffing, and that competition, might be the subjects of a homily too grave for Christmas-time!

A re-action, however, takes place. Some of the party (neither the youngest nor the oldest), are ashamed of having been betrayed into such silly enjoyments, and set themselves to recall to memory a newer and better game; one that requires more skill, and affords scope for the exercise of ready talent or an active memory.

"Capping verses" is an old game that seldom fails to please young people who have a good store of poetry in their heads. Then there is "What is my thought like?" "How, when, and where did you find it;"—"Proverbs"—and others of the kind.

The best of these, as requiring most cleverness to play it well, is decidedly, 'What is my thought like?' This is

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still a general favorite; and some thirty years ago it was a very fashionable game amongst the highest classes. If, dear reader, you have been so intently occupied with the *business* of life that you have had no time to become acquainted with such things, ask the first girl of sixteen you meet how people play at 'What is my thought like?' and she will tell you all about it; and unless you are a very dull individual, (which we are loth to believe) she will make you competent to distinguish yourself in the game on the first opportunity. In the meantime, you may imagine that in a circle of young, old, or middle aged persons —for the number of our years is of no consequence, if we have only sense enough to enjoy—an individual has conceived the important thought on which the amusement is to hinge. This thought he writes down in secret, and then demands peremptorily of the company, one by one, 'What is my thought like?' Who can tell what an unknown thought is like? One replies at random that it is like the table; another that it is like a lamp-post; a third that it is very like a whale, and so on; and when all have answered, the written document is produced, and the thought declared. It is then the business of each of the guessers, under pain of a forfeit, to prove the resemblance he has ventured to suppose, and it may be imagined that some merriment is produced by the striking contrasts and

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wild incongruities of the two objects. On one occasion, when a party in high life were deeply engaged in the game, the mystic thought, when disclosed, proved to be 'Lord Castlereagh.' How could Lord Castlereagh be like a table, or a lamp-post, or a whale? Plutarch himself, one would think, could not have told, capital as he was at parallels: but when Moore, who was among the players, was rigorously ordered to describe the resemblance between his lordship and the thing he had himself named—a pump—the whole company gathered round the poet, eager to witness his discomfiture. Thomas the rhymer opened his oracular lips without a moment's hesitation, and replied—

> Because it is an awkward thing of wood,
> That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
> And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
> In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

But of all these fireside games, the most charming, fascinating, tantalising, and difficult to achieve, is the making of cento-verses. *Bouts rimés* is very easy indeed compared with it, and consequently far inferior to it as an art. In case our readers should not know what cento-verses are we will quote for their enlightenment the following passage on the subject from D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.' In the 'Scribleraid,' we find a good account of the cento.

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A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry, it denotes a work wholly compounded of verses or passages taken promiscuously from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two—one-half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere, but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeably to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. The Empress Eudosia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, and Proba Falconia from Virgil.

After speaking of such very elaborate performances, we are almost ashamed to offer our readers a few cento verses, the product of our own family circle. But as they may give them a moment's amusement, and will serve as an example of the kind of thing, we will set them down here:

On Linden when the sun was low,
A frog he would a wooing go;
He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer;
None but the brave deserve the fair.

A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;

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Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
Or who would suffer being here below.

The youngest of the sister arts,
Was born on the open sea,
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,
And says—remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
Awake, my St. John!—leave all meaner things!
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!

It was a friar of orders gray,
Still harping on my daughter;
Sister spirit, come away,
Across the stormy water.

On the light fantastic toe,
Othello's occupation's gone,
Maid of Athens, ere I go,
Were the last words of Marmion.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
And comely virgins came with garlands dight,
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego.

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O! the young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
An under-bred, fine spoken fellow was he,
A back dropping in, an expansion of chest,
Far more than I once could foresee.

Now I dare say it seems a remarkably easy thing to the reader to make a cento verse; we can assure him that it is often a very difficult thing to make a legitimate one; but then it must be confessed that it is extremely interesting and amusing to chase a fitting line through all the poets of one's acquaintance, and catch it at last. Any person who is anxious to try the difficulties of cento verse-making may do so, and greatly oblige us by finding a fourth line to the following. It has baffled our skill and memory many times:

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
And little to be trusted,
Then first the creature found a tongue.

* * * * * * *

But if it is difficult to make cento verses, it would seem likewise difficult to recognise them when made. We remember hearing John Galt express some dissatisfaction with the verdict of the Edinburgh Reviewers upon his Five Tragedies, and more especially the one entitled 'Lady Macbeth.' The verdict, some of our readers may remember, went the length of a finding of insanity; and it

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is no wonder that the author was discontented, since the tragedy in question was, as he assured us, a *cento from Shakspere!*

In making cento verses, when this is done as a game, the guiding association is the rhyme; but proverbs exercise the ingenuity, and even require a certain degree of critical acumen. In the absence of an individual from the room, the party pitch upon some well-known proverb, and each person takes charge of one of the words it contains. When the one whose judgment is to be put to the proof reënters, he is permitted to ask of each of the company a question on any indifferent subject that may occur to him, and in the answers, all must take care to introduce the *word* they have charge of. If these answers are ingeniously framed, and the proverb is of a reasonable length, the hunt for it is difficult and exciting; but very short proverbs are too easily discerned to afford much amusement. Let us suppose, for instance that the one in question is, 'All is not gold that glitters.' In this case the words 'all—is—not—that' introduced into respective answers give no clue; but if the person who undertakes 'gold' is not very careful to use it in such a way as to prevent its leaving any impression upon the memory of the questioner, it is easily connected with 'glitters,' and so 'the cat gets out of the bag' at once.

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Some fireside games aspire to nothing higher than 'raising a laugh,' by means of sheer absurdity. Of these the 'Newspaper' is perhaps the most amusing in practice, although but for this it would hardly be deserving of the dignity of print. The company, sitting in a semicircle, assume various trades—such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c; and when the reader of the newspaper—who usually selects an important despatch—pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or she immediately helps him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading, for instance, may take place:

"Early in the morning the whole" (looking at one, who instantly continues)—

Dinner Service

"Was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in"—

Vinegar:

"Armed citizens occupied the"—

Frying pans:

"Others had taken possession of the"—

Cotton balls;

"Planted the"—

Marrow bones;

"And surrounded the"—

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Scissors.

"All were prepared to"—

Break tumblers.

"All the powder and lead which they found in the"—

Sugar hogsheads

"Were taken. The entire Polytechnic School came out to"—

Make gingerbread;

"The students of law and medicine imitated the"—

Worked muslin;

"In fact, Paris appeared like a"—

Chopping block;

"All the shops were"—

Cut bias;

"And royal guards, lancers, Swiss, and"—

Teapots,

"Were drawn up on all sides."

"I love my Love with an A," has been for many years considered as the exclusive property of children and childish persons. Strange as it may appear, that childish game was once a fashionable pastime with grown-up people; and people, too, belonging to lordly court circles. Pepys, somewhere in his Diary, relates that he went one day into a room in Whitehall, which he supposed to be occupied by state officers transacting business, where he found instead

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a large party of the highest personages of the court in full dress sitting in a circle, (*on the ground*, if our memory be not treacherous,) playing with great animation at 'I love my Love with an *A*;' 'which' adds that shrewd lord-revering prig, 'did amaze me mightily.' The two merriest persons in that uproarious party were, it seems, the young Duke of Monmouth, then a mere boy, and his still younger bride, Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. Little did that light-hearted girl think of the melancholy fate which awaited her: of the cruel beheading of that beloved bridegroom, of the long, long years of dreary widowhood. Still less did she foresee that a poet of a later day would select her, in her lone retirement in 'Newark's stately tower,' as the fittest lady to figure in a romantic poem as the patroness of genius, 'neglected and oppressed.' But Scott's story might have been true, and the duchess might have listened to such a lay as that of the Last Minstrel, in the dim twilight, beside the grate fire of the state-room at Newark; and a better fireside amusement she could not have had, for music is the very best amusement for that delicious hour between day and night. A simple ballad, well sung, with or without accompaniment, is after all, better than the best fireside game.

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